III.

College activities suffer naturally from a lack of unity and general responsibility. Changes in systems and coaches have not helped Virginia teams. "Divine supervision of the Celestial couldn't make Virginia athletes win if they don't want to," said an alumnus of '34, and there is much between those lines.

Subtle advantages, however, justify the don't-give-a-damn atmosphere. The blind force of "school spirit" commits no student wholeheartedly to a university activity. The critical approach, bred by freedom of attitude, developes a multiplicity of opinions. These many-sided views prevent Virginia from going to any undue extreme in college organizations and college athletics.

Football isn't over-emphasized because people at Virginia are not so intensely interested in the sport that they will sacrifice for a winning team or make a demi-god out of a grid star. Alumni, shamed as they say by beaten Cavalier elevens, demand such common measures as athletic scholarships to secure victories. A strong minority of students rebels at the idea. For Virginia fosters the growth of a great group of students who see football as a mere incidental to university life, and there are perhaps two hundred who would see football given up as an intercollegiate sport.

Four years ago a coach with a reputation equal almost to that of the great Rockne was engaged to produce a winner at Virginia. Only one season of failure convinced him that student attitude, the Virginia atmosphere, was the cause of football failure. He set to work to revive interest in one activity after another. He conducted campaigns in support of the dramatic club, the paper, and became president of the music league —all to get Virginia students interested in common enterprises, to bring them out of their narrow shells, hoping to stir up the old centralized spirit that is essential to a winning team as well as to a successful drama or music club. Unfortunate gentleman! He found student attitude fixed and unchangeable. From the students he could not get coöperation, the prerequisite of victory.

If high-powered football continues to sweep the continent, it will never make any great impression upon Virginia, where the students don't particularly care—and maybe never will.

Fraternities run many a campus. Often non-fraternity men are campus outcasts—"barbarians." At Virginia there is nothing of that distinction. Perhaps only a fourth of the student body are Greek-letter men. Of these many are as contemptuous of their fraternal organizations as those who don't belong. A Virginia fraternity is often a handicap to a student's advancement, sometimes a help.

IV.

"Virginia is a great country club," say some of its critics. "Not a country club," say others, "but like a German university." A German university, we suppose, where students enjoy complete personal freedom and feel no call to stand by the set forms of an educational curriculum and are not subjected to a centralized student opinion.

Of the German university student, Dr. Abraham Flexner says, "He selects his own teachers; he wanders from one university to another. He may waste his time in fencing or in drinking; he may forego vacations to work as a *Famulus* in a laboratory or clinic . . . He is treated like a man from the day he matriculates." Nobody makes the German student work, and nobody cares if the Virginia student works or does not work. We know of one who studied at Charlottesville for three years and passed only one course—three hours. Yet he got much out of his university life, little perhaps on the educational side, but much perhaps on the social or cultivation side.

When he graduates, the Virginia student naturally feels a definite loyalty to his university. Many express their loyalty through the sports pages, but a great number remember the Virginia life and attitude rather than the Virginia athletics. Not from high honors gained by athletic teams does Virginia claim her graduate's affections, but from the social development she has offered him. He is more at ease than the graduate of the provincial college or the military school. To be blunt—he can hold his liquor, can converse, and not always on sports, women, cars, and movies. He has been around during his college years.

But what of the poor adolescent who is thrown into the disorganized student body to make or break himself unaided? Isn't the unguided seventeen-year-old ruined by forces of corruption or the forces of inertia? True it is that many a youngster, the routine of whose life is not shaped for him by authorities, wanders about in a fog, stupefied by the new environment. Fortunately for him, however, his life is not cast into the mold

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

November, 1934

ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 1

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/carolinamagazine64univ

The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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NOVEMBER, 1934

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Coroner's Report on Dixie Football Coaches

by BILL ANDERSON

In the twenty-three colleges and universities which make up the Southern and Southeastern conferences more than ninety-odd head-football coaches have gotten the pink slip since 1922. At first glance, such a wholesale sacking in the brief period of fourteen years would seem little short of incredible, but on closer inspection, the record shows that the Southern situation is highly indicative of general unrest in the coaching situation over the nation.

Along with miniature golf and U. S. Steel, coaching became a gigantic industry during the last decade. When the depression reduced the size of the gates, salaries began to lessen, and eventually coaches experienced wise alarm for their positions. Mentors feared for themselves much in the way that bank presidents, college professors, and hot-dog stand owners had learned to fear.

The football coaches suddenly realized the seriousness of their predicament and at the annual meeting of the nation's coaches in 1931 a "Stabilization Committee" was appointed to investigate the matter. To the world at large this committee responded with an explanation smacking of the same self-pity employed by executives in all branches. There just wasn't the money that there used to be. On the face of it, the coaches expected that to solve the entire problem.

But among themselves the gentlemen discovered many other reasons for the widespread dismissal of coaches. Discussion within the committee disagreed with sentiment expressed to the public that coaches were getting it in the neck unjustly. "Bull sessions" proved otherwise. When the committee had completed its report, which was never given to the public in general, it found the rejected men divided by the undertakers into several types of corpses.

Before the investigating committee went into the specific nature of its task, it established one fact: often the demise of a coach had been caused *not* for losing ball games but for lack of personality, social intelligence, and general co-operation. The morgue was a mixture of successes, failures, intermediates, Southerners, Northerners, Warner-men, Rockne-men, and just plain coaches. Surely the variety of the victims had some bearing on their unnatural passing from the scene. Surely the wide difference in background and experience of the men suggested that there were reasons more significant than the financial one for their being let out. The committee then entered the morgue.

II.

On the right were those coaches who failed to make the grade with the college family. They didn't keep the right and all too essential liasons with the faculty. They didn't care whether their social contacts included the campus bigshots. And when matters came to a showdown, when the slightest strain developed, the faculty committee on athletics would and could not see the coaches through.

Immediately beside them were the fellows who wouldn't play ball with all the "amateur" coaches in town. These men wouldn't chum and chin with the downtown quarterbacks and the alumni, perspiring with their reminiscences of that touchdown in '97. They wouldn't talk shop to the barber and the bootblack. Nor would they, even more important, address Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions, Civitans, or the local chapter of the American Legion. These coaches even high-hatted high school football banquets and alumni reunions. That was out . . . all small town stuff. They were out . . . all cold stuff.

The third group of deceased Dixie coaches could not realize their worth to the administration. They failed to co-operate in such "minor matters" as school disciplinary policies, class attendance, attitude toward work, morale, etc. Football to these men overshadowed everything else in the university. But even after establishing football as foremost in the minds of their squads, to the exclusion of the men's other interests, their teams failed to improve. The coaches were licked at their own game; too much football had produced no football team at all. And when the college presidents and deans had had enough of the coach's losing streak and flouting their rules, they calmly let the guillotine fall.

Then there was the class of men who suffered from complete contempt for every other sport at

school. Perhaps these were the majority of the casualties. At any rate, men who sneered at tennis, intramural athletics, and such were all over the morgue. They had complained loudly that the other athletic coaches were being paid too much, while, of course, the head football coach was underpaid. The players, too, became specialists, specialists in ridiculing all other athletic activity. What earthly good was golf? No great Headline Miracle Man came from the fairways. Football money was paying for these unnecessary and unessential divisions. But the cash was coming thru the athletic association channels which also turned in the check for the football coach. The other coaches eventually wielded sufficient power to scrap the offensive gridiron man, even though he was their meal-ticket.

More than one coach was fired because a sports writer just couldn't hit it off with him. Many journalists get in the hair of the average coach. These corpses couldn't tolerate insignificant little scamps who manipulated the press wires and typewriters. They wouldn't let the press in on choice stories or secret practices, and they frequently stormed about misquotation. The big coach insulted the newspaper man once; that was that. The journalists never forgot; in remarkably short order the invective in their columns had stiffened another football instructor.

Down at the end of the gloomy room are the homicides. They took themselves and their football too seriously. These fellows considered every game a tough one—no matter how unimportant. The contest was always a headliner, and the team was always slave-driven into shape. They gave everyone the ache, even their wives. The school tradition for balance of work and play couldn't fit into their scheme of coaching. Their exit was the result of the joint efforts of the entire football-conscious group on the campus.

And all over the morgue were specimens of the common variety of coach who just didn't know how to handle players as human beings. Likewise there was more than a reasonable quota of coaches whose mastery of the tactics of the game was not expert enough to warrant their retention. But these types were common enough; no committee was needed to discover or comment on them.

III.

After the coaches' committee had had its say, there remained a further consideration of the financial difficulty for the Southern members. While all that the committee found may be reguarded as valid, it is undeniable that Southern schools have much less money to pay highly-skilled, highly-touted coaches. Many seek to economize by arranging for the coach to tutor another sport; the few wealthy schools use this device to avoid having to account for hugh salaries being paid for mere football work. Not a few coaches have managed to hold their posts thru this assignment of double work, for they simply made themselves indispensable to the athletic set-up. On the other hand, extra work now and then resulted in poorer coaching and at length the pink slip.

More peculiar to the South was the problem of sectionalism entering into the relations between the coach and his squad. When a prominent Northerner comes South he not only brings his own ideas, background, and following with him, but inevitably he must assume that there will be a certain amount of higher-criticism directed toward him because he is an outsider. And many coaches at Southern schools have been Northerners. They deal with their men bluntly, not in the manner to which they are accustomed. Their slightest deficiency in technical or social matters will be magnified by squad, school, and press, largely because they are alien. Often the coach never learns the background and tradition of his school well enough to gain a proper insight as to how best to manage his men. And, worst of all, he seldom makes a hit with the alumni; the boys who caught the forward passes in '10 and '12 just don't cotton to the damyankee. Some schools have felt the problem so acutely that they have adopted a policy of having only alumni on the coaching staff. Success in certain quarters has made many schools eye this plan favorably, but always there is the question of how big a reputation a native coach will have with the outside world. In other words, Southern schools often desire reputation abroad without being willing to make that reputation partially thru a foreign agency.

IV.

The findings of the coaching committee and subsequent thought thereupon throws the question of the Southern coach open to wide debate. How the particular Southern problems should be solved is difficult. The University of Florida, for example, has had no great success with the alumni

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Durham's Negro Rockefellers

by ELMER D. JOHNSON

When, in the course of human events, one man so outdistances his fellows that he achieves that indefinite sum of money, known mortally as a million, he is immediately accused by his loving fellow men of gaining it falsely—which accusation is, at the least, merely a manifestation of their envy. Further, when, in a world that is classified as unchangeably the stamping-ground of the white man, a negro steps in and calmly makes a million, despite prejudices, color lines, and what not, it would seem that a Congressional investigating committee should be called in, or, better still, that he be appointed a one man R.F.C.

Thus, it seems hardly credible that in this land of oppression, this scene of lynchings, downtrodden tenants, and Jim Crow laws, this traditional home of the bowing, scraping, penny-begging darkies, there are actually negro business men with the financial acumen to accumulate a cool million. But, according to *Bradstreet's* and the *Negro Yearbook*, such is the case. There are, in the nearby city of Durham, two negro men, who have surmounted the racial obstacles and have made, by their business prowess and diligence, somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars apiece in the past few decades.

It is interesting to note that the foundations for both these fortunes was laid by the same man, back in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He was a country boy, the son of a former slave and an unknown white man. In his youth he saw the financial advantages of town life and migrated to Durham. He tried several trades, but finally settled down as a barber, operating a shop for white patrons. His business prospered, he opened several new shops, and delved into various other kinds of business, becoming an organizer and a leader of his race. As the century turned we find him leading, or backing, a bank, a hosiery mill, several drug stores, and a real estate company, all for colored. He was also instrumental in having a negro hospital and public library planned and realized. He had the makings of a financial genius, but he was thwarted by white competition in all of his first attempts. In fact, it was almost a stroke of fate, which finally set him into business from which he made a sizeable fortune, and from which two millionaires developed.

At that time in the South, wherever a thousand or so negroes were grouped together, societies and fraternities were being formed, the object of which was to conduct and bear the expenses of the funerals of their members. One of these fraternal orders, operating in Durham, had become insolvent, and had, through a process of mortgages, become the property of this business pioneer. In an effort to regain what money he had invested in it, he reorganized the order along the lines of an insurance company, and proceeded to sell its privileges to all negroes, members or not. Since at that time, only one or two white insurance companies would insure negroes, and since the premiums of this new company were low, the business prospered among the darker classes, and, in 1899, the fraternal order was incorporated as a negro life insurance company. Thus our hero had stumbled upon a field which for the time being, at least, was free from white competition. It was a very fertile field, and one open to orders, for, with the possible exception of hair-straightener, no other product is so universally bought by the negro race as is life insurance. The founders of the insurance company made progress accordingly, so that at present they have the field fairly well monopolized from white companies, and have over thirty-eight million dollars worth of insurance in force (1930 figures), and over 250,000 policy holders. They have paid out over nine million dollars in legacies up to 1930, and are rated as one of the strongest insurance companies in the South.

Along with the growth of the life insurance company, other business enterprises were begun. A bank, a fire insurance company, two building and loan companies, a stock brokerage, several real estate companies, and numerous smaller businesses, have been organized in the colored business world of Durham, and are, in general, operating successfully. As would be expected, our two millionaires are the outstanding figures among these companies. One, who likes to be known as an educator as well as a business man, is the modest president of a fire insurance company, an insurance and realty company, a fidelity and sure-

ty company, and a building and loan association. In addition, he is director of practically all the other colored firms, and holds a high office in a local fraternal order. The second millionaire is a banker, the president of the colored bank, the life insurance company, a mortgage company, and another building and loan association. He, too, is named on several boards of directors, and is vice-president of the fire insurance company. These two men, then, are the executives of Durham's colored business world. Below them some dozen or more others manage the firms, and hold the lesser offices. And, to bridge the distance between these financial magnates and the multitudes of common, working negroes, there are some hundred or more professional and semi-professional negroes.

The natural cause of these negro millions, in fact for all the negro business in Durham, is the tobacco industry. The simple work in these factories brought together thousands of negro laborers, fresh from the farm, and began placing in their hands weekly pay checks, small of course, but large enough to provide for a regular stipend to be laid aside for "insurance." The factory worker is an eager customer for the gilt-edged insurance policies, and the promise of loads of flowers, a gorgeous casket, and a splendiferous "hearst" at one's funeral presents a far more tangible picture to the gullible darky than heaven with all its glories. The insurance collector is a familiar sight when Saturday rolls around, and numerous snuff-boxes and draw-string pouches disgorge their nickels and dimes at his request.

The fact that Durham has a rising negro business world, and that it has been called by negro leaders "the capital of the middle-class negro," would lead one to think that here at least, the negro laborer could have hopes that his diligence would be rewarded with financial success. But this is hardly the case. The gulf between the negro laborer and the negro business man is almost as large as that between the negro laborer and the white business man. The common negro merely works for the white man in his factories and shares his weekly pittance with the negro financier as a suitable "paying public" should. None of the present negro leaders can be said to have risen from the masses. One is the descendant of the original founder, two or three more are native Durhamites and North Carolinians, but the majority are Northern born and Northern educated. Approximately eighty per cent of a selected group of negro business men were college graduates and specialists in their fields; only two of these are natives of Durham. Then, too, numerous colored lawyers and doctors, finding their professions crowded whitely, are entering the business world. Their superior education and natural ability are immediately placing them in the lead. The laboring negro still is far from having a chance at financial freedom in a business world of his own. The tendency now seems to be for the professional classes to form the business world, rather than for the working classes to rise to it. However, some hope is seen in the fact that a middle class is rising, formed of clerks, teachers, salesmen, and white collar workers in general, who may as time passes form the needed link between the laborer and the business man.

From Kill Devil Hill

Two brothers with their disproportionate,
  Ungainly handiwork once took their stand
  High on this hill that overlooks the strand
Below—forbidding, sea-swept, desolate—
(Nature eternal, tribunal of their fate!)
  Then . . . all's ready . . . one last grasp of the hand,
  And man-made wings repulse the clinging sand,
Man's conquest of his world is consummate!
This marker points its finger to the sky,
  A silent proof that thirty years have lain
But lightly on this cherished memory.
  And still, as on that day, there comes the strain
Of sea-gulls mewing out their frightened cry
  When earth-bound mortals entered their domain.

—Paul Selby.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

presents

The Abolition of the Buccaneer

A Hilarious Carolina Farce in Four Acts

By Phil Hammer

If we knew only what we read in the papers about the death and the amazing re-birth of the not-too-impeccable *Carolina Buccaneer*, we would have missed as much of the significant "inside" aspect as the rest of the student body.

The student council, acting in the absence of precedent, consumed a lot of energy and strengthened our convictions that this "model student government" of ours is not perfect in system or administration. Out of the council's actions grew student aversion to what the campus called "South building meddling"; from its apparently wishy-washy procedure sprang critical and many-sided tales of "governmental incompetency"; embraced in its efforts lay student self-government harried by inexperience, staggered by responsibility, and choked by conflicting interests.

If the policies of former editors of the *Carolina Buccaneer* had been perpetuated in effect, their rottenness would have set off the spark of opposition sooner or later. What the students wanted and do want in the way of humor is rather puzzling. "Pete" Ivey attempted a "clean" humor magazine for just one issue and when they finally brought him back to consciousness, he was a disillusioned Rocky Mountite with more dirty jokes in his cranium than you could shake a stick at. On the other hand, the better and cleverer writers on the campus eschewed submitting copy to the magazine because their pride would not permit them and their talents did not run in the Buccaneer channels.

What the student body manifiested as a demand was a continuation of the dirty policies; Ivey can testify to that. Their craving for low humor in this instance caused the first issue of F. P. "Pat" Gaskins, the last issue of the 1933-34 series, to become the "straw that broke the camel's back."

It was raw enough to incite council action. Virgil Weathers, student council president, went into deep conference with Deans R. B. House and Francis F. Bradshaw. Here it was evident that both House and Bradshaw, along with President Frank Porter Graham, were of one and the same opinion: that no student publications fee should be collected for the fall quarter of 1934 if the *Buccaneer* under its policy at that time were to be included in the fee allocation. In other words, they expressed the views of the administration averse to the comic and its policies through the only actual connection which the administration can rightfully claim with the publications; that of fee collection through the business office. So, contrary to present campus gossip, the question of fees was discussed before the council met in its memorable June session.

It was also evident at that time that the boil of resentment toward the Buccaneer and its humor was coming to a head as far as the administration, both student and faculty, was concerned. That the University administration without the board of trustees and the student body could have abolished or changed the fees is doubtful. No one seems to know. But, as stated, through their connection with the publications—the collection of fees supporting them—the administration had the very definite power of refusing to make such a collection and then waiting to see what the Publications Union Board and the students had to say about it.

II.

On June 11, then, not at specific South building instigation but as as a result of the aforementioned discussions, President Vergil Weathers assembled his council. He did not wait until school reopened because he and the administrative officers did not feel that it was necessary. There were four members of the regular council present, which constituted a legal quorum under the non-constitutional government on this campus.

Editor Gaskins was not present, nor were five members of the council who were away for the summer months. The morning of June 11, Weathers, through Miss Mabel Mallett of Dean

Bradshaw's office, wired Gaskins as follows: Imperative you attend meeting student council tonight seven o'clock. Gaskins, who lives in Greensboro, afterwards stated that he did not receive the telegram until two weeks later; he had left for Chapel Hill before the message had arrived, and when he returned, his parents had forgotten to notify him of it. When on the campus here that day, however, he saw President Weathers personally and, according to his story, Weathers told him that the *Buccaneer* would be discussed at the council meeting that night but "that no definite action would be taken." He would have remained anyway, he said, but a business engagement in Greensboro that night necessitated his presence there. So he was absent when the student council assembled.

The council, after long discussion, recommended that the *Buccaneer* be abolished. The fee question was apparently of no consequence. But the council's decision left the road open for definite administrative action because a student opinion of this sort was all the administrative officers needed for them to order non-collection of the *Buccaneer's* share of the publications fee. This was authorized with the best of intentions later in the summer by Dean of Students Bradshaw in the following manner:

A letter was written to the business office asking that they investigate the publications fee allocation and collection methods and details of the collection procedure. This was followed by a second letter to the business office, this time a specific order to the effect that the *Buccaneer's* part of the fee not be collected.

The business office was hesitant about carrying out this order, even though it came through Bradshaw from President Graham. Robert H. Sherrill, head of the student activities fund and University auditor at that time, was consulted because his was the collection function derived from the organization for which he was auditor. Sherrill would not authorize the non-collection because he stated that direct orders from the Publications Union Board, which controls and handles student publications fees, must be forthcoming officially before he could alter any part of the fee collection. It so happened then that the fees were collected. Both Bradshaw and Sherrill were within their rights, Bradshaw from administrative precedent in publications advice and policy through the fee connection, and Sherrill from the definite contract between himself and the Publications Union Board.

Furthermore, Dean Bradshaw did not know—and very few people did or do—that there were no stipulated shares for each publication coming from the lump $2.00 per quarter payment. The Publications Union Board has the right to authorize the expenditures of each publication and when it is said that the Buccaneer will get, say, fifty cents for the year from the total $6.00 collection, it is merely a technical allotment subject to the board regulation. His error was a perfectly normal one, however, and he still was within his administrative rights as far as they went, which no one knew or does know at present.

In the meantime, of course, the council had disbanded. Gaskins was in serene ignorance about the whole thing. That was one of the gross mistakes on the part of the council; none of the parties vitally concerned with the publication was notified of the abolition of the Buccaneer. J. M. Lear, faculty adviser for the Publications Union Board, heard about it through gossip and, business man that he is, immediately notified W. M. Pugh of the Orange Printshop that he needn't stock up with paper for the comic, for there wasn't any.

III.

When the student council returned to the Hill in September, it found that a beehive had been fiddled with. Editor Gaskins, who had learned of the episode later in the summer from business manager Solomon, was rightfully indignant; a four-man council, he said, had deprived him of his creative opportunities. Solomon took a practical stand when he exhibited advertising contracts for the coming year, which were indeed discomforting in their business ties. Student leaders in general raised a howl about "administrative pressure" and "summer daze." So the council met again on September 19 while freshmen below its room in Graham Memorial were "getting acclimated" at the President's reception by drinking punch.

The meeting was called in order that the whole council could review the decision, that student opinion could be heard, and that the editor and business manager could put in their words. At the meeting the council, on the defensive after all the preliminary uproar, was quite disarmed when a statement was read which did not meet it on its own grounds. Instead of attacking the

summer action, the statement, which was signed by nine prominent student leaders, set forth the convictions that this campus "can and will and should support a humor publication maintained on a high standard of humor," that "the defunct *Buccaneer* had been a rotten and filthy publication wholly unsuited to and unfit for this campus," that "good writers who shunned the *Buccaneer* would contribute to the better comic," and that "the campus would wholeheartedly support this publication after sampling a few dishes of what it had to offer." Ivey's clean issue, it was pointed out, had failed because the old and unskilled staff, accustomed to writing dirty jokes which anyone could compose, was unable to produce clever, clean humor.

The council heard specifically from business manager Solomon, who read a letter from W. B. Bradbury Co., national advertising concern, which stated it "did not hear the *Buccaneer* was abolished until a short while ago." Considerable advertising contracts for the first issue, it went on, had already been let.

Gaskins had his word to say. He lamely admitted that "certain parts of the *Buccaneer*" were dirty and explained that "a particularly unsavory page we all remember was printed because copy was short and so was time." He went on to claim that he had never been notified of the action directly from the council. He also stated that he could and would put out a clean magazine if he had the chance and offered to place himself on voluntary probation during his tenure of office.

The student council, after a lengthy session, and by an almost unanimous vote, reversed its June 11 decision and resurrected the magazine. It was not in truth a "resurrection" because it would be a new magazine, the council scrapping the name of the *Carolina Buccaneer*. The new comic they agreed, would be erected in the *Buccaneer's* place, "dedicated to clean wit and humor."

This was what the student leaders who had petitioned the council had wanted, although they did not definitely specify either a new magazine or a revised Buccaneer. They believed, however, that a clever comic could be done cleanly and so did Gaskins. Ex-editor Gaskins, incidentally, became Editor Gaskins once more. Following his own request, the council placed him under the penalty of "immediate and indefinite suspension" if anything nasty went to the readers. And who was to judge what was considered nasty? The council subjected the new comic to the censorship of a board composed of one member elected from the student council and two appointed from the membership of the Publications Union Board.

This censorial action was not the first error that the council had made in the imbroglio. The Publications Union Board had enough equilibrium left after playing amused sideline spectator to all the goings-on to disclaim any right or duty to act as censors for the magazine, for it realized that its function was purely financial control, not editorial dictate or participation. Probably Dr. Graham's letter to one of its number had something to do with the wise move. Graham advised the board that "it was not obligated by precedent or construction to entangle itself in matters of editorial policy." The board had not used its power of "financial control" throughout the Buccaneer fiasco even though its fees had been meddled with.

IV.

Well, however clean the comic was, the students had their humor magazine back; business manager Solomon's precious contracts were safe; and Editor Gaskins' honor was under benevolent fire. But another important question loomed its angry head up to confront the now weary-of-the-wholething student council.

The fees for the old *Buccaneer* had been collected by the business office through Mr. Sherrill's stand-pat attitude, despite the executive orders from Graham through Bradshaw. These fees were in the coffers of the Publications Union Board and were designated specifically for the *Carolina Buccaneer* and not for the *Finjan*, which Editor Gaskins now called his magazine.

The administrators and the council (part of it) suddenly awakened to the fact that the student council did not have power to "create" a new publication although, they thought, they could abolish an old one. Both tenets are still questionable, but at the time the first was absolute in their minds. The students were paying for a humor magazine called the *Carolina Buccaneer;* it had been abolished, and the *Finjan* was in its place, but under the law (which, incidentally, is very, very unwritten on this campus) the fees could by no stretch of the imagination be applied to the new creation.

Everybody, of course, felt pretty miserable about it because it seemed so hopeless. On one hand was a pile of fees for the Buccaneer; on

the other hand was a magazine without any financial support except business manager Solomon's contracts (no one knows yet how he erased "Buccaneer" and scribbled "Finjan" on them without Bradbury getting wise); on the third hand was the student council which had overstepped its bounds by attempting to apply old fees to new books; and on the fourth hand was the administration, which had ordered non-collection of the fees in the first place, now were faced with them, and wanted to put them to the new magazine but didn't know how to get around the "unwritten constitution" which consisted of precedents usually in its own favor. All of which immensely amused business manager Solomon and the advocates of a written campus code.

So the council drew its weary self together for the third time and attempted to solve the whole problem by wiping the slate clean. The members and the administration realized that the only possible solution would be to rescind completely all former plans, re-create the original *Carolina Buccaneer* so that fees could be directed along the proper channels, and then apply all the suggested moral relief to the new publication. Exactly that was done. With tattered flags nodding and rusted bugles wheezing, the *Buccaneer* was re-established former plans were retracted, and the ship of state resumed even keel once more. The name, of course, would be changed and the same high policies which were favored at the second meeting were applied to the rejuvenated comic. Again everything seemed settled, because the fee question was settled. The Publications Union Board had its own magazine back, theoretically, and there would be no trouble in getting financial policies well lined up. The council itself breathed a lot easier, because it had at last done something within its power in every detail, so it thought.

But even in the third session the group pulled a boner which, though it did not materially affect the case at hand, marked the council as being a trifle hazy in their knowledge of campus affairs. It recommended that the Publications Union Board "allocate any part of the regular $2.00 publication fee that it sees fit to the revised magazine." This recommendation was a waste of effort as the Publications Union Board has the sole right to apply the general fee as it sees fit. The difficulty in the recommendation, then, lay not in the intent of the council but in the state of apparent ignorance which enshrouded the action. It might have been a good idea to have kept clear from the fee entanglements because enough damage had obviously already been done along this line.

At the same meeting, too, the council literally thumbed its nose at the Publications Union Board which had wisely held aloof from the battleground. It created a new censor board composed of one student council member and two students chosen from the student body at large. It went on formally to state that "the P. U. Board and the administration had not cooperated with it in its action about the Buccaneer." This was not a particularly well-founded remark; if the administration had not been responsible for catching the fee error by waking up just in time—they had discussed it before the first meeting, you understand, but apparently the discussion did not scratch—the poor council probably would have still been trying to hook up the rebellious fees and the straying comic so that everything would jibe. And as far as the Publications Union Board cooperating, it followed the only safe and logical course by remaining out of a situation in which it had no business.

V.

The Daily Tar Heel, in an editorial of September 22, questioned the council's freedom of action in the first two meetings, hinting that perhaps the administration had influenced the boys back in June and students who appeared before it exerted some sort of pressure at the September 19 session. It all depends, as Dean Bradshaw would say, on what you call "influence" and "pressure." It is apparent that the administration had a lot to do with the summoning of the first meeting, but it might not be termed "force influence." What we know about the conference of Weathers and the deans in South building leads us to believe that it was a mutual interest in the question which resulted in the meeting, instigated by Gaskins' first issue which served as a spark in the hay-pile. It is also pretty definitely established that the students appearing before the board at the September 19 gathering had no little influence in the re-establishing of a comic on this campus, because they expressed an opinion that is shared by many on this campus, despite the general impression, that the student body "can and will support a magazine of high standards of humor."

Be that as it may, the *Tar Heel* went on to remark that "the decision of June 11 should serve

as a reminder that the students cannot be expected to, and will not easily, swallow the proceedings of a rump parliament." And, to be trite, there's lots to what it says.

Editor Gaskins is publishing the magazine as the *Finjan*. Ex-editor Ivey mumbles that the new comic is only "the *Buccaneer* under an assumed name"; it will take several issues to prove that crack insofar as the content is concerned. Viewing the council's blundering procedure, however, as the point of Ivey's remark, it has definitely been proved by the waste of time and energy involved in acting under the present non-constitutional "perfect student government."

Four very important and obvious facts emerge from the Buccaneer-Finjan-council-administration imbroglio: 1) the student council is ignorant of its own powers and those of the administration which had been perpetuated only through precedent and custom; 2) the council is ignorant of the powers of organizations which are supposed to be under its immediate jurisdiction; 3) the administration, through the confusion of precedent, oversteps its bounds in student activities and displays ignorance of the proper allocation of powers under the governmental system; and 4) the affair has emphasized the absolute need for a new governmental organization embracing a closely-knit administration with clean-cut divisions of activity and right, headed by a single council or board representing the student body whose activities are controlled by it.

Giving the council power to question the action of student organizations is grossly insufficient in attempting to establish an ultimate executive function. Precedent is all very well as an unwritten constitution if it builds specific and distinct divisions of administraton headed each by a Victrola-record remembering machine. But this campus demands a written code. There are too many complications and unexpressed functions floating around to depend on what has been done to determine how it shall be done. The comic publication episode is a ridiculous but telling example of what happens when administrators with different conceptions and insufficient knowledge of their powers act jointly to execute a perfectly simple procedure.

Summer Hurdles to an A. B.

by Don Becker

When I saw the expression on the cop's face change, I said to myself, "Here's where I put my foot in it!" I was right. He looked as though he thought I either had an awful lot of nerve or was as dumb as hell. Frankly, in retrospect, I admit it wasn't nerve.

Apparently the sergeant behind the high desk had never before been faced with a like situation, and being a cop, the only strategy he knew was to act hard. This he did most convincingly. He opened his mouth and growled, "When did you get into town?"

I told him I lived in town. I didn't tell him that for the past nine months I had left the home town in favor of the University of North Carolina and that at that particular moment I would much rather have been in Chapel Hill, N. C. than in this particular suburb.

"Who gave you permission to sell that?"

"Do you need permission?" I asked most naively. In fact, I was naive; it was the first time I had heard that ambitious college students needed a policeman's Okay in order to try to sell magazine subscriptions during the summer vacation to an unwilling public. God knows the public was bad enough.

Then the uniform behind the high desk relented. Or maybe it was pity. "Get a letter from the publisher asking the Chief for permission to solicit here," it advised, "and you can go to work right away."

I have always had a strong dislike for red tape when it happens to get in my way. Probably I am not alone in this respect. "If you don't mind my asking," I spoke up as politely as I could, which was not at all consistent with the way I was thinking, "just what is the object—to protect people against 'gyp' schemes?" This seemed to be the point, so I tried—vainly—to convince him that I wasn't employed in any deal that used *caveat emptor* for its motto. In the end, I got the letter.

But municipal regulations are less a hindrance to the would-be salesman than the depression which is high hurdle number one on the four-forty (four years in college and forty years paying for

it) cinder path to a degree. Even police sergeants have to play second fiddle. High hurdle Depression has eliminated most salaried summer jobs and has made canvassers—collegiate or otherwise—*persona non grata*. If you are six feet six inches in your socks you stand a chance of getting a job as a movie barker. If you are already educated enough, say, working on your M.A., you may do as a soda jerker. Otherwise you can go try peddle your papers.

And there are still other hurdles to bark your shins on. Take the case of the drunken visitor who opened the door of his host's home, took one look at me, and yelled to his wife: "Here's a boy working his way through college!"

Said visitor was pleasant as the legal liquor (this was in New Jersey) stimulated the better part of his nature. He listened to my proposition while on the way to his car parked in front of the house. I noted that the car carried the plates of a different county.

"Grace," he said to his wife, who looked a little high herself, "Grace, do I want this magazine?"

His spouse, no doubt, was not herself. She didn't know that evening what her husband wanted. Neither did he. Affectionately he put his arm around my shoulder, confided that he himself was a Fuller Brush man, and then said he was worried.

"I've got a lot on my mind right now—something colossal." It came from the bottom of his bay window, right through the Fuller Brush on his upper lip. "If you happen to see me around again, I may consider it." And with that, fifty cents worth of commission stepped in its car and zig-zagged into the neighboring county. One more hurdle knocked down instead of cleared.

But police, depression, and prospective customers that are full of liquor aren't the only hazards blocking the four-forty crawl to the sheepskin at the far end of the track. Housemaids, for example, have been trained to lie with straight faces. They tell you everyone is out. Dentists, who have their noses to the grindstone too much anyway, refuse to part with the wealth of their drillings. One of them told me he already had so many magazines he could sell me some. Doctors won't buy, office men won't buy, barbers won't buy. One secretary, instead of taking a subscription, tried to sell me the whole scientific era, which I let her do in the hope she would stop talking sooner and give me an opportunity to beat an honorable retreat. I agreed with her on the remarkable aspects of telephone and radio, but maintained mental reservations when it came to Buck Rogers, *Weird Tales, et al.* Maybe working in an office on the top floor of the home town's skyscrapper gave her lofty ideas. The place was four stories above the street level.

However, canvassing doesn't consist entirely of scraping shins on high hurdles. It has its compensations. Some time I will have enough material to write a doctor's dissertation with the title: *What the Depression Has Done to America's Sense of Humor.* If that title isn't long enough for a doctor's dissertation, I might add the subtitle: *A Careful Analysis of the Conditioned Response Arriving from a Push on the Doorbell and the Cryptic Statement, "Madam, Can I Interest You in a New Magazine?"*

So far, engineers have shown the best sense of humor. No doubt this is because anybody lacking a sense of humor couldn't live through the average college course in engineering. On the other end of the scale is the woman who nearly cracked a vocal cord—one that was shrill—in making it clear that she wasn't interested in magazines. It couldn't have been prejudice against any one in particular, because she didn't give me time to breathe even the title.

Besides furnishing material for a future doctor's dissertation, canvassing offers other compensations. You can learn a whole new list of alibis and review all the old ones. People will tell you they're broke, don't like the editor, haven't time to read, always buy their magazines from a friend, prefer books, read a newspaper instead, or have too many magazines now. One fellow said he had vowed that the previous subscription he had taken was to be the last, and cheerfully remarked that it was too bad I hadn't come sooner.

I've learned enough to become sophisticated someday maybe. Take that little run-in with the local police, for example. A six-year-old looks upon a copper as a natural enemy and ducks around the corner at the sight of a blue uniform. But not I—B.C. Why, before canvassing I was even dumb enough to think it would be clever to amble into the police station and sell the sergeant a subscription. I ambled, and that's what started the lecture on the rules and regulations for canvassers. The lecture course was no crip.

«And the Poor Shall Inherit. . .»

by NELSON LANSDALE

There's never been anything like it—money for whiskey, money for gasoline, money for beads and doo-dads—money pouring into the mountains where never was money before. Relief, succor, medical aid, assistance for the poor whites of the mountains who never heard of a depression, who never, in a hundred and fifty years of hand-to-mouth existence, ever have had anything, and yet have managed to exist. Bounty from the laps of the Gods in Washington.

His gawky legs outstretched, his chair tilted precariously back against the battered support for the rickety little veranda, his big-boned, leather-skinned face furrowed with little beads of sweat, Ed sits, smoking a pipe to keep away the flies, watching the traffic swirl up and down over the mountain roads. The traffic is heavy this morning—the dirt and then the macadam roads leading into town are dotted with battered old cars and wagons, jammed with mountaineers. Clamorous, smelly children, grim-countenanced, tobacco-stained patriarchs, prematurely aged women in dirty ginghams and greasy bonnets, all headed for town and the governmental dole.

The road winds gently over the mountain, and the cars on it are like scoops on a double chain of a concrete mixer, some going empty, some coming full, all held in line as if motivated by one great chain beneath the macadam surface. Ed worked on a concrete mixer for over a month, building the new road out Westfield way—gov'ment relief, they said it was—and they paid him thirty cents an hour. After they abandoned the C.W.A. Ed struck for more wages from Old Man Harris. Great pity he had to work in the fields for a dollar a day, when the gove'ment said he was entitled to more. What did Ed care if the wheat did rot in the fields when Old Man Harris couldn't meet the gove'ment wages? No, by Gawd, if Ed couldn't git what the gove'ment sed he was wuth, he wouldn't work a-t-all.

Inside, in the half of the ramshackle shanty which serves as livingroom-diningroom-kitchen, Maw Harper is busy on her hands and knees with a bucket and a rag, scrubbing the wide boards of the floor. Mumbling to herself as she rinses and scrubs, rinses and scrubs, Maw curses the gove'ment for makin' a wuthless loafer outa her boy, makin' him think he's wuth more than what anybudy but the gove'ment kin pay him. Kinda hard, havin' a lazy giant of 'bout twenty-eight loungin' 'round all day, day in an' day out, not bein' neighborly like he usta, an' helpin' out when they needed a extry hand, just a-settin', a-waitin' for what the good Loard only kin tell.

And as Maw rinses and scrubs, rinses and scrubs, the sun beats down on the sagging little old portico, hotter and hotter, making Ed drowsy. Now and then he blinks, and his head sags back against the wooden pillar. The pipe drops out of a limp, dangling hand and rolls over in the dirt. The traffic winds on down the mountain—a dirty, smelly swarm of it, seeking the government's golden pollen.

II.

Colonial Hall, in its day host to Congress in session, the state legislature, the wounded of the Civil War, a dancing school, innumerable young ladies who tripped and trilled about in the Female Seminary of the eighties and nineties, and to dramatic amateurs who used it for a little theatre, has become a fester on the face of placid, shaded High Street. Beneath its stately pillars lounge the shiftless, the improvident and the ne'er-do-wells of the surrounding territory, waiting in turn for young ladies of family who will play lady bountiful with government money. Nothing of Colonial's past of dignity and courtliness is suggested in the continual "plup" of chewing tobacco as it spatters against the creamy pillars or on the stone portico.

Above the gleaming mahogany of the bare, flat-topped desk, the sleek, tightly drawn hair, Roman nose and thin, bloodless lips of Miss Beaver are exposed to the gaze of her staff. Efficiency, the keynote of Miss Beaver's private and professional existence, is reflected in her plain grey dress, her low-heeled shoes, her shiny face, and the terseness and brevity of her manner. In varying stages of well-concealed inattention, the staff slumps in their chairs before her, as her unpleasant, nasal voice drones on . . . . "And I find it necessary to again remind you that our present case load is inadequate for the maintenance of this establishment. We have been organized to relieve the needy, and many people have come to us for aid.

But in the town, and in the mountains as well, there are—there must be—many people in need who are too proud or too ignorant to ask for our assistance. We must seek them out. These families we must reach—it cannot much matter whether their unemployment arises from the present depression, or whether it is—as our critics have said—chronic. We must find more families whose scale of living justifies government assistance, and render it. This establishment is supported in the name of aid to the destitute, and if we are all to keep our jobs it is our job to find more destitute persons throughout our territory. Otherwise, I fear that the present staff must be slashed to half its present size. Because we have been criticized for supporting any able-bodied persons who can or could find work if we were more particular, it is my request that you do not mention, beyond this room, the need for a larger case load . . . . . ."

III.

Twenty-five years ago, the colored folks who lived on East Street lived only on one end of it. Now the only whites are a few shiftless old inhabitants so lacking in pride and discrimination that they do not care who are their neighbors. And of the whites on East Street, the most famous is Joe Crane.

In prosperous times Joe would go to the back doors of the big houses in town and ask for work. After a few lessons in his incompetence and laziness, most of the mistresses of the big houses were polite but firm to Joe. They preferred not having the jobs done at all to giving Joe full pay for half-doing them. The cool, damp cellars of the big old places were wonderful places to sleep in the hot summer afternoons, even if there was grass to be cut, a garage to be washed, or iron or old bottles or trash to be carted away. When Joe was caught—which was invariably—he listened to the lecture that invariably followed with an odd mixture of repentance, reproof, and respect in his watery blue eyes. The great ladies of the town gave him up as hopeless—life was already too complicated to shoulder the additional burden of Joe.

With the advent of hard times, bumming a meal or a day's pay for an hour's work became more and more difficult. Joe's easy, confident faith in the Lord's will and ability to provide for him was a little shaken. But his brother-in-law gave him a job as handy-man in the garage he owned. Under fairly constant supervision, Joe did about the maximum of work of which he was capable. He swept out the garage every day, and picked up nuts and screws, and found tools and arranged them, and earned his living thereby.

Then one of Joe's black neighbors told him about the Fed'ral aid, and Joe got time off from the garage to go down each week and get government money. They thought he was unemployed. He said he didn't work, which was true, so they gave him money and told him to spend it on groceries, which he did mostly. It made life lots easier. After while he voluntarily gave up the job at the garage.

Joe's wife had been dead for seven years, but one week he asked for seven extry dollars because the missis was sick. They quibbled awhile, and Joe got five for medicine, and a slip to give the doctor he never called. One trip had convinced the welfare worker in charge of the case of the squalor in which he and the children (all the white children in the neighborhood he could borrow for the occasion) lived. It was possible, but altogether unlikely that any of the children she saw were his. On the court-house records, at least, they belonged to neighbors. She had forgotten that by Joe's own account their mother was dead.

But now with a heart full of pity for the unemployed man's poor sick wife, the ministering angel of the government decided to go and see if there was anything she and the government might do to help. She found the address in the file, and she and her trim little heels clicked out the corridor of Colonial and down the street to her two-seater, supplied and paid for by the government as necessary to her work in a town she could walk around in forty minutes.

She drifted slowly along East Street in the little car, watching for the occasional numbers over doors. Then she saw Joe, sitting on a doorstep in the sun, strumming a shiny new banjo. A piccaninny sailed a paper boat in the gutter, just beyond the reach of his foot. She brought the car to a slow stop, so as not to frighten the little black boy. "Where's your wife, Joe?" she asked.

Joe's reproachful blue eyes looked from the shiny new banjo to her and back again. He stopped strumming, and with his eyes on the paper boat in the gutter, replied: "She's been dead for seven years, mam."

June German

by CHAS. A. POE

Once yearly the town of Rocky Mount steps out and struts its stuff. Once yearly, on a night in June, Rocky Mount discards its small-town attitude and becomes the Mecca of young North Carolinians. For on this particular night Rocky Mount is North Carolina.

From the Appalachians to the Atlantic, thousands on thousands head for Rocky Mount, drawn by the magnetism of the words "June German." Vacations have been put off, trips to Europe postponed, in order that the June German may not be missed; for it is the social event of the year. Not to attend means that for sometime afterwards one's conversation will be severely restricted; and to avoid the misery of hearing and rehearing about the German he has to go into seclusion or another state.

The Carolina Cotillion Club ($10 initiation fee, $5 dues for the June German) spends much time and money in getting one of the country's leading orchestras and in seeing that everything is fixed up right for a happy night. Bids are solely by invitation of members of the organization. Those living in Rocky Mount or within six miles have to join the club to attend the dance.

The venture originated with Thomas H. Battle, "First Citizen of Rocky Mount," who fifty-four years ago rounded up the genteel youth of Nash and Edgecombe counties to found a cotillion club to further social life in the district. Despite the high ideals of its sponsors, the dance, which quickly became the event of the Carolinas' season, found itself on its way to becoming just another brawl. Doubtless the clergy exaggerated when it roared that the June German was the most vicious institution in the state, yet it was unquestionably true that a certain rowdy element had marred the original tone of the dance.

Gentility held sway in the end. Although there was no appreciable reduction in the liquor consumption, the affair came to look more dignified than it had in its "bad years." Mr. Battle, firm in his faith in the organization, gave it an official benediction a few years ago when he led the figure at the fiftieth anniversary. In due time the preachers' lungs tired, and the madness and gaiety of the occasion continued undisturbed.

For this tremendous occasion Rocky Mount out does itself. Friend or stranger, high or low, drunk or drunker, all are given skeleton keys to the city. Knock, and it shall be opened; the hungry are fed and the thirsty deprived of their thirst. But the trick is to get into the dance. Rocky Mount swells with pride and with people; where in the name of our Lady will they put them all?

A fair question. Some will be put to bed prematurely; some will be left on the back seats of cars; the other thousands will be compressed into a tight-fitting warehouse where they will be shuffled about, knocked about, and talked about. Some may even dance.

The first problem is to fight one's way thru the milling, swilling crowd into the warehouse. These myriads of people trying to get thru that little entrance are like a lot of sand trying to get thru the hole in an hourglass; and it takes them about the same time to get in. The sign over Earl Carroll's door might well be stolen and placed over this entrance, for surely the girls who enter here are equal in beauty to Carroll's choicest queens.

Once inside, the breathing is easier, although what one breathes isn't quite the same as the fresh air outside. Accompanied by a feeling of insignificance, overwhelmed by the vastness of the warehouse and the mass of humanity, one straightens his clothes and goes on. By straining, the fair end of the structure may be seen with the naked eye; and unofficial figures place the number of spectators at 1,483; dancers, 1,864; and shaggers, 467.

Soon these thousands clear a space in the center for the figure, which offers sport for the drunks, one of whom invariably tries to lead it. A merry, sinuous chase he would lead them if they would but follow. And some there are in the figure who have considerable difficulty in going straight.

Those who arrived before the figure spend the first intermission trying to get out; the others spend it trying to get in. Then the whistle blows and the second quarter begins, liquid refreshments having fortified the participants for the forthcoming fray. And fortification is needed; in

fact, it wouldn't be exactly sissy to make use of a bit of padding. Around the orchestra is the danger zone where the shaggers hold sway. All thru the night they keep it up, bouncing and jumping, their flying feet a menace to innocent by-walkers. Where their energy and stamina come from no one knows.

Sooner or later comes the second intermission, and slowly the big house pours forth its inhabitants, each of whom has been invited to an intermission party, crashes one, or throws one of his own. Here food furnishes much-needed energy to drooping bodies; drinks supply vitality and sparkle. If no chaser is at hand, a passable substitute is to stand in front of an electric fan and say "Ah!" But chasers are highly desirable, especially if one is imbibing the almost colorless liquor sold at filling stations near Rocky Mount for forty cents.

At the hotel there is always a variety of entertainment. A boy runs down the stairs and trips on the bottom step, sending three bottles sliding in various directions across the lobby; a weeping girl comes in crying that somebody has insulted her; on the second floor a big fellow throws two little drunks out of a girl's room because she wants some sleep.

A forlorn-looking drunk, in a tux coat, shirt and tie, but with a dirty pair of white duck pants, is wandering about in quest of his tux pants, and doesn't know how he happens to be wearing white ducks. A friendly fellow offers to help him find some tux pants, so they go from room to room, finally coming to one whose inhabitant has passed out on the bed. They take his pants off, and as the man with the ducks is putting them on, the owner wakes up. They explain that they need the pants to go to the dance and will bring them back at next intermission.

"Okay. Tha's perfectly all right."

Out of the pants pocket they take three dollars which they put on the dresser. Since he probably won't see his pants again, they feel that they ought to leave him his money.

Most people find it exasperatingly hard to get drunk. A big gulp and they are feeling pretty good; then after a few minutes dancing in the hot warehouse they sweat it all out. There seems to be something unfair about it all. Why not have the June German in May when it isn't so hot?

Others find it all too easy to get drunk, to get too drunk. Back seats of cars near the warehouse are full of those who took their passout checks too literally. Some have come a hundred miles and never got to the dance: someone the next morning can tell them what a swell time they had. One glassy-eyed fellow has passed out by the sidewalk, his feet in the gutter. When you gutter go . . .

Several couples sit on the grass by the sidewalk leading to the warehouse, necks craned upward in order not to miss any friends. There is a sort of friendly competition between them as to which knows the most passers-by, and they get a big kick every time they recognize an acquaintance.

It's hard to tear away from the cool, restful, intermission parties and push back into the dance. But after all, that's more or less a duty; so once again the barn is gradually filled to the choking point.

By this time most have had the wisdom to stock themselves with mints or chewing gum, which they may need to offer in order that conversations may be carried on with those whose breath is intoxicating. Proud, stubborn shirt fronts have wilted and lost their dignity under the attack of heat and perspiration. Likewise the bodies encased in the shirts have wilted, and much excess poundage has vanished into thin, hot air. But by now most of the combatants have their second wind, and the struggle goes on.

At five in the morning dawn suddenly breaks. The rising sun with its promise that the dance will soon be over seems to put a little life into the crowd. Sleepy eyes open a trifle, and sleepy bodies laugh as dawn reveals how funny everyone looks. Rather than return home in their doubtful condition, quite a few plan to go to the beach after the dance.

At last the saxophonist blows two notes supposed to sound like the words "That's all," and the fifty-fourth annual June German is over.

As the thousands are squeezed out of the door into the fresh morning air, one by one they vocally or silently swear, "This is my last June German." But they are lying, every last one of them. When the next June German comes, they will be on hand.

Why? Nobody knows. Maybe because it's a lot of fun in spite of the heat, the shaggers, and the lost energy. Or maybe it's just because everyone else is going.

Your Editor to You

Take It Easy, Dr. Frank

The appointment of a Dean of Administration for the Chapel Hill branch of the Greater University is significant in that it affords you an opportunity to unburden yourself of much routine matter. Frankly, with the present geographical arrangement, your being President of three schools worries us. Higher education in North Carolina needs you; the State needs you; and the New Deal needs you. But Chapel Hill merely wants you to take care of yourself. If your great services to these bodies were to ruin your health, Chapel Hill would never forgive either the state or the nation. Take it easy, please, Dr. Frank.

Feet of Clay

North Carolina emitted the usual huzzahs when S. Clay Williams was named chairman of the renovated, diluted NRA. Tar Heels liked the idea of another local boy making good. Yet Williams' record and background as an executive of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. suggests that his appointment is even more than a sop to the conservatives. It would be in line with his training if he were to act as much more than a balancing force between Richberg and Roper. No matter how much he might trumpet his concern for the worker, his tradition will probably lead him to side with the vested interests in a show-down. He would not be able to do otherwise; tobacco magnates are like that. It is to be regretted that an administration which recently saw fit to honor two representatives of a truly liberal University could not have selected a less reactionary figure than Williams. Remembering, however, General Johnson's "radical-fox-hunt" during the Pacific Coast strikes, it is likely that Clay Williams, given the power, will find his shoes none too large.

Next President of the Student Body

Dean Van Hecke has thrown a fly into the soup of those sincerely interested in choosing a successor to Vergil Weathers next April. With apparent fidelity to the spirit of his law school, he has ruled that no lawyer may hold a major campus office unless his grades average "B." Knowing lawyers hold that a man of campus affairs cannot be expected to make such a grade regularly; they add that a "B" in law work about equals an "A" in the undergraduate school. The past shows that it is highly desirable, though not inevitable, that the president of the student body be a law student. Why should he, who is serving the entire University, be required to make a grade so much above the average mark made by Dean Van Hecke's pupils? In his zeal to achieve a high standard for his department, the truculent Dean is about to deprive the student body of a qualified leader. Why not change the requirement to a "C" average?

To Northern Freshmen

If you have chips on your shoulders regarding the South, your adopted home for four years, beware that they are not knocked off with more vigor than you expect. If you have the idea that you've come to the "sticks," to some jerk school where all the courses are crips, ask yourself this question: How, then, if Southerners are so backward, so hopelessly provincial, did the University of North Carolina ever become one of the great schools of the nation? How did it gain admittance to the American Association of Universities, to which only twenty-nine universities on the continent belong? If you can't find an answer to the question in your life here, you'd better go home. If you can, and there is no reason why you shouldn't, for all your yearning for Manhattan (which stamps you as provincial), you'll learn to appreciate the rare and peculiar phenomenon that is Chapel Hill.

Legion of Decency--- She Go Bust!

The amalgamation of bishops, priests, and rabbis, self-appointed defenders and moulders of the morals of America, has had the answer to its pious fury last June. Cecil B. DeMille handed it a hot potato in *Cleopatra*. And the bishops dropped it. The potato didn't cool. DeMille's butchery of history and Shakespeare was notable only for its gross disrespect of the Legion's noisy principles of cleanliness. In fact, the director's fidelity to history seemed to center on determining how little the Nile Queen and her maidens could have worn and on how lascivious a 20th century mind could make one of the world's great love stories. Yet no priestly hand saw fit to clothe Cleopatra in the sober garb of a mediaeval nun. In short, once Hollywood has so demonstrated that by its financial and entertainment powers it can get away with such a production, the Legion can go cry its eyes out into the sink.

«Please, Mr. Hopkins, Couldn't I Tear Up a Few Degrees?»

Joyce's «Ulysses» - - - - - Its Place in the Great Tradition

by D. W. Robertson

James Joyce's *Ulysses* is said to be at once the most influential and the least read modern novel of any importance. Joyce has been hailed as the Fifth Great English Author and condemned as the most scurrilous, obscene, and insolent upstart of the day. His reputation is clouded over with the dense and somewhat odious effusions of his epigones, and it is with difficulty that one can read any coherence into the mass of diverse critical material that has accumulated around his work.

To add to the confusion, the *Ulysses* is of such a nature that many readers accustomed to the light inanity of most current fiction find that they cannot read it. Others have somewhere acquired the preconceived notion that Joyce is a crazy Irishman who writes unspeakably disgusting pornography, and still others who have read the book maintain that since it cannot be understood without Stuart Gilbert's commentary it is automatically relegated to the limbo of literary curiosities. This chaos of public opinion probably results from the fact that Joyce is, and ever shall be, a writer for the few. But, as I shall attempt to suggest in this article, the *Ulysses*, in many respects, has more significance for students of English Literature than any other modern novel.

Joyce has gathered together the fundamental strands of English literary tradition, from the remote sources of Greek, Celtic, Hebrew, and Oriental legend to the contemporary 'mania psychologica," and woven them into the structure of a single volume. We find therein echoes of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Sterne, and many other "classic" authors, not to mention Gertrude Stein and some of the moderns. The style is at once varied and uniform; varied, as is Shakespeare's, to conform to the fluctuating mood of the matter, and uniform in that it is, throughout, unmistakably Joycean. Stephen Dedalus writes at the close of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man:* "I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world . . . to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." And these words undoubtedly express at least part of Joyce's motive in writing *Ulysses*.

Unfortunately, as I have intimated, Joyce has acquired a dual notoriety for obscurity and obscenity, so that many of us who might well appreciate his work hesitate to approach it. The obscurity of *Ulysses*, however, unlike that of the current *Work in Progress*, is frequently the fault of the reader and not of the book itself. In the first place, before attempting to evaluate any serious work of art it is customary to investigate, in so far as is possible, the cultural and philosophical background which produced it. And somehow literary scholars, although they may pursue such investigations assiduously in regard to works of past centuries, seem to think the present period of insufficient importance to merit any attention. Or, what is worse and probably more common, some may consider that to live in a century is sufficient to understand its products. Unfortunately there are many of us who instinctively stand in this last position, hoping to receive our background gradually and casually from the daily newspapers.

The twentieth century, like any other century, has its great intellectual liberators, and we should know something about their significance before judging contemporary literature. Thus, some familiarity with the general psychological doctrines of Sigmund Freud or the practical ethics of Lenin would erase the charge against Joyce of obscenity and decadence; an acquaintance with the economic and social theories of our modern Swift, Thorstein Veblen, would help to remove any respectable scruples we might have about associating with "such characters s Leopold Bloom; and a superficial knowledge of the metaphysical writings of Oswald Spengler would enable us to enjoy the chaotic prolixity of Joyce's work.

Of course, the very technique of the *Ulysses* presents some difficulty in itself, but if we bear in mind the more obvious of the psychological principles set forth by William James as to the general trend of thought processes, and understand Pavlov's still more obvious principle of "conditioning;" the technique of Joyce's mental soliloquies will become comparatively clear. The most serious difficulty in reading these monologues arises, not out of their stylistic peculiarities, but from the many allusions to literature, history,

philosophy, and mythology which they contain. For instance, in one of Stephen Dedalus' earlier monologues the phrases "*maestro di color che sanno*," and "if I fell over a cliff that beetles o'er his base" occur within ten lines of one another in the midst of a philosophic experiment. The first is Dante's epithet for Virgil, "master of all those who know," and the second contains a more familiar phrase from *Hamlet*. Such quotations occur frequently throughout the text, unmarked and usually unidentified.

Each episode of the *Ulysses* has its own peculiar technique, style, and mood to suit the time of day and the situation at hand (the book represents the events of a single day only). Furthermore, each has its own set of allusions to some branch of human knowledge. The ninth and fourteenth episodes are especially interesting from a literary point of view. The ninth episode takes place in the Dublin National Library at two o'clock in the afternoon, and deals almost exclusively with Shakespearean topics. The style is frequently imitative of Shakespeare, many allusions are made to the plays, and *Hamlet* is the chief subject of the conversation. Stephen Dedalus, in an extensive Platonic dialogue, proposes finally that Shakespeare should not be identified with Hamlet, as some critics would have him, but with Hamlet's father. The argument is not serious, and no conclusions are reached, but the episode is a fine literary exercise in Shakespearean scholarship.

The fourteenth episode, through the medium of stylistic parodies, portrays the development of the English Language. The scene is in a lying-in hospital where a number of medical students have gathered for a drinking bout. Bloom arrives in the alliterative metre of *Beowulf*, drinks a toast in the graceful manner of Sir Thomas Malory, and proceeds to get somewhat intoxicated, following the mutations of English prose style in his thought and conversation. The episode contains an elaborate and wonderful description in the style of Mandeville, a short dissertation in the flowery prose of Thomas Browne, a Swiftian satire, a "project" that Steele might have dreamed but never confessed, a sentimental digession in the manner of Sterne, a series of delicate and polite reminiscences like those of "Elia," and many other echoes of familiar literary figures.

Another episode employs almost every practicable rhetorical device known. Still another is constructed strictly on musical forms. Of course, these manifold devices are not always obvious and sometimes require very careful reading, but they usually repay an effort made to understand them. Joyce is probably the most careful and painstaking writer in English since Milton. And like Milton he has tasted of the waters of Ygdrasyl and paid the penalty. He has an almost Elizabethan passion for words and has been reported to have spent an entire day in the composition of two sentences. He spares no effort to make his phrases of the type that stick in the memory and become a part of him who reads them.

Aside from its stylistic virtuosity the *Ulysses* is a highly valuable work as a mirror of the early twentieth century. It is undoubtedly the most minute, accurate, and vivid reflection of an age ever to be written in any language. It is the high comedy that reveals in powerful cadences the tragically vacuous depths of the modern mind. Furthermore, as Houston Peterson writes, it is "the finest full picture of a personality." Leopold Bloom is the most human of all human beings ever to move on the printed page . . . In short, the *Ulysses* is the precious life blood of a master spirit, and the memory of its author will never die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

New Nigger

by F. E. Howard, Jr.

"I ain't 'fraid of no dog in the world!" Big John packed an arm load of green tobacco into the full truck.

"You ain't yet seen old man Harrisses dog."

"If a dog come after me, I just raise up one of my foot 'twixt him and me, and he can't get round it.—O Lord!" And Big John cut a buck and a shuffle in the water-furrow sand while the truck boy drove an empty truck between the tobacco rows. "Scared of no dog alive!" He slapped his hands against his overalled thighs and swung into his middle and started snatching sand lugs from the stalk bottoms.

Three middles on the other side of the truck, Ray Ward grunted. This new nigger was too damned biggety.

Big John stepped over to the truck and dropped in a handful of lugs. "I'll get in the yard with any dog alive and crawl around the house on my hands and knees!"

Jack Ward straightened — "Not in Lawrence Harrisses yard!"

"Bet you a gallon of corn liquor you won't do it!" Ray came over to the truck and faced Big John across it.

Big John looked at him. "I'd do it for a half a gallon, white man.—Who else is betting?"

No one bet.

The four men bent to work again, swinging from stalk to stalk down the field.

At four the crapping was finished, and the field hands came in to the barn and helped the women and children loop up the last load of tobacco on sticks. Then they scrambled into the barn rafters and on them laid the sticks in rows across the rooms. Big John was the last man down. When he stuck his head out the door and stepped over the flue and sill, he called out, "All right, youall, come see me win my bet. I'm gone get in Mister Lawrence Harrisses yard on my hands and knees and run all around it. If that dog gets in my way, it's gone be too bad for him. Then I gets a gallon of corn liquor ready up!" He hunched his shoulders and sucked with his mouth. "Have a good time Saturday night."

The negroes and the two white men started down the road together. Big John laughed and swaggered his shoulders. Down the back street he led them to the Harriss house. The old man was standing on the porch.

Without pausing a second, Big John dropped his hat, put his foot on the middle rail of the gate, and swung over it into the clean-swept yard sand. On his hands and knees he started toward the house, when around the corner raced a heavy black dog. Tail and bristles up, growling shortly, it made for the negro. Big John met him in mid-air. Grabbing the dog's jaws with both hands, he brought it to the ground in a swirl of sand. Swiftly the negro's head went forward. His teeth flashed against the dog's nose and into it. With a wrench of his neck and shoulders he tore the dog away from him and flung it to one side. Sitting back on his haunches, Big John spat the leathery nose-tip out of his mouth and wiped his face on his sleeve. He grinned at the row of set faces along the fence. No one spoke. Unconcernedly he paddled around the corner of the house on his hands and knees.

Harriss looked at the howling dog for a second and went into the house. The black dog raced back and forth across the yard, howling, whining so gutturally that it choked, digging its nose into the fence corner, into the pump drain. Harriss came out with a Colt 44. When the dog came by the porch, he blew half of its head off.

When it stopped twitching, Harriss put the revolver into his pants pocket and came out to the fence. Big John, forgotten, stood in the corner. Harriss faced the two white men. "All right," he said quietly. "Who put him up to it?"

Ray Ward slowly hitched one shoulder over the fence; "Nobody put him up to it."

Harriss snorted. "You can't fool me, Ward. No nigger is going to meddle in my yard without good reason for it,"

"He was bragging in the field," Jack Ward burst out, "'Bout how he could handle dogs. We thought he'd back down."

"Is that right?"

"Yeh!" came from Ray.

"Well, Ward, the fact is that he didn't back down." Harriss's voice suddenly became hard.

"It's a fact, too, that you owe me fifty dollars for that dog."

"I didn't touch your dog!"

"I know you didn't. But you deliberately got that nigger to do it. I suppose you wanted to get him hurt without any blame on you. I've noticed that you two don't get along any too well."

By the force of his accusation, Harriss disconterted Ward. Ray sputtered, fumbling for words. Then grabbing the top rail of the fence with both hands, he shouted over it. "That's a lie."

Harriss coolly shook his head.

"The nigger ruint your dog! Make him pay for it!"

Harriss laughed out right. "He's got no money. And besides he's not to blame."

Slowly the negroes backed away from the fence. Harriss unlatched the gate to let Big John go into the road with them.

"Now you're in it!" one told him. "You better leave this place right quick."

Big John looked sullenly at his adviser. "I never run yet."

"Better to run than get locked up."

"Leave while you can, Big John."

Big John angrily stared to where the whites were arguing over him. He resented not being called in on his own case. But slowly he turned and left with the other negroes. He heard Harriss say, "I could go down and get him locked up, but it wouldn't do any good. You're the man I'm talking to." Big John knew that the whites would treat him as they pleased.

—Bill Henderson

Harriss watched the negroes walk down the road. "Look here, Ward," he said, turning back to the brothers. "I'm not going to be trifled with. I want fifty dollars and I'll get it if I have to sue you to hell and back."

"Go ahead and sue!" Ray exploded.

"You can't buck me with any jury in the county and you know it."

Ray grunted angrily. Slowly his face reddened. Jack cleared his throat. "Better give it to him."

Ray looked at him. Jack jerked his head toward Harriss and shrugged his shoulders. Ray dropped his eyes.

"He'll bring it over tomorrow," Jack said flatly.

Without talking the two brothers walked through the field to their home A fierce dog ran out to them. Savagely Ray kicked at it. He missed and swore.

As he rounded the corner of the house, he saw Big John sitting on the back steps. The negro rose and grinned a little. "Thought I'd stop by for my liquor, Mr. Ray."

Ray snapped at him. "You'll get no liquor from me, you damned nigger. I just put out fifty dollars on that dog already without giving you liquor for doing it. Get the hell out of here! Go on down yonder and start firing that barn." Ray opened the door and turned back to Big John. "And if you don't do it right, I'll frail hell out of you." Ray stepped into the door. Just as it closed Big John started forward.

Jack Ward stood at the well drinking. He saw

the negro stop, hesitate, and then tramp off angrily toward his home. Jack chuckled to himself.

Late that night Big John sat on the edge of the tobacco truck that held his quilt pallet. He heard the night freight coming. A mile away it blew for the station. Before him the air holes in the barn furnace glowed a steady red. Big John felt beneath the truck for the lantern and stuck a splinter in a fire hole to get a light. He reeled in the line that pulled the barn thermometer to the window. The heat was coming up too slow. Yanking open the furnace door, he threw in two log quarters. The flood of light blinded him, and he had put out the lantern and sat down again when he saw Ray Ward standing by one of the lean-to posts.

Ward glared at Big John. "I told you not to run that heat too high! There's enough wood in that furnace to make every leaf as black as you are!" Striding to the firing pit, he kicked open the furnace door. As the light flared out in his face, the night freight pulled up in the cut below the barn and covered his voice with the toneless whistle of released steam. Big John watched him reach into the furnace, grasp the unburning end of the fresh wood, and snatch it out on the sand. Big John reached up to the cross beam that held the shelter roof and took his razor down into his pocket. Ward kicked the furnace door shut and started stamping on the sparks of the log. The train noise stopped.

Ray Ward straightened and looked at Big John. "Didn't I tell you to keep that heat down? Do you think I want to heat hell?

Big John squared off to him steadily. "Where is my gallon of drinkings?"

"You don't get no drinkings!"

Slowly the train started rolling.

"Didn't I do the bet?"

"Yeh."

"Then where is my liquor?"

"I drunk it. It's here in my belly." Ward slapped himself.

No warning! Smoothly Big John leaned forward, and a sliver of razor steel at the end of his arm whipped through the shirt and flesh at Ray Ward's middle. Big John turned and stepped into the darkness.

Quickly he strode to the cut. Below him the train was rumbling into speed. Turning, he looked back. The log had blazed up again. He saw Ray Ward stand gaping after him and holding his hands about his belly while the blood ran over them and down his pants. Big John watched him crumple over on his face.

The train rumbled more heavily.

With all his strength Big John threw his razor over the train into the honeysuckle vines on the far side of the cut. Quickly he dropped down the bare slope before him. More swiftly than he could run the cars were passing. Racing beside the tracks, he caught a brakeman's ladder and swung up into the darkness.

Honea Path Interlude

by Donald Cleavenger

Because Tal was one of the biggest men in the spinning mill the foreman shoved a Winchester rifle into his hands and told him to report to the sheriff at the mill gate. "But don't shoot none of them gawdamed radicals unless you got to," instructed the foreman. Then he winked and laughed deep in his throat. A dozen other men quit their looms and followed Tal down the narrow stairway to the door. They all carried shiny new rifles.

The sheriff had a long white scar down one cheek where a nigger had swiped at him with a knife. They said it was like that, all white, when he was scared. Now it sort of made his full, womanish red lips ridiculous by contrast, Tal thought. "There ain't no damn flyin' squadron goin' to come into my county," he was saying when the mill hands joined the detail of deputies.

That bothered Tal, who wasn't quite sure what a flying squadron was. But he took his place at the gate with the other mill hands. He fingered the polished stock of the rifle. Shore was a beaut. Must have cost the management near about a hundred dollars. Maybe more. Anyhow they had to pertect their property.

Above the scream of the looms Tal thought he

heard an automobile horn down in the valley where the mill road joined the highway at the edge of the village. A row of blue-shirted men clustered at the windows and pointed excitedly down the road. The horn sounded, clear this time, and then there were a dozen defiant blasts. A yell went up from the windows. When the shift went on that morning somebody said that most of the men were packing guns.

There was a little kid riding on the fender of the first car. He was waving a large American flag. Tal bristled. Damn radicals waving an American flag! There were at least a hundred cars in the flying squadron. Two of them had Yankee license plates, shouted the sheriff. That made Tal pretty mad, those radical agitators, socialists or communists or something coming down from the north! His palms grew moist on the stock of the rifle.

The long line of cars swung into a dusty field across from the mill. Maybe there were five hundred, maybe a thousand strikers. Tal wasn't sure. And godalmighty, some women, too!

The sheriff looked nervously at his men. "All right you boys. Jes' spread out there an' let me handle these bastards. If anybody gets smart-alecky you know damn well what we give you those guns for." His full red lips were wet and sticky.

Tal stroked the barrel of his Winchester. It shore was a pretty thing. Reckon a fellow could pot him most anything at fifty yards, if . . . . only . . . .

A tall man separated himself from the group of men surrounding the first car of the flying squadron. The fellow was lean, bustin' strong, clean-eyed, somebody muttered. Him with nothin' but a hickory stick in his hand! The sheriff shuffled nervously, glanced at his deputies, then stepped haltingly out to face the strike captain. His fingers grasped the revolver until the knuckles were colorless as a cotton blossom. "Git the bastard, sheriff," somebody in one of the mill windows shrieked. The machinery had stopped and dozens of blue-shirted figures were clustering at the windows.

Several of the deputies pushed up in back of the sheriff, who advanced tenaciously, as if stalking some animal quarry. Several hundred members of the flying squadron formed a half circle in back of their leader. Something far more tense than fear dominated each. All eyes were riveted on the two men. The sheriff opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. Then it happened.

Someone in the crowd of strikers pushed the leader at the sheriff. A woman shrieked, the officer drew back, a shot . . . . a score of shots rang out from the mill windows.

It seemed to Tal that everyone was running in circles. Above the fierce, lusty shouts of the men the mill whistle shrieked in one long blast. Impulsively he raised his rifle to his shoulder. Holding it clumsily he felt the weapon buck. A kid, the one with the flag, clutched his breast and stumbled to his knees. The strikers ran for the cover of their autos as long cheer went up from the mill windows. Then it was all over.

But the little fellow lay there, crumpled in the dust. Tal only saw a little oily whisp of smoke curl from his rifle barrel. The dust was black and wet where the boy lay. In the eternity of a second a glancing ray of the sun caught the spot, and in the mica of the dust it shone red. Tal straightened up, slowly, stupefied. The commotion and the sudden silence puzzled him. He wished he could handle a rifle like a man. It was a pity to be so obliviously near-sighted.

For a Certain Phi Beta Kappa

Clever child, someday you'll find
That scintillation of the mind
Is very nice
But won't suffice
For all the pleasures of mankind!

—Ellen Deppe.

"Stevedore"--An Unopened Telegram to the South

by JOE SUGARMAN

Stevedore is a Yankee missile hurled into the face of the South, but no crimson has flushed thru the Southern tan.

Yet *Stevedore* is a play which defies being ignored. Produced last April by the young Theatre Union Inc., within a fortnight it became a spring sensation. It was not Broadway. It was not movie stuff. Stuck away on 14th Street, the play possessed a magnetism which drew to it the accustomed scorners of "nigger," "propaganda" and "Red" drama. In company with Harlem negroes top-hatted brokers nervously found themselves stirred by the struggle of the New Orleans dockworkers for human rights. Union Square Communists eyed "deserving Democrats" with suspicion when they applauded the negroes repulsing a Louisiana law and order squad, bent on lynching an innocent man. Conservative theatre folk gazed blankly at innovators in theatrical technique when they watched the simple grandeur of the production.

Best of all, level-headed theatregoers, with no political or artistic axes to grind, realized that at last the American theatre had achieved a play with social consciousness which was also worthy of the best in the great tradition of the theatre. In short, *Stevedore*, although it roars madly against social injustice, cannot be dismissed as just another propaganda play by "some crazy radical."

To the substantial praise of the established journals and newspapers, Robert Benchley, debonair dramatic critic for the *New Yorker* added a virtually definite judgment. Tersely he remarked, *Stevedore is a hell of a good show.*"

II.

The play opens on a note scarcely peculiar to the South. Florrie is frantically seeking to hold her man. They argue bitterly in a New Orleans backyard until he becomes disgusted at her groveling and infuriated by her threats. To silence her fury he beats her viciously and tears off into the darkness, leaving her unconscious. When a crowd gathers, demanding to know what rat treated her so, the little strumpet cries hysterically, "It was a nigger!"

Then and there the authors, Paul Peters and George Sklar, inject the Southern note permanently into the play. The New Orleans police rout out negroes for Florrie's inspection, but she recognizes none of them. At the end of four days the officers let her go; knowing her reputation, they are not over-enthusiastic to push the case. Still, the white population is outraged, and its wrath makes Binnie, proprietress of a negro quick-lunch room, mutter about riots and bullets.

When, however, Walcott, Superintendent of the Oceanic Stevedore Company, suggests to the police that Lonnie Thompson, one of his workers, might be the man, their interest heightens remarkably. Lonnie was reluctant when he was being examined in the general round-up a few days before. In fact, he had told the officer that it was no use to parade negroes persuasively before Florrie, for the woman had plainly said she wouldn't recognize the man. Walcott had his own grievance against Lonnie. The nigger, he rasped, is of them damn union organizers, talks about the niggers' rights, says my company cheats the stevedores, goes on like a crazy radical. He concludes, "He ain't a good nigger not-a-t-all."

Lonnie manages to escape from his captors who would snare him without a warrant. From then on, *Stevedore* is reminiscent of "The Emperor Jones"—breathless flight and pursuit, mental and physical torture, human passione reduced to their most primitive state.

O'Neill's drums are replaced by the rising madness of the New Orleans police. They are more determined than ever to put Lonnie in his place when they learn that he has been helping Lem Morris, some fool union organizer, to stir the inert Stevedores to some concerted action against the exploitation on the docks. Driven from one hiding-place to another, he finally takes shelter in Binnie's shop.

The riot squad bursts in. Enraged at not finding Lonnie, they proceed to wreck the place. When the frightened negroes turn off the lights, they open fire and kill an aged negro, who happens to be the father of Lonnie's girl. Exhausted as he is by his perilous flight, he rallies the negroes to defend their homes the next day against the at-

tack of the toughs in the pay of the police. Lem Morris and his associates promise assistance, and Lonnie waves aside the colored preacher's admonitions by barricading the entrance to the shacks and shanties.

Armed with every possible weapon from a rifle to a brickbat the whites storm the negroes who attempt to defend themselves with three old shotguns, boiling water and torches. Leader of the revolting negroes to the last, Lonnie falls from a bullet fired by a sniping red-haired tough. Binnie, massive battler for the poor home that is left to her, raises her rusty gun, takes aim, and shouts triumphantly as the curtain comes down, "I got him! That red-haired son-of-a-bitch, I got him! I got him!"

III.

It only remained for the inspired acting of the cast, the simple settings, and the thoroughly workmanlike direction to wield the play into a work of art. No matter how at odds he might be with the social philosophy therein expressed, no fair-minded individual could deny the beauty of writing, the sincerity of production, and the utter devotion to the finest in the theatre that distinguish *Stevedore* from almost any other play with a similar thesis.

Particularly interesting are the vignettes of the New Orleans negroes! They sing merrily as they toss bales of cotton around on the dock and gleefully bait their foreman, Jim Veal, "a good nigger," whose only pleasure is to please the white boss. Still singing they tumble into Binnie's shop to talk-away half the evening for a five-cent cup of coffee and a doughnut. And they sing again as they plaintively bemoan the death of the old man shot down by the riot squad.

There is "Blacksnake" Johnson, Lonnie Thompson's pal, who doesn't understand Lonnie's ideas of the negroes' educating themselves to attain social justice, but defends him against Jim Veal's taunts. There is Ruby, Lonnie's girl, whose love for him helps her catch a glimpse of the future he dreams for their race. And there are a score of other black men and women, typified by Binnie, who will follow Lonnie, only because they know that they cannot go on forever being ground into the wharves.

The author's success rests in the integration of these vivid characterizations with the theme. For the first time American theatregoers can see a play in which a struggle for social equality grows out of the characters in the play. It is not something superimposed upon a group of people selected by the writer. Rather, without Lonnie, Binnie, and Jim Veal there could have been no *Stevedore*. No better illustration of the excellence of the play can be found than in the negative example of Elmer Rice's recent drama on Nazi Germany. In *Judgment Day* he simply employs a host of German Jews and Gentiles to spout his fury against Hitlerism. Only their words live, that is propaganda. *Stevedore* with its wharf scene, its riot of the lunch room, and its Lonnie Thompson is drama.

IV.

Remarkable as it is that a good proletarian play has been written, it is even more remarkable that such a play succeeded. *Stevedore* ran continuously from April thru July; then it was removed only to be demanded for a return engagement in October which it has just closed. It is now touring the key theatrical cities of the east. *Stevedore* will not come South, except in book form. Wistfully its director remarked, "We'd like to, but we can't take a chance with the lives of our actors."

To be sure, *Stevedore* succeeded, first of all, for its qualities as a play. Yet a portion of the popularity was due the unique method the Theatre Union employed to insure its success. The organization canvassed every Metropolitan group avowedly interested in improving the condition of the worker. Theatre parties were organized under the auspices of the Red Cross, the American Workers' Party, various churches, the Socialist Party, Tammany units, and actually hundreds of other clubs, orders, and groups which made the betterment of the proletariat one of their paramount aims. One night a bus-load of negroes from Philadelphia attended the play; experimenters in theatrical technique were among the most constant visitors; and upon several occasions prominent capitalists accepted invitations to see a play which "spoke directly to the majority whose lives are ignored or caricatured in the average run of plays," as the Theatre Union phrases its purpose.

Not the least interesting feature of viewing Stevedore was the audience. Upon both his visits to the play, the writer felt that the spirit of "Uncle Tom's Cabin being produced before the Civil War" hung over the theatre. When Lonnie shouted de-

fiance at the attacking toughs, the audience screamed out its approval. Bill Robinson, the tap-dancer, was so genuinely affected by this scene that he jumped over the footlights and joined Binnie and "Blacksnake" in hurling bricks at the advancing mob.

Distinctly unassociated with any political group, the Theatre Union further expressed its desire to have the workers see the play by giving away a set number of tickets to the unemployed for each performance. It supplemented this by appealing to members of the audience to contribute appropriate sums to make it possible for a larger number of workers to attend the play. The organization's files are fat with letters from generous donors, whose general comment is, "It would be a burning shame if the worker couldn't see your play, which is really his play."

Perhaps nothing more convincing of the appeal of *Stevedore* has been written than the following excerpt from a letter to the Theatre Union by a member of the staff of New York's *Daily Racing Form.*

> In all my years of play-attending, I have never witnessed so stirring a performance as that given the night I attended *Stevedore.* I pride myself on being hard-boiled and on the fact that it takes something exceptional to shake me from my critical shell. "Ah, Wilderness" for example did not. When the curtain came down on the final scene of your show, I was literally wringing wet with nervous tension and excitement. For the first time in 15 years I found myself paralyzed with an emotion I never knew I had.

V.

And where was the South while all this was going on? Even in Chapel Hill, the Bull's Head copy of the play is shelf-worn only. Stevedore remains a telegram waiting to be opened.

So Help Me, God!

by PETE IVEY

William Geester, sensational preacher of the mountains, sat in a wooden chair on the porch of his cabin. Within a stone's throw was a dilapidated-looking church, weather-worn and unpainted. A rusty bell hung in the steeple, but its rings were not as joyful to Geester as they had once been. Time was when mountain people had come from miles around to hear him preach. By his agile contortions in the pulpit, his tremendous voice, his mighty fists which he pounded vigorously and often and his commanding demeanor, he had once made the churchgoers pay rigid attention. The children became frightened and whimpered in their pews; no one fell asleep while Geester preached.

But the mountain folk had become used to Geester and grew tired of his blusterings and attempts to scare them into righteousness. Some began to imitate the leaps he made in front of his weekly congregations. His blasting tone and facial contortions became an object of ridicule. Attendance decreased; the novelty had worn off.

Doctor Murray, the mountain physician who received meagre pay for his labors, had given Geester money several times of late. "Here's a contribution for the church, William," he had said, "I hope you have a good crowd tomorrow."

"I'd thank you for the money a lot more, Doc, if you'd come to church yourself," said the preacher.

"Well, you know how I feel about your sensationalism," answered the Doctor. "If you'd keep your spirit within bounds, I'd like to listen to you."

"Now Doc," said Geester, rearing his great shoulders back, "I preach what I feel. The spirit is upon me. It tells me your medicine is a fake. We don't need anything more than faith to be well."

"Didn't your doctrine cause the death of Sam Hobson?" asked the Doctor. "It was because of you he wouldn't let me give him treatment for his fever."

"Sam didn't have faith," answered the preacher. "He didn't have faith so that he can remove mountains."

"Can you move one of these mountains?" asked the Doctor.

"I can make this mountainous country as flat as the plains of Palestine," said Geester.

Flat as the plains of Palestine may be, they were certainly no flatter than Geester's purse. As he sat on the porch he turned over in his

mind plans to make more people come to church and relieve his pecuniary embarrassment. Finally he decided upon a plan.

II.

"I say unto you, I will cure the bite of the poison boar without the aid of infidel doctors." Geester hit the top of the pulpit with his fist, and the stand creaked. "The boar will not touch me. He will lie down at my feet as the lamb laid down beside the lion." Working himself into a frenzy, Geester shouted, "Bring me the boar. Tell your brothers and your sisters and your kinsmen to bring a thousand wild boars to church next Sunday, and not one hair of my head shall be touched."

The next Sunday more people came to hear Geester talk about the boar. His exhortations became wilder as he begged anyone to bring him the poisonous swine that had terrorized that section of the mountains, causing the death of ten persons. Doctor Murray had saved four more persons from the bite of the beast. According to the doctor, the boar had a more deadly and active disease than rabies.

On the third Sunday the church was crowded. The pews and aisles were filled and people stood in the back.

Geester commenced his sermon by springing from his seat and shouting, "Have you brought me the boar? Have you brought me the swine to tame?" He became more excited as he continued, and as he raised his fist for the last pound before closing, some men rolled down the aisles a cage, stout branches of trees for bars, and inside the cage was a shaggy, restless, frothing boar!

The preacher gulped as he saw the men push the cage to the edge of the altar. He paled as the men arranged themselves behind the beast's cage.

"You ax'd for the boar, parson. Here he is," said one of the men.

A murmer arose from the congregation. Quickly the preacher said, "I'll enter the cage." Approaching slowly he stopped before the door, his face becoming whiter as he stepped nearer the log bars.

"Wait a minute, parson," said the spokesman, "we don't want that animal to get out. You climb on top and jump in."

The boar stood snorting, his small eyes burning and his grisly mane bristling with rage.

Geester suddenly mounted the pulpit and leaped to the top of the cage. "I'll jump in, you doubters, you infidels!" he shouted.

Women screamed, men yelled for someone to hold the preacher. Geester opened the door at the top of the cage and dropped within. The boar was on him in an instant. A shot rang out! The swine wheeled in circles and slowly sank to the floor! Geester fell unconscious!

"Take him out! Lift him out of the cage," shouted several who crowded around. Geester was lifted, limp, out of the cage and carried to his cabin near the church. Doctor Murray, who had been summoned, bathed the raw wounds and administered smelling salts which revived the preacher.

Lying on his cot he raised himself on his elbow and said fiercely to the Doctor and the mountain folk gathered in his room, "Get out, all of you! If I want your help, I'll send for it. There is not but One who can give me aid. I mean what I say. Don't come in my house again until I send for you."

The doctor and the other people left. Geester had risen to his feet as they went out, but as the last one passed out the door, he fell weakly to his cot.

Newspapers of the nation gave front page notice to Geester and the boar. "MOUNTAIN PREACHER REFUSES MEDICAL AID" and "FAITH HEALER PRACTICES OWN THEORY" said the headlines.

No one saw Geester come out of his house, and people who watched began to grow apprehensive, fearing he might be dead. Doctor Murray was on the point of going to see him several times but restrained himself saying "He'd never appreciate living if he knew it had been done by me and my medicine."

But the second night after the lamentable episode in the boar's cage Doctor Murray suddenly grabbed his satchel and hurried to Geester's cabin. He knocked on the door—no answer. Opening the door he saw Geester lying on the cot, his face flushed but dry. The preacher moaned dismally as he jerked his body and threw his arms from side to side supplicating God and all the saints. Doctor Murray took from his satchel a long needle which he attached to a glass tube. After pouring a thick liquid from a bottle into the tube, he stuck the needle in Geester's arm.

Doctor Murray stayed all night, and as the sun's dawning rays streamed warmly in the humble windows of the cabin, he removed the quilts from the sick man and unbandaged his leg. Geester was quietly sleeping, and his face was relaxed. Doctor Murray arranged the sleeping preacher so that his injured leg was exposed to the sunlight; then gathering up all signs that might appear as if a doctor had been there, he left.

In less than a week Geester was hobbling around and ecstatically telling everyone of the miraculous cure that had been performed upon his person. He had long conferences with reporters from the city papers, and the press blazed more fiercely than ever with headlines of the divine curing mountain preacher. The following Sunday Geester preached a stirring sermon to a huge, generous congregation that listened with new respect. Even the children paid attention, when he described in detail the celestial healing. Geester scorned the medical profession, and as the people left the church, a few were heard to say, "It looks like Doctor Murray'll have to leave these mountains."

III.

William Geester, sensational preacher of the mountains, sat in a richly upholstered chair on a magnificent platform. Radio microphones were in front of him. He drank from a glass at his side and rising to his feet, he pounded the altar and expounded into the mikes, "Bring me another wild boar, bring me a thousand wild boars, and I will make them eat corn out of my hand!" — — — —"God didn't mean for his herbs to be used to cure people's ills. Medicine is an abomination to the Lord. He has appointed me—I am his prophet —to cure the sick of the world, and I will do it. So bring on your poisonous pigs and snakes, and not one of them shall harm me." — —

Doctor Murray, country physician, looked up from his paper and spoke to his wife, "Well, it looks as if medicine has made a little money for somebody after all."

"John, aren't you ready to leave these mountains now?" asked his wife.

"No," replied the doctor, thoughtfully examining the point of his hypodermic needle, "I'm needed here more than ever now. There's a new preacher coming next week. Just graduated from the University. He and I ought to work together all right."

REACH FOR THE MOON. *Royce Brier. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York. 288 pp. $2.00.*

Reach for the Moon is a novel of San Francisco at the turn of the present century, and of a few years in the life of Harper Poole, ace newspaper reporter of the *Scimitar*, Edward Baskerville, banker and crook, and Cyr Baskerville, his beautiful wife. Against a background of earthquakes, prostitutes, hacks, bar-rooms, scoops, and people —a continuous flowing stream of people of every description from all walks of life—Harper Poole and Cyr Baskerville carry their love through to an effective and permanent consummation.

Modern in spirit and style, up to its climax *Reach for the Moon* presents a San Francisco which seems not very different from any large city of today. Mr. Brier's absorption in his story seems to have allowed him to overlook the rich possibilities of his background until he deals with the earthquake and subsequent fire which virtually destroyed the city. It is then, and only then, that the reader has the feeling of something old passing, giving way to something new.

—NELSON LANSDALE.

THE NAKED TRUTH. *By Luigi Pirandello. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 306 pp. $2.50.*

The Naked Truth is a collection of twelve short stories by the acknowledged literary dictator of modern Italy. When the reader opens upon one of them he is unaware that there is any motive back of the narrative other than the telling. He loses himself in the unveiling of the picture which the artist has prepared with such consummate skill. Not until he finishes and views it as a whole does the naked truth dawn upon him: the author is a moralist, a reformer of demoniacal genius.

Pirandello takes apparently trivial incidents from life and distinguishes them with his characterizations. The hero and the villain are inevitably victims of their heredity and circumstance, and he leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions about a universe in which such situations could exist. So detached is his attitude that one is inclined to believe often that he had less sympathy for the hero than for the villain.

A cutting logic dominates the construction of his stories. Beyond that, he relies upon the strength of his material rather than elaborateness of material to gain his effects. A simple, too unvaried prose pervades the volume.

—PEGGY ANN HARRIS.

Carl Carmer Falls on Alabama

by ELMER D. JOHNSON

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA. *By Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart. New York. 294 pp. $3.00.*

Carl Carmer went to Tuscaloosa. He was a Yankee professor and was going to teach in the University there. The first day he was there he was advised confidentially to leave. He took that advice—six years later. Those six years he spent alternately teaching and rounding up the material that has developed into one of the most remarkable books that has come out of the South or on the South in the past decade.

Maybe stars did fall on Alabama, sometime in that period of time generally known as "befodewah." If they did they only contributed a small part to the events which were to make this book possible. For instance, a party of exiled Napoleonic noblemen attempted to transplant a bit of old Provence onto the Tombigbee river banks —and failed. A Russian Princess (at least she passed for a Princess) married a French Don Juan in old Mobile and added her bit of romance to the tale. Caravans of young aristocrats came trekking down from the coast plantations of Virginia, carrying their wives in gilded carriages and followed by literally miles of wagons carrying their slaves and possessions. They built their mansions on the model of the homes back in Virginny and there they stood for a century, awaiting Carmer's exploring pen.

If you want a general idea of what the book is like, here's a recipe:

Take a nice sociological history of the South written since the Civil War. Add the court records of the state of Alabama. Throw in the best of Uncle Remus, the life history of the James brothers, and *Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro.* Put in the *Rise of Birmingham and its Jail* in seven short lessons and a manual of negro conjurology. Then stir in *John Henry* (either Johnson's or Bradford's will do). Finally, garland with a few choice southern anecdotes and hang a *Cold Blue Moon* over all. Let this simmer through the brain of a "damyankee" observer and you have *Stars Fell on Alabama.*

Numerous books in the past decade have tried to picture the South in as many different ways. Some have glorified it in its past, some have ridiculed it in its past *and* present, and a few have attempted to give a conscientious cross-section of its life and people. Of the latter, some have partially succeeded, but all have failed due to concentration on the more prominent subjects which suggest themselves so readily to the writer. Carmer has taken a non-partisan view, and has indulged in the smallest possible amount of personal opinions, endeavouring to present things exactly as he saw them. He has not attempted to satirize, nor has he attempted to justify or condone what he describes.

The collection of tales in this book would put any work on Southern folk-lore to shame and Carmer's thorough covering of the state leaves little to the imagination, either politically, socially, or historically. A new theory as to the fate of Raleigh's Lost Colonists is of interest to Tar Heelians, while the rest of the world will be glad to know that Birmingham's Eighteenth Street is striving to live up to its Cohenish description. If you would like to know why Alabama's lynching rate is so high, why its hospitality is so widely celebrated, why, in its southern flat-lands, its corn grows as high as its hills, and why it's "as different from Kansas and New York as the Congo," then by all means read this book. But if you want to know how to catch a coon or kill an alligator, how to capitalize on your friendship with Abraham Lincoln, how to keep your husband home nights and learn an Arkansaw reel at the same time, or how far it is to Louisiana on Sunday, then take this tome to your heart and memorize it. You'll never regret it.

In short, Carl Carmer has simultaneously placed a stethoscope and an X-ray over the Heart of The South, and his diagnosis is—*Stars Fell on Alabama.*

What's Your Career?

by LONNIE DILL

NEW CAREERS FOR YOUTH. *Walter Pitkin. Simon and Schuster. New York. 236 pp. $2.00.*

Visibly apostolic of the New Deal is Walter Pitkin's latest contribution to better living, *New Careers For Youth.* Valuable as a brief handbook to present-day opportunities for those who find the aftermath of a depression a none too cheering prospect, Mr. Pitkin's book reports the consensus of opinion from 500 key executives interviewed by the Emergency Work Bureau of the Gibson Com-

mittee in New York City. The major fields discussed, he tells us, have had wherever possible the direct approval of authorities in those fields. But aside from this, it does not have quite the true ring of authenticity in regard to his rushing insistence on a New Era, not just around the corner, says Mr. Patkin, but already here. This evangelical gospel strikes one as being premature in the sense that he speaks of it as already present; maybe jobs and possibilities of careers have changed, we are tempted to remark, but that does not make it any the less doubtful that we are embarking upon what Utopians are fond of calling, as does Columbia's Mr. Pitkin, the Era of Leisure. Mr. Pitkin, observe his writings with a grain of salt, is a popularizer; whether in spite of this prejudice he will live to American youth as an inspirational Emerson is a matter which we leave open to posterity.

The most sensible, down-to-earth part of *New Career* is that section called "Forewarned Is Forearmed," wherein the author deals with the professions commonly described as overcrowded. "Look to the ministry as a labor of love. For you will get little else!" is typical of the sailor-bewares issued by Mr. Pitkin, and while they tell us little that is new, they are nevertheless a healthy warning to those whose Great Expectations he decimates from the opening chapters. And probably the most valuable of all his discourse on careers and jobs is Pitkin's insistence that the hunters find out as much about their particular quarry as they can before making a try for it, that they study trends and find out all they can about the business, industry or profession that attracts them, before applying for positions. This, undoubtedly, is a trenchant criticism of, and a far-reaching suggestion to, the modern college graduate, who oftener than not has a hazy notion that bond-salesmanships are open for the asking and that employers hire with only a job-filling work-horse in mind.

* * * *

A far more interesting book from the standpoint of reading is *Choosing a Career*, a collection of thirty speeches delivered before the first Choosing-a-Career Conference held by the Bamberger Foundation last June. George Bijur, director of the conference and of publicity and sales for Bamberger's department store, writes a stimulating preface in which he sounds the keynote of the book and of the conference which it reports:

> Now until recently the world's attitude toward the young man starting out in life has been somewhat the same as it used to be about swimming lessons. Just push him off the dock of college life into the whirlpool of business—and somehow he'll take care of himself. But . . . results haven't always been satisfactory. There have been many casualties, too many perhaps for the good of the nation . . .

Following this comes an introduction by Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey that shows eminent practicality and a surprising insight into both the problems of the graduate and of vocational guidance aims.

Whereas Mr. Pitkin's advice would scarcely interest anyone other than a college graduate, *Choosing a Career* moves one to venture that it would provide any reader with entertaining and useful information about the thirty careers, most of them recently "arrived" opportunities, that are taken up in the book. For this reason: the thirty speeches are delivered by recognized "celebrities" (if you will) in their fields. Amelia Earhart, for instance, speaks directly to the reader about opportunities in aviation; S. L. Rothafel, "Roxy," on entertainment, Roy Chapman Andrews, on exploration; Frances Perkins, on industrial relations; and so on through a list of well-known names that arouse the reader's curiosity over just what they have to say about their careers. And it's usually extremely worth listening to.

One last comparison with Mr. Pitkin's book.—*Choosing a Career* may suffer, perhaps, from lack of unity, which a single author can give his work. Furthermore, some of the comments (especially the appendix, which deals with "How to Get a Job" and is more or less indifferently and conflictingly written by a number of executives from Atwater Kent to Will Hays) are likely to be nothing more than, in substance, "It's good work if you like it and are willing to go unrewarded." Perhaps this is not a just criticism. At any rate, *Choosing a Career* is more hopeful and inspirational for the college youth than Pitkin's book, which ever impresses one as a collection of skin-deep grimaces over vocations and which fails to a great extent to achieve the stimulation of the former.

Winston-Salem Schools

by GEORGE STONEY

JUST PLAIN LARNIN'. *James M. Shields. Coward-McCann. New York. 278 pp. $2.50.*

James Shields, lest anyone in North Carolina be uninformed, is the Winston-Salem junior high school principal whose novel exposing its school system resulted in his summary dismissal. *Just Plain Larnin'* made Winston madder than Tom Wolfe made Asheville; simultaneously, it made Shields a reputation as a courageous, outspoken liberal.

He cries out against dishonest, inefficient, partial management of education in a growing city, which he calls, "Nugget City." He demonstrates the typical provincial reaction to new educational methods, to the introduction of contemporary social philosophies and currents of thought. When he is thru exposing social injustice, he is quite definitely hanging on the arm of the Socialists.

Shields is primarily a schoolman, not a writer. Although this out-cry was forced from him by the press of conditions under which he worked, his novel as a novel is not particularly good. It lacks form, smoothness, and balance. But it has fury, more than enough of it, the same kind of fury which produced *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Jungle.* What he lacks in artistic ability he atones for by an apparently accurate first-hand recording of the scene and subject.

Beyond the schoolhouse the author notes an incessant battle for control of the schools by and for the benefit of the upper middle class. He points out that the better sections of town are given superior schools and instruction than the factory workers' districts, that the senior high school is built deep into the residential section, often several miles away from the homes of poorer citizens, that the wealth and civic influence of parents determine many children's grades and their disciplinary treatment. He reveals chiseling by the authorities from the negro school budget to pay a deficit incurred by an inefficient board for the white schools.

Especially bitter and telling are his comments on muzzling the instructors. In "Nugget City" they were forbidden to discuss or mention, except from a thoroughly unfavorable viewpoint, labor unions, Socialism, strikes, Communism, labor rights etc.

Although the bulk of the material in the novel is recognizable in Winston-Salem, much of it not only applies to but develops from High Point, Greensboro, and Charlotte. Shields' major difficulty in writing a good novel was his failure to limit his criticism and suggestion to the school problem. The wholesale indictment of the social, religious, and industrial structure of the city hinders the effectiveness of the book. Yet, *Just Plain Larnin'* is a good enough novel and a sufficiently sincere study of a portion of the school system of the state to warrant Dr. Arch Turner Allen's successor to conduct a thorough investigation of the method of secondary and elementary education in North Carolina.

To Be Seen This Month

On the Stage

Walter Hampden, often styled "America's leading actor," is scheduled to play *Macbeth* at the Carolina theatre in Durham on November 8. The play should hardly need recommendation to University men, but it might be said that recent productions of the play have demonstrated anew its immense dramatic scope. Hampden, a careful stylist, may intellectualize the Scottish knight as he did Cyrano. Yet, any actor who could successfully play *Cyrano de Bergerac* 850 times, not to mention *Caponsacchi* and *Richelieu* should offer a Macbeth worthy of the intelligent theatre-goers' attention.

On the Screen

Musicals on the way include *The Gay Divorcee,* with Fred Astaire, already a favorite for his dancing, and the personable Ginger Rogers. Adapted from a Broadway success which featured the haunting tune, *Night and Day,* the film ought to snap with sophistication and smartness. On the 4th Gloria Swanson returns to the films in the film version of Jerome Kern's *Music in the Air,* which ran a year on the strength of his superb score. La Swanson has a definite public which was augmented by her developing a pleasing singing voice. Alpine in locale, the picture is a combination of fine music, yodeling, girls, and Swiss cheese.

(*Continued from page three*)

coaching plan, although other schools have. The financial aspect of the question is at present indeterminable.

Certain conclusions, however, can be made from the general analysis of the reasons for the dismissal of over ninety coaches. Allowing for weakness in the technique of the game in any coach, it is clear that the days of football heads styled wizards, boy-wonders, and muscle-men, are over. Today the football coach must, provided he has thoroughly mastered the science of the game, be first of all a human sort of person. He must be able to be "all things to all men" and yet preserve his integrity. He must be a bit of a. politician, a socialite, and a psychologist. Above all, he must have a deep understanding of youth and a genuine regard for his particular school. The profession, like all others, will never be made stable through propaganda or legislation. In general, the problems that face coaches are essentially the same as those confronting college professors. Neither group has yet achieved the ideal. It is, however, encouraging to note that the coaches are considering their situation as a body. Once Southern schools appreciate the general and particular difficulties besetting football, they are on their way toward giving the South better football thru better coaches. And with better coaches will come of a certainty the misty ideal of football as a sport which can and will develop not only good quarterbacks but fine men.

Reviewed in December

THE FOLKS, Ruth Suckow
THE EVE OF CONFLICT, Geo. Milton
MISSISSIPPI VERSE
42 YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, Ike Hoover
THE MEANING OF MARX, Sidney Hook
CITY EDITOR, Stanley Walker
ON THE CONTRARY, Phyliis McGinnley
Playmakers' production of R. U. R.
The Carolina-Oxford Debates

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"All clear they Satisfy"

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."

"I *HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night — snowing — and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men.*"

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

December, 1934

ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 2

The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

Editor-in-Chief.....JOE SUGARMAN

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DECEMBER, 1934

¶Published monthly during the school year by the Publications Union Board. ¶Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 108, Graham Memorial. ¶Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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Illustrated by Vass Shepherd

Cover Design by Henry Pearson

Bad Government = Bad Budget

by PHIL HAMMER

TWO GHASTLY MONTHS lie ahead of the University.

Hollow-eyed educators will rub worry-bent shoulders with other state departmental bedfellows. Raleigh will be the scene where sphinx-faced robots with deaf ears, deft fingers, and big snub-nosed red pencils will dole out the tottering state revenue to pleading, haggling, wailing fighters-for-their-departments. The 1935-37 budget is on the wing.

What the hard-boiled budgeteers will do with the state's income figures will affect every son of North Carolina. Out of the frantic sessions of the legislature and the budget bureau, sessions which bring nervous tremors to us at Chapel Hill, will emerge a new state budget, the consequences of which will hopelessly involve the relations of the University and the state, the governmental organization of the state's local units and higher education.

The budgeteering will snap Chapel Hill idealists back to the inevitable realization that the University is a state-supported, duty-bound institution. It will pop us in the face and by doing so, sting us to the fact that if the University's duty to the state is being neglected, it's the state's own fault. The state, by budget slices and inadequacy of public school operation, bangs away at our very foundations. Inefficiency in local unit administration knocks the state's uniform public schools idea for a loop.

University appropriations from the state from 1929 to 1932 catapulted downwards over 50 per cent; the average decrease in all divisions and agencies of the state during that period of a $9,000,000 discrepancy between state receipts and disbursements was only 14.8 per cent. "A free people," says our President Frank Porter Graham, "who know what they owe themselves will preserve and develop to the highest level the University of the people in answer to their needs, in protection of their freedom, and in fulfillment of their own democracy." But bump, bump, bump, down go the University's state appropriations.

Here is the State-University financial relationship since 1929-30:

		Requested	*Appropriated*	*Received*
Biennium	1929-31			
	1929-30	1,463,067	848,000	762,421
	1930-31	1,270,868	875,000	667,997
Biennium	1931-33			
	1931-32	875,000	573,000	525,387
	1932-33	875,000	573,000	504,700
Biennium	1933-35			
	1933-34	691,924	426,570	386,570
	1934-35	691,924	426,570	?

President Graham wants $679,000 annually for the 1935-37 budget. First the budget bureau will take the figure, juggle it in with the rest of the requests, and recommend a certain amount to the legislature. Then the joint legislature appropriations committee will take the recommendations and the estimated state income and play with the figures some more. Then the legislature itself will take up the committee's report and vote the respective departmental budgets as they comprise the grand state expense sheet. Finally, fiercest of all, the budget bureau in its dispensatory capacity will mete out quarterly payments to the departments, having the almighty power under the 1925 executive budget act to cut where it is needed, but having no discretion under the law save to balance the state budget.

Despite the above-named slicing machines, President Frank Porter Graham vows he'll get every penny of his request.

II.

When in 1931 the state entered upon a striking experiment in public school administration and support by setting up a uniform school law, it caused state expenditures to rise $10,000,000 a year. The sales tax could not make up the increase in disbursements; money was flowing out faster than it came in and state departments suffered badly. For as the public school idea increased expenses by over $10,000,000, the revenue increase was almost a million and a half less than that amount. When budget paring began, educational institutions suffered a $700,000 decrease in appropriations for 1931-32. Not only the increased state expense but a decreased total state

revenue for 1932-33 clipped another $20,000, or so off their state appropriations for that year.

The budgeteers apparently regard educational institutions as the most capable of standing fund reductions. They get little satisfaction from the other departmental budgets, except the executive and administrative which they have cut heavily. Debt service necessarily remains almost constant; pensions can be cut but are negligible; state relief and the legislative department the same; correctional and charitable institutions are already undersustained; the judicial under law cannot be sliced except in minor details; public schools NEED $4,000,000 more a year. This leaves educational institutions.

Slice the faculty salaries, use cheaper materials, get along with less research money. To the legislature a school is a school as long as the buildings don't fall down, whether there are twenty or 220 faculty members, research investigations, or fields for experimentation. Students fees cannot be raised because the state must have an inexpensive institution where it can send its youth to become educated; the institution simply must get along with less, letting the classes read only ten pages of Marxian theory a day instead of twenty. Education is just a matter of contact, not a matter of training mental giants.

Thus the educational institutions, which the legislators assume can cut salaries and reduce standards better than other departments, were scraped and sliced of state revenue. Bitterly paradoxical is the fact that the standards of the state public schools have been considerably lowered as a result of a legislative action although that action increased the system's state appropriations by over $10,000,000 a year.

III.

The figures show that even after the legislature finishes with an appropriation, the cutting activity is far from over. When the budget director credits the University with the amount of money appropriated by the legislature, he sets up an account in Raleigh with the University as meek depositor. Quarterly payments are made to Chapel Hill. The expenses of the University being regulated by a submitted budget which includes the State appropriations and the University's estimated Chapel Hill income. The University can spend only that much money during the year. Frequently the budget director, if State revenues are low or expenses seem to be running over income, neatly slices off a certain amount of the University's quarterly State receipts and makes due marks on the ledger that the University will have that much less to spend. If there is any surplus of income over expenses any quarter when the University receipts are deposited with the State in Raleigh, it does not belong to the University but to the State. In other words, the University must adjust itself as best it can to unexpected State budget slashes. In 1931 the budget bureau actually journeyed to Chapel Hill and did the slicing as it saw fit.

When State appropriations are cut, drastic adjustments in the University departments must be made. In the year past, 1933-34, State appropriations comprised only 37 per cent of the University income, whereas during the year 1928-29 it was 57 per cent. Any decrease in the appropriation is a deep wound, when the local budget is already skinned to the bone. And when a student body, because of a depression, operates at below the point of greatest productivity to the University, in view of the fixed costs, the local budget situation becomes a trifle discouraging.

When the amount received from the State drops from $895,429 in 1928-29 to $386,570 in 1933-34, and the student increase since 1929 is 22.9 per cent, expenses have run away from income in a startling manner. For a student increase of over a fifth necessitates new fixed outlay and subsequent maintenance of that fixed goods, and the University loses money on the North Carolina students, for which the legislature gratefully reimburses it in the name of the commonwealth. But the reimbursement is inadequate and the adjustments in Chapel Hill are made with inevitable results.

Salary cuts naturally follow the intensive paring operations. In 1931-32, the average cut was 12.83; in 1932-33, 22.66 per cent; and in 1933-34, 32 per cent. The faculty living standard, measured even in North Carolina by the purchasing power, could not be maintained at accustomed or decent levels. Minds which should have been free to contribute to the world of knowledge were clogged with grim problems of economic scarcity. So, within the past twelve years, over two score faculty members, great educators, prominent national figures including President Harry Chase, and Professors Addison Hibbard, R.D.W. Connor, Thorndike Saville, P. H. Daggett, and Louis Round Wilson,

left the quaint recesses of Chapel Hill for positions guaranteeing considerably higher remuneration. Great departments famous the world over were dismembered as if by vultures; some famous educators, many of the faculty remained in spite of the plague, but the ranks were well-thinned. Nearly $200,000, it has been estimated, representing the difference to over 60 members of the faculty between salaries elsewhere and here, failed to beckon these teachers away, but the situation has its toll. How President Graham, in the face of these difficulties, managed to hold his faculty together as he did has been the marvel of educators everywhere.

IV.

Why did not this institution, so hard pressed and losing so many great teachers, raise its student fees, cut its faculty of the less distinguished group, and become a self-supporting, exclusive school? Its membership in the select Association of American Universities fostered such an action. Its reputation as the South's greatest school of learning, the reputation of its faculty and of its graduate and special schools warranted its transition into the "Southern Princeton." It had the location, the buildings, the tradition, the materials with which to become one of the nation's outstanding universities. Yet, here it was, choked by financial incapacity to sustain its own standard, charging low tuition rates and resting in the hands of a money-dispensing organ representing the people of North Carolina. The organ is the legislature and its financial connection with the University snaps the visionaries back to the realization that theirs is not the choice of policy.

The University's low tuition rates are available to North Carolina students because this is a State institution. "The purpose of the University of North Carolina," quotes President Graham, "is: to give the youth of North Carolina an opportunity for physical, intellectual, and spiritual development and leadership on equal terms with the youth anywhere in the world; and second, to cooperate with all the resources and all the people of our state in the building of a more diversified and productive economic order, a better balanced and juster social life, and a more intellectually creative and a more spiritually beautiful civilization." There is no place for the contradictory theorist in this philosophy. For to take this stand the University must serve North Carolina's youth and provide it with the training for the realization of these ends.

The exclusiveness-advocate, with the best of intentions, asks: "Why must a great school such as this need a half-million dollars a year in addition to what it collects? Even the heavily-endowed institutions do not require that." The practical facts answer: the University does not collect enough, because it must serve the State's youth efficiently and economically by offering the dissemination of its knowledge throughout the commonwealth at a nominal rate. And the State, through appropriations, makes this knowledge available to every mother's son in North Carolina.

The founders had this in mind; secular education in this State since then have followed this tenet. Research reveals that the nominal tuition charge is the only means by which the University can serve the State's youth. Higher fees and less overhead might bring the budget nearer the balancing point, but the University would be forsaking its function and purpose, its duty to the state. This duty, far-reaching and hopelessly involved with State issues, must be cherished if the purposes of this State institution are to be fulfilled.

V.

When the State takes over the public school system and incurs a $10,000,000 increase in expenditures, the University, with other State-supported departments, suffers. When the public school standard is lowered, the University, the State's high realm of education suffers. Whatever in the State involves a decrease in the available financial support to State departments causes the University to suffer. The University's "duty to the State" is reinterpreted; it is not a mere ethical bond but a vital connection embracing integral cogs and unavoidable coordination.

The public school system as it now stands is the most vitally important feature of the State administration today, affecting the University as definitely as ever did the founders of this institution affect its future with their policies. What is this connection?

President Graham sounds this note: "In taking a stand for the University and higher education, we are standing for the public schools . . . the schools and the University of the people go up or down together." What is this present public school system and how does it affect the University? How does it affect the State?

In 1931 the legislature enacted laws providing for State support of a uniform school term for every child in North Carolina and set up machinery for the uniform administration of the new system. It relieved real property of taxes for schools, but passed an enabling act making it possible for local units—towns, cities, and counties—to vote taxes to lengthen the term, increase salaries, or broaden the curriculum. It was placing the burden of bettering the standard, in other words, on the units, but assumed the tremendous burden of financial support of the eight-months standard on the shoulders on the State.

The voting by the local supplement was possible only if local conditions were good. Being in default, many counties could not qualify to vote thus; in virtually all communities the sentiment was against more burden in the form of taxes and the question was barely discussed. The result was that only seven of the 139 units carried the election, the rest submitting to the uniform standard. Psychologically and practically, the State action effected resigned submission to the leveling-off process.

The burden, then, became the State's. Sales tax revenues came far from sustaining the increased expense. Imminent State deficits caused the budget bureau and the legislature to slice and the University was hard hit financially as a result.

Secondary education was none the better for the action; in the long run it would seem to be much the worse. Whereas some units bettered their standards by the eight-months stipulation, the general result was a lowering of the standard. The legislation leveled off the bigger units, by cutting the term from nine to eight months. Although some of the schools increased hours in order to get ninth-months' work, the decreased efficiency caused by the teacher's salary stipulation of $90 per month maximum destroyed the gain. If local support could have been attained through tax-levying by the vote of the people, this situation would not have existed. As it stood, teachers left the State for other districts where the wages offered a living standard above the meagre level which the North Carolina payments afforded. Others dropped teaching for other professions, still others took on extra work and thus jeopardized their teaching efficiency. Furthermore, even in the event that some were able to maintain themselves in one way or another, the discrepancy between what $90 will afford in the urban villages and what it will buy in the rural districts caused a shortage of good teachers in the former residences. The morale of the profession was strained and often broken. The result is that high school graduates leave their schools after graduation ill-prepared for college work, the veracity of which statement time will surely prove.

Secondly, the system discouraged competition as existed under the old system, when appropriations were made where the demand was most urgent, and the more wealthy communities had no limits on their efforts at amelioration. Districts vied with one another in excellence of their school systems. Now, even voting additional supplements does not afford them the opportunity of competing. Consequently, the standard of the whole system is lowered because of its uniformity.

Here again appears the issue. The University's duty to the State involves the standards of its schools. If the standards of secondary education are lowered, the University, "rising and falling with the public schools," must lower its standard to educate the State's youth. The educational system needs $4,000,000 more a year to sustain a high standard under the present plan, and if the units cannot vote supplements, the inevitable demoralization of the entire school system appears imminent.

VI.

The failure of 132 of the local units to vote supplements for the support of the educational system has its reason in the mal-administration of local government at which Professor Albert Coates and the invaluable Institute of Government are purporting to get. The future of the University is definitely involved in the success of this or any other movement to produce more efficient government in North Carolina. For if the costs of local government did not consume needlessly such a large share of the taxpayer's money, the local units could vote supplements for education. If the State were relieved of some of the burden which the uniform system places upon it, then it could support adequately the other departments which are being squeezed to inefficiency. Then it could raise the standard of its institutions of high learning without which the tremendous secondary educational system is laboring in vain, if the University is to take the State's youth and give them the opportunities of higher education.

Here again is involved another phase of the State-University connection. If the University is to develop the youth to become better citizens, then the people of the State must do away with the overlapping and inefficient local governments that their taxes may go, not to inefficient public costs, but to the support of the state schools. And this in turn, would sustain the standard of that University which would give their children the opportunity for development.

Governor Ehringhaus came out openly for local supplements, something that had no place in the legislature's program. Said the governor: "We must do something in the communities to build up a renewed interest in schools. The committee must do their part. Build up a great State supported school system, but build up also in your community a growing sentiment for better schools." The governor was only lukewarm, but his thoughts were trending in the right direction.

Placing the University's future on the reform of local governmental administration may sound risky, but it is nothing more than a re-interpretation of the relationship of the State and the University. "Duty" becomes "obligation"; "obligation" becomes "integration."

Non-efficiency in the local units exists in the pyramid of units, the overlapping of functions, and the lack of coordination of county, town, and state government. Lost time and motion caused by duplication, confusion, and friction consume enough of what the taxpayer pays to allow for local supplements. But when the people see evidence that there is efficiency in their government and that their taxes can, through the decreased cost of government, cover the supplement charge, this support will become a reality. Then the University will be able to perpetuate the higher standards of government which allow it the power to educate the youth to carry on the efficient administrations.

Dark Town Strutters' June German

by PETE IVEY

SCORES OF RAGGED negroes crowd in the windows and screened air doors of the warehouse to get a better view of the June German dancers. Their black faces can hardly be discerned from the darkness outside, and often all that can be seen from the brilliantly-lighted dance hall is the whites of their eyes. On the outside looking in, they stay all night to see "white folks's dancin'."

But on Monday night after the June German, in the same warehouse, and in the same, if not livelier, spirit, the colored folk celebrate at the "Nigger June German." It is Monday after wash day, and tomorrow there will be a returning to the scrub board, the kitchen sink, the service station grease pit, the grocery store, the janitorial duties and, for some, the county roads; but tonight is *the* night for negroes as the previous Friday was the night of nights for whites of North Carolina. Dressed in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, they enjoy themselves as no other color, breed nor race can do.

With a hi-de-hi and a ho-de-ho they don't trip the light fantastic—they burn it up. Mixing all imaginable dancing steps into a series of whirls, slides and jumps, the dusky dancers hugely enjoy themselves. The Virginia Reel, the Carioca, the Black Bottom, the Shim Sham Shimmy, the Adagio and any other species of dance that happens to be spontaneously thought of are combined as Bubber Wilson and his "high yaller" forget everything but the hot rhythm contained in every muscle of their marvelously resilient bodies.

Bubber is tall and has a smooth blackness. His "yaller gal" is light cocoa colored and swaggers a sinuous shape that causes white men to say confidentially, "that's the best looking nigger I ever saw." As Bubber and his girl dance, an ecstatically clapping crowd gathers and the orchestra gets hotter. Bubber glides his partner into what is faster but more graceful than the clomping shag. After a time of tapping their feet and covering considerable territory in a narrow space while keeping jolt to the music with their hips, torsos, necks and heads and swaying their bodies in obtuse angles, they separate, and each whirls and twists in solo time with the music. The "yaller gal" is the center of attraction

as a mixture of the Hula-hula and Black Bottom is employed in a kind of dance for which many a New York night club has been raided. Bubber is by no means an unenthusiastic dancer as he wriggles his legs in octopus fashion, jerks his hips about and gets musical rhythm even in his arms. Then the girl approaches Bubber and leans back. He grabs her around the waist, pulls her to him, swings her 'round and 'round by her right arm, after which they move smoothly into a mixed Carioca and bear hug—with no holds barred.

Surrounding dancers shout their approval. "You got 'em Bubber! Hit it black boy! Swing it gal! Do it!" And with abandon they go into imitations of Bubber and his girl. Occasionally, while doing an individual solo dance, a negress, possessing a sumptous amount of flesh, will utilize her plumpness to shake; and she shakes in time with the music, her body trembling in rhythmic convulsions. The partner, not to be outdone, will work himself into mad contortions, the wonder of the whole thing being that all the movements are in perfect time with the orchestra.

II.

The "Elks" of Rocky Mount, a negro dance organization, used to fling dances in the colored uptown section called Happy Hill. Every Saturday night during the tobacco season when the negroes have money, over a negro drug store, the colored element of Rocky Mount celebrated at dancing, fracuses and parties of the roughest sort. The president of the Elks, a janitor in one of the Rocky Mount banks, conceived the idea of putting on a large dance on the order of the white people's June German. He talked with his employer, the president of the bank, and the banker decided the venture a good risk. He not only loaned the janitor enough money to hire a nationally-known negro orchestra, but obtained the same warehouse, with the same brilliant decorations, that the white people used for the June German. So the "Nigger June German," as white folk call it, was born. The Elks' president charged each person attending the dance, male or female, one dollar a head. Enough money was made to pay all expenses and have enough left over for the banker and his janitor to buy automobiles. The negroes, since that time, have put on "Dark Town Strutters' June Germans" a few nights after the whites have finished with the warehouse.

Thousands of brilliantly-colored lights overhead, a smoothly waxed floor to dance on, variously-hued festooning and floral designs on every hand, and an atmosphere of richness caused by the lavish curtains and other interior decorations, the negroes "strut their mess" in fine style. Surrounding the huge hall is a white wicket fence that separates the dance floor—30,000 square feet—from the rest of the enclosure which is used for spectators' seats. At one side of the hall is the band stand, curtained at the back with bright designs, and on the stand is a band that has won national prominence as a dispenser of music. Enough money is taken in to pay for a good orchestra, and in the past few years Cab, Elmer and Blanche Calloway, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Louis Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and King Oliver have played for the big negro dances in Rocky Mount. In the center of the hall hangs a crystal ball that flashes brilliantly when the spotlight shines upon it. When all lights are low except the spot which is streaming upon the crystal and the crystal sprinkling a dazzling array of light beads, the brilliancy contrasts strangely with the ebony.

All negroes go who can contrive to get the dollar to attend the dance, and three thousand or so negroes eschew necessities that they may "kick the gong around" at the Negro June German. A colored cook will work three weeks to earn a dress to wear one night. Many are willing to live in poverty a whole week for one night's revel.

Not all the negroes are one-nighters however. The aristocracy of the colored element is there, disdaining to join in the hulla-baloo of the crowd. They dance their waltzes and fox trots and drink their liquor in a dignified manner. They occupy a special section of the floor, and there is no breaking in by the ordinary negro. These negroes are better educated than their fellows, and they endeavor to put the negro dances on as high a scale as they believe white dances to be—a misconception, to say the least. Sons and daughters of negroes who have been successful in making money—by pure business ability in competing with whites—form social sets that are more difficult for an ordinary negro to crash than the New York Four Hundred. They are the real leaders

(Continued on page thirty)

Robbins Fowler--A Student in Revolt

by Jim Daniels

Undergraduate Fowler was an angry student. In his four years here, from 1924 to 1928, he was one of those rare convulsive people who fumes at institutions and incurs the wrath of most of the student body. A brilliant satirist, he eventually won the hatred of the student council, *The Tar Heel*, and the prudish folk of Chapel Hill. At the same time, Howard Mumford Jones, then literary dictator of the campus, pronounced his style unique and his ideas vital. He became the moving spirit in a group which opposed smugness and complacency; he became the star performer in one of Carolina's great battles over censorship of student publications. Not a hell-raiser in the ordinary sense, he did more to stir the student body than any man of his student generation.

To-day Fowler demands a certain attention because he has written *All the Skeletons in All the Closets*, an unconventional, somewhat salacious novel of Manhattan life. Little of the revolt, much of the satire that characterized him as a student appears in his novel. He has grown older and wiser. His case, however, recalls not only a vivid personality, but also the days when student criticism of the University was more covert than it need be at present. His method of protest also raises the question of the most advisable technique to be employed by a student in revolt. Fowler was no reformer despite his desire to pose as one. Much of what the Fowlerites demanded has been achieved, but by methods utterly foreign to theirs. Fowler's fame here rests now largely on his brilliance as a writer and his exceptional personality.

Short of stature, he drew attention to himself on the campus by usually wearing dark corduroy pants and a Mussolini black shirt. His enemies sneered that the shirt was worn because it didn't soil easily. Outlandish ties and a beret only accentuated his unconventionality. His impish pranks (he once tampered with *Yackety Yack* copy so that readers of that issue found their names spelt in most unfamiliar letters and noted embarrassing insertions and omissions in their statistics) scarcely made him popular. His general habits proved that he was no more conventional in his social life than in his thinking.

II.

Fowler did not develop into a storm-center until he published the now famous short story "Slaves" in the October, 1926 issue of *The Carolina Magazine*. The piece created a greater furore than anything which has since been published on the campus. Compared to its reception, the case of the last *Buccaneer* was a tempest in a teapot.

The plot of "Slaves" is simple, and scarcely shocking to students of 1934: a young girl, apparently meek and long dominated by a tyrannical grandfather, is engaged to marry a grocery clerk. When he forbids the proposed union, the girl's mind is so twisted that she seeks to hurt the old man by offering herself to a mulatto boy, the 18-year-old son of their Negro servant-woman. The principal virtue of the tale is the impersonal presentation and that peculiar literary quality which Howard Mumford Jones called, "Fowleresque," best defined, perhaps, as a flair for the grotesque. Although it achieves complete objectivity, the story's structure is too weak for the powerful plot and the ending is much too unanticipated.

Julian Starr, editor of the *Magazine*, was slightly dubious as to its reception, but no one was prepared for the outbursts which followed. After a week of silence on the subject, outraged virtue asserted itself suddenly in the open forum column of *The Tar Heel*. Among the many who charged to the defense of southern maidenhood was a gentleman who declared that Mr. Fowler's "of all the dastardly, obnoxious, detestable stories" was beyond a doubt the "most damnably indecent." While others whom Fowler and Starr had alienated by previous taunts and thrusts were joining the condemnation, the friends of the editors rose to their defense in the open forum columns. Caustically they pointed out that consistency required the purists to purge the shelves of the library of such respectable immoralists as Boccaccio, Shakespeare, Cellini, and de Maupassant. Fowler, they cried, was being crucified for daring to think differently from the herd.

By this time, the student council, whose president Fowler had dismissed as a busybody, saw its opportunity to act. Fowler and Starr were

haled into court, where, after thirty minutes of deliberation, their resignations as assistant editor and editor of the *Magazine* were demanded. As the alternative, or punishment for failure to comply within 24 hours, they were confronted with suspension from the University. They chose suspension.

Three groups now emerged: those who thought the council had no power to suspend them for publishing and writing censorable material, these who felt the council had been too severe, and those who backed the council to the end. There was sufficient opposition to the council's decision to merit an appeal to the University administration. President Chase refused to settle the issue, but set up a faculty committee of nine. The student council, Fowler and Starr, and the President each appointed three members to the committee. The group held two stormy sessions and finally decided to reinstate the editors. No one was particularly satisfied, for the committee had not settled anything on the all-important question of censorship. It had, however, suggested that publications attempt to censor themselves.

III.

On the same day that the "Slaves" issue of *The Carolina Magazine* was distributed, spectators at a football game were handed gratis copies of an independent student publication. Published by a small group of campus journalists. *The Faun* called itself an independent organ of "intelligent criticism" and justified itself by owlishly quoting Poe, Euripides, Ingersoll, Shakespeare, and Socrates on the freedom of speech. Julian Starr of the *Magazine* was also the editor and Fowler contributed an unsigned column called "The Iceberg" to ridicule a *Tar Heel* column, "The Driftwood Fire." *The Faun's* motto, "They may not like it, but they'll read it" was aptly chosen because everyone did read it. Equally true was the first prophecy—they did not like it and the result was that money was found for only six issues. Nevertheless, the *Tar Heel's* victory cry, "FIFTH FAUN FLOPS; FINDS FUNDS FLAT," turned out to be premature when *The Faun* turned out its sixth and last issue a week later.

Essentially *The Faun* was in rebellion against the doctrine that criticism of the University constituted a cardinal sin. Every student, it contended, was supposed to subscribe to a doctrine of "100 percentism" and ignore any flecks of clay that might be hiding on the feet of his goddess. Fowler argued that campus was standardized to the extent that "it thought and performed as a unit." Melodramatically his fellows claimed that the University had become a "diploma mill" where herds of mental incompetents spent their time rooting for football teams or trying for some sub-assistant managership and vacating their places after four years to others of their kind. The blame for such stereotyped behavior *The Faun* placed on an educational system in which anyone "with a high school diploma and a sufficient sum of money is indulgently ushered into the precincts of learning." As a solution, it advocated that the University's standards be raised to exclude all but that popular though nebulous character, the true scholar.

The Faun's particular attacks were directed at the *Tar Heel,* the student council, athletics, especially football, and the superfluity of extra-curricular activities which fostered and in turn depended upon a corrupt political machine. In each instance its justification varied. However, it is certain that the *Tar Heel* still permitted the Athletic Association to dominate its policy and make-up to an unwarranted extent, that the student council, even that early, was ignorant of its powers and made decisions which it had to reconsider, and that the race for campus offices amounted to a stampede, although football may not have been a gladitorial spectacle as *The Faun* described it.

But *The Faun,* although it held destructive and constructive criticism to be synonymous, made several positive suggestions which anticipated later reforms. At the same time that it gave its approval to a contemporary movement to establish a fine arts school here, it favored reductions in class dues, *Yackety Yack* costs, and athletic fees. Especially commendable, it opposed a proposal to make the tri-weekly *Tar Heel* a semi-weekly and suggested instead that it be published daily, although observing at the time that the low estate to which that paper had fallen merited its complete abolition.

IV.

The Faun was an agitator rather than a reformer. The advances which were eventually attained were not made by any group of students outside the regular student mediums of expression. Perhaps it was only by some insurgent

publication's calling attention to social evils and needs at the University that they could be corrected. *The Faun* and the general methods of the Fowlerites, however, illustrate clearly that whatever change is to be made in the structure of student affairs must come from within the student groups themselves. Practically all of the publication's staff was recruited from a single fraternity which had controlled publications here for a decade. It could not achieve a truly broad campus view. Furthermore, the policy of indiscriminate satirization inhibited the effectiveness of any possible reform movement.

As for Fowler himself, the contempt with which he looked upon the average student's mentality seems to stamp him as an intellectual snob. And reformers must have broad sympathies. Keener mentally than most, he was bound to underestimate everything which was not scholastic, despite the fact that he was not studious enough to make Phi Beta Kappa. No doubt the foolish and spiteful reception of *Slaves* supported his general estimate of the student body. It must be ventured, however, that the campus may well have used the story merely as an excuse to try to get rid of Fowler who had already made himself something of a pest.

Fowler had ideas. Fowler was capable of expressing his discontent with the present order. He was always, however, much too angry, much too consumed by his own fury and contempt to achieve tangible results. His checkered, colorful career indicates once again that stepping outside the campus even to criticize it justly hardly makes for improving the situation. Fowler was never more than a student in revolt.

When the Captain's Mascot "Commits Suicide"

by JOHN FREDRIC BUTLER

We were fourteen hours out of Havana when it happened. Bob Daniels and Mary Saunders had strolled off to the tennis courts. I was alone by the rail looking down at the water swirling away from the ship. The movement must have fascinated me. I descended into one of those unconscious-conscious states in which the senses do their work unheeded by the mind.

"Senor Maynard," a voice came from behind me. It startled me momentarily. I turned quickly. It was Alfredo.

"Yes," I answered.

The boy approached me and laid his hand upon the rail. He was and had been cabin-boy for Bob and me the entire trip. I had made friends with him quickly. I always do with those not of my own race. He was a Cuban, dark—naturally—, young and likeable. I had chatted with him often. He looked at me now with that enigmatic expression of Latins.

"It has happened," he said.

"What has happened?" I demanded, puzzled.

The boy looked at me in unbelief. I suppose that he thought me wild not to remember.

"Don't you remember?" he demanded.

I shook my head.

"I told you yesterday," he said, and his voice was a reproof, "that the Captain's pet had 'committed suicide'."

I remembered now and smiled my acknowledgement. Alfredo had told me, almost as soon as we embarked, a wild tale about Captain Bole's pet monkey, Senorita. Something terrible was sure to happen, he had said. It always did when the ship's mascot "committed suicide." This phrase had interested me. I had asked Alfredo and he had explained: "when the mascot gets killed on board—gets in the way of falling objects, or falls from some height." I had laughed then and I smiled now. But the smile froze before the seriousness of Alfredo.

"Captain Bole has just died," he said. His tone was tremendously solemn.

"What?" I demanded, my voice rising.

The boy laid his hand upon my arm. "Not a word," he said. "The crew must not know. There would be trouble. They are mostly unlearned Latins." He strode off leaving me with the consciousness of his own learned condition and the import of what he had told me heavy on my mind.

I looked up the head-steward immediately. He was an American.

"It's true," he said. "We've been expecting it. The Captain had a weak heart." He looked at me steadily a moment. "I hope you'll not mention it, Sir," he said finally. "The crew is very superstitious. There'd be trouble."

I nodded my intention.

When I next saw Alfredo I was in my cabin. He came in after knocking gently.

"Senor Maynard," he said. "I'm afraid there'll be trouble. The news has got to the crew."

I did not know how to answer him. I was worried too. But I smiled.

"It's only coincidence," I said. "There's nothing to it." But I didn't feel that way about it, and I know I didn't convince Alfredo.

"I'm afraid the crew is right," he said gloomily. "There's a spell on this ship—and we're in for it."

I kept my word to the steward. I didn't mention the tragedy. Very few of the passengers learned of it. I don't know how the news was kept so secret. Bob and Mary didn't learn of it I'm sure. They didn't mention it to me, at any rate.

Things went on as if nothing had happened. And then came that dreadful night. We were to dock next day. Everyone was in a holiday mood and seemed intent on packing all the excitement possible in the last few hours of the cruise. I went to my cabin early. I was out of it all, somehow. Bob and Mary had drifted away from me, gradually but completely. I went to sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. Much later, I awoke suddenly, intensely excited.

It must have been at least two o'clock. I couldn't swear to it. The lights were out in the cabin and in the excitement that came so suddenly I didn't think of time at all. I was restless and (it makes me shudder to think of it now) I had a feeling then that something terrible was going to happen. I sat up in bed with my back against my pillow and smoked and watched the red point of light of my cigarette. Watching that point, I got to thinking about things in general, but mostly about Mary Saunders. Bob and I had met Mary on the trip out. Somehow or other we three had seemed to gravitate toward each other. We just seemed to be in the same places at the same times. And then friendship and, later, more than that.

Mary Saunders was not a beautiful person. But she was most attractive. I don't know how to describe her. I'm not so good at description. All that I can tell is that her eyes, her complexion, in fact, all her features taken separately were beautiful. There was some subtle something about the combination of them all that did not make for beauty. That's all, except that, I believe, that something did add to her attractiveness. She was intelligent. Of that I'm certain. She was an instructress of something or other in a girl's school up on the Hudson river. I've forgotten just what. She didn't talk much about herself. I tried to make her talk once or twice, but gave it up.

I was in love with her before we got to Havana. I told her about it the night before we docked. I got her to myself a moment and told her. But she didn't listen. The truth didn't occur to me until much later. She had fallen in love with Bob. I don't believe Bob noticed it. He never mentioned it and I was too selfishly disappointed to tell him. Eventually I just drifted away from them. There was no other course.

It couldn't have been long that I sat there thinking about Mary Saunders and Bob and the trip, not over half-an-hour at the most, when I smelled smoke. I looked at the ash-tray by my bed. There were no sparks in it. I got up then to look about the room. I didn't pull the light on because I didn't want to arouse Bob. I had just gotten to my feet when the knock came at the door. It was a sharp, quick knock. An excited voice accompanied it.

"The ship's on fire—fire," it shouted.

I ran to the door and jerked it open. Hot smoke streamed into my face. Quickly I pushed the door shut and sprang to Bob's bed.

"Bob!—Bob!" I cried.

"What?" he demanded, waking quickly.

"The boat's on fire," I stammered. "Quick—don't wait a second."

He jumped up hurriedly and, without pausing another moment, we fought our way through the hot smoke to the deck.

Passengers were streaming out on the deck in terrible disorder. People pushed and shoved each other about like cattle in a stampede. A small number of the crew were working at the nearest lifeboat. That's all I remember very well. The rest is vague. It seems to me now that it must have been a moving-picture performance that I saw.

I don't know how long we stood there together. It might have been an hour or a minute. Then the flames became visible. They leaped up from the superstructure like flying shivers of red glass. Suddenly Bob turned to me.

"My God! Bill," he shouted, "where's Mary?"

The flames had fascinated me. I couldn't speak. I couldn't move.

"Bill!—where's Mary?" he shouted again.

I looked at him. His face was terrible with pain.

I shook my head dumbly.

Suddenly he rushed away from me toward the fire.

"Bob!" I shouted.

He stopped and looked at me. It was a look of unutterable calm.

"You wait here," he said quietly. "I'm going to find her." And he swung around and ran into the door we had left a moment before.

Helplessly, I watched him disappear. I could not move. Then my eyes fixed upon the mass of flame before me. The whiteness of the superstructure seemed to melt before my eyes. And the fire whistled in my ears. I looked about me and found that I was alone. My feet were hot. I turned and looked toward the rail. People were straining against it, mad with indecision, clad—some in evening dress, some in pajamas. I watched them as if they were on another world. I could not realize that I was with them in a tragedy. On my right a red glow came creeping down a pipe from the superstructure. A gust of wind came madly from the north and fanned the flame toward me. I looked again toward the rail. Those people were vaulting it, scrambling over it, and disappearing below the deck of the ship. My feet were on fire. I looked down and saw the metal of the deck plates just before me exposed and red hot. Suddenly, I bolted to the rail. A man stopped me. He motioned to me and then stooped and pulled off his shoes. I followed his suggestion and slid after him over the rail.

It was the life-crew of the freighter *Ballentine* that rescued me. I discovered that later when the burning *Coral Mansion* was left far behind. They told me that I had been unconscious for four hours. I didn't care about that. A flashing, burning voice kept hammering in my head:

"Where is Bob? Where is Bob? Why did you leave him?"

I tried to ask a sailor as he passed me where I lay. He did not hear me. He was too busy. People were huddled all over the deck—frightened little groups of people looking at everything and nothing with glaring, amazed eyes. A man in an officer's uniform passed me. I stretched out my arm and caught his sleeve as he passed. He stopped and looked at me.

"Yes?" he questioned.

"Where is Bob Daniels?" I asked simply.

He looked at me in a pitiful sort of way. I couldn't realize then how foolish my question was.

"Bob Daniels?" he asked patiently. "Was he aboard the *Coral Mansion?*"

I nodded my head as best I could. A quick pain shot through my body. The officer put his hand upon my chest. He must have seen me wince at the pain.

"Take it easy," he said. "You've had a nasty blow on your head." He paused a moment. "I can't tell you about your friend," he said, finally. "We can't check at all on our rescued yet.—He might have been picked up by one of the other ships. Two were standing by when we left."

He turned and walked off. I laid there trying to think the whole mess through. Yet in all the agony of trying to sort the various sketchy impressions of the few preceding hours I don't recall thinking once of Mary Saunders. It's queer that I didn't, but true. It was "Where's Bob?—Where's Bob?"—a steady beating question. My head hurt me terribly. My pulse beat in my ears like trotting horses' iron shoes on wood. The noise seemed bent on bursting my skull and escaping. And yet I had to think. And I tried to until a man in white came to me and grasped my arm. Then I must have fallen asleep.

* * * *

It was three days later when I got the answer to my question. You remember the list of survivors. All the newspapers published it. And the list of unaccounted for too. Bob's name was on that last list. Mary Saunder's was on the first. She had been picked up by the *Varinthia.*

I didn't know what to do. I was, I believe, still very much in love with Mary. Yet I knew that she loved Bob. I wanted to see her badly, but I couldn't make a decision. I knew I should tell her of Bob's heroic sacrifice of his life for her. But selfishness held me back. "What good could it do him now?" a part of me argued. "It would only make her miserable and you hopeless. She'd never get over a memory like that." Then my better self would argue for fairness and allegiance to my dead friend. It went on like that for a week. Then I got her address from the shipping offices and went to see her.

I found her home without difficulty. It was a neat little bungalow in a suburbs. I went up the walk and knocked at the door. A middle-aged man opened to me.

"I'm Bill Maynard," I said to him. "I've come to see Miss Mary Saunders."

He looked at me in a curious way a moment before he spoke. I was puzzled, but I said nothing.

"Will you come in?" he said finally. "I'll get her." I followed him into the living room, and he left me. I waited some time before I heard him returning. Mary was with him. I stood and watched her a minute and then stepped forward to greet her. Before I could she spoke.

"Oh, it's Mr. Maynard," she said. She looked at me steadily and pleadingly. I was surprised. What did it mean? I started to speak, but she saw my intention and spoke first.

"This is my husband, Mr. Saunders," she said.

Mechanically, I shook his hand.

"Mr. Maynard was on the *Coral Mansion*," she said to her husband.

He looked at me strangely. I felt uncomfortable and peculiarly unclean. It was the clammy feeling one has in the presence of insanity. I wanted to get away from that house. All my feelings were outraged.

"Mrs. Saunders," I said, when I had collected my thoughts, "I had heard that you were severely burned and, knowing you, I called to see." It was the only plausible lie I could invent. I hoped it would release me. I rose to go. No one stopped me.

"I'm glad to see it was false," I said as I went through the door. I hoped fervently that she might feel the sting of my double-meaning statement. I wanted to hurt her.

I walked up the street to the station brooding. My thoughts flew back to Bob. He had loved that woman—enough to give his life for her. I had loved her too. And she had let him love her, had even helped him. My feet took me along automatically. My mind tried to reconcile my outraged feelings. I began to hate that woman.

Someone grabbed my arm. I swung around. It was she. She looked at me and tears were in her eyes. They did not affect me.

"Bill," she said, "you came to tell me. I know you did. What happened to him?"

I looked at her. I could see nothing. I did not love her. I did not hate her. She didn't exist. There was only me and Bob and the electric train coming down the track.

"You read the papers," I said. "You know."

The train stopped and I stepped on the platform.

"He was lost, I know," she said, her eyes brimming. "But isn't there more than that? I've felt there was more than that. Didn't you come to tell me more?—I loved him, Bill."

"Nothing," I said as the train pulled me from her. I did not feel I owed her anymore.

Impromptu

En résponse à cette question:
Qu'est-ce que la poésie?
Translated by Paul Selby

Each memory to pursue, each thought to hold,
Beautifully balanced on an edge of gold,
Secure, yet delicately quivering;
To make a moment's dream a timeless thing;
A blend of truth and loveliness to find;
To hear in one's heart what echoes in the mind;
To sing, to weep, rewardless, as by chance;
To fashion from a smile, a word, a glance,
A monument of charm and fear;
To make a pearl out of a tear:
This is the poet's all-consuming fire,
This is his wealth, his life, his one desire.

—DE MUSSET.

An Alabama Liberal Looks at Scottsboro

by NICK READ

THERE IS NOT a liberal in Alabama. So people have told me. Professing to be a liberal myself, I cannot accept such an emphatic and sweeping statement without reservation; however, I am inclined to believe that it contains more truth than exaggeration. Certainly there are few people in my state today who advertise themselves as champions of liberalism. I have also been told that *never* has any liberal thought or broad-minded attitude existed in Alabama.

To this assertion I take strong exception. Before the Scottsboro case, a substantial element of the population fostered a liberal spirit, and this spirit was broadening their attitude toward racial problems. It is my conviction that the Scottsboro affair is directly responsible for the death of liberalism in Alabama. The forces which it has released have driven an unprejudiced class to reactionary conservatism, and the germinating seeds of free thought and unbiased action have been destroyed.

A brief review of the first Scottsboro trial is sufficient to indicate that no thoughtful and intelligent Alabamian could accept the procedure as a just and unprejudiced hearing. In the Spring of 1931 nine Negro boys were taken from a freight train at Scottsboro, Alabama and held on the charge of raping two young white women. Within two weeks after their arrest the Negroes were tried and found guilty. The trial was conducted in the good old Southern "nigger trial" fashion. The counsel, appointed by the court to defend the Negroes, made only a half-hearted plea in their behalf. As a brass band played, the death sentence was pronounced upon each of the accused. All save one, who was only fourteen years old, were condemned to die the following June.

Such a mock show of justice was wholly acceptable to Alabama whites of low economic status. The poor whites, or "white trash" as the Negroes term them, realize that the Negro is their most dangerous economic competitor. Because of their low position in society they are jealous of any advance the Negro might make and they lose no opportunity to humble the black man, "to show the nigger his place." To the majority of the bourgeois and to the mass of unthinking people the trial bore little significance. They read about it in the papers, perhaps commented on the affair in the barber shop, but it was just another case of rape.

There was, however, another element of the population whose sentiment was different. Many Alabamians, people of education from the upper class, deplored such a hasty and unfair judgment. They felt ashamed and humiliated that a farce should be played in an Alabama court. Wealthy Southern people have assumed a sort of responsibility for the Negro's welfare. It may be sentiment or egotism which stirs their sympathy, but they want to see the colored man treated kindly and justly. Faithful "darkie" servants have cemented the bond of friendship between the Southern aristocracy and the Negro, and people of this class were not lacking in sympathy toward the Scottsboro boys. Of course, all liberal-minded people regardless of their economic state decried the injustice of the tribunal. Those who read *The New Republic* or *The Nation* (and there were a goodly number of subscribers to such magazines in Alabama at the time) hotly criticized the Scottsboro court for its "lynch-trial justice." The early editorials of Grover Hall, editor of *The Montgomery Advertiser*, reflect the opinion and attitude with which intelligent people viewed the first trial of the Scottsboro case.

II.

Would the Scottsboro sympathizers in Alabama have taken action to save the Negroes from the electric chair? An answer to this question must be based upon mere conjecture, for before liberal sentiment had time to crystalize and promote some campaign in the boys' behalf, the International Labor Defense boldly intervened and demanded a re-trial. I doubt whether Alabama liberals would have been unanimous in advocating another hearing of the case. It was obvious that the people around Scottsboro were prejudiced against Negroes, and broad-minded citizens realized that an impartial trial could not be conducted in such an atmosphere. There are a number of cases of criminal-assault committed by Negroes on white women in the records of

Alabama courts. The general method of handling such cases has been as follows: the accused Negro is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His execution is delayed, finally, when public hostility has subsided, his sentence is revoked by the governor, and he is resentenced to serve a term of imprisonment. State agents of justice labor to complete assault trials as quickly as possible so that the aroused racial antagonism might quiet down. The animosity provoked by the Scottsboro case was, at first, largely confined to the local community. Ruby Bates and Victoria Price, the alleged victims, were known to be women of dubious character and the rest of the state was not likely to get excited. The past methods of conducting Negro trials were known to the liberals as were the prevailing circumstances of the Scottsboro case. Although they did not believe that the boys would be acquitted in a retrial, they did have high hopes that the Negroes would not die. Their hopes, however were shattered by the aggressive International Labor Defense, and the chance that the Negroes had had was destroyed.

The Communist-backed I. L. D. was not the only organization to rush assistance to the Scottsboro boys. True it was the first, but almost as soon as the Labor Defense lawyers were sent to Alabama to investigate, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People engaged the services of two great criminal lawyers, Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays. Darrow and Hays offered to cooperate with the I. L. D. attorneys and work with them in the common cause of freeing the Scottsboro boys if they would sign this pledge: "We represent the defendants. We represent no organization. The lives of eight boys are at stake. It is unimportant who enlisted our interests. We have agreed to work together to save these boys and our responsibility is to them and to them only." The I. L. D. refused to join forces with the N. A. A. C. P. in such an agreement. Many people mistrusted the I. L. D. from the first because it was affiliated with the Communist Party (the very word communism throws an Alabamian on his guard), but when this organization excluded Darrow and Hays from the case, intelligent sympathizers began to wonder whether the I. L. D. had as its sole aim the liberation of the Negroes.

III.

In the four years that have elapsed since the first trial at Scottsboro Alabama's suspicions of the I. L. D. have been confirmed. Twice the Supreme Court has granted the defendants another hearing and twice the jury at Decatur, Alabama has found Haywood Patterson guilty. The I. L. D. is still defending the other Negroes who are now on trial, but no longer are the lives of the boys of prime importance to the radicals or the people of Alabama. The issue has evolved into sectionalism versus outside interference; chauvinism versus Communism. Passion has smothered justice and all unbiased thought has been swept aside in the wave of reactionary fear. The Communists have utilized the Scottsboro case as a lever with which to hurl Marxian propaganda over the face of Dixie. Agitators have preached social equality to the Negroes. The blacks have been urged to organize and fight for their rights and the Communists have pointed to Scottsboro to convince the Negroes that they are fighting with them in their cause. The threat of a Negro uprising led by the Communists, the idea of social equality for the blacks, and the pressure brought to bear on the state by Northern labor organizations have powerfully influenced the minds of Alabamians.

The middle-class people who formerly thought and cared little one way or another about the matter are now openly hostile. Even the liberals whom I mentioned cannot accept the dogma of social equality and they have lent their voices to the general protest against the "Reds" and Scottsboro. It may appear that justice in Alabama is flexible and easily influenced by racial prejudice and sectional perversity. No doubt this is so, no doubt Alabama is a very prejudiced state, but is not outside interference and radical propaganda partly responsible for this prejudice? The Communists have placed the dissemination of their doctrine above the lives of the Scottsboro boys. To retaliate the people of the state have been willing to warp justice. Just as the German nation has been bound closer to Hitler in the face of world hostility, so the people of Alabama have been united against the Scottsboro boys by opposition and criticism coming from outsiders. All classes have reacted under this pressure and the rich, the liberals, the bourgeois, and the poor whites have been moulded into a common resisting force. The Scottsboro Negroes are already martyrs to the hopeless Communist cause in the South.

Your Editor to You

Bigger Victory Than 7-0

The brightest moment of the Duke game was not Buck's magnificent catch and dash. Rather it came Thursday night at the senior smoker when Coach Snavely publicly announced that he would under no circumstances play Charlie Shaffer. It would have been so easy to put him in the line-up; everyone wanted to believe that he was well enough to play; and everyone wanted him to play this last game against Duke. Yet Coach Snavely with more courage and humanity than many coaches have displayed firmly refused to permit him to risk his health for the sake of momentary glory or advantage. It would have been so easy—to the credit of Carolina athletics it wasn't.

Is There A Comp. Lit. Department?

Pitiful in numbers are the students who take the courses offered in the Comparative Literature Department. Yet most of them agree that this work is as stimulating as any in the University. If the department were more highly organized, better publicized, and its courses a trifle more popular in nature, it would come closer to achieving its aim. Why not borrow a few men from the Humanities and establish an autonomous department? And why not institute a course in modern Russian literature which would certainly have more appeal than some of the dry numbers now offered? If the curriculum committee is not too groggy it might look into the plight of this worthwhile but somewhat slighted division.

Snobs In Fraternity Court?

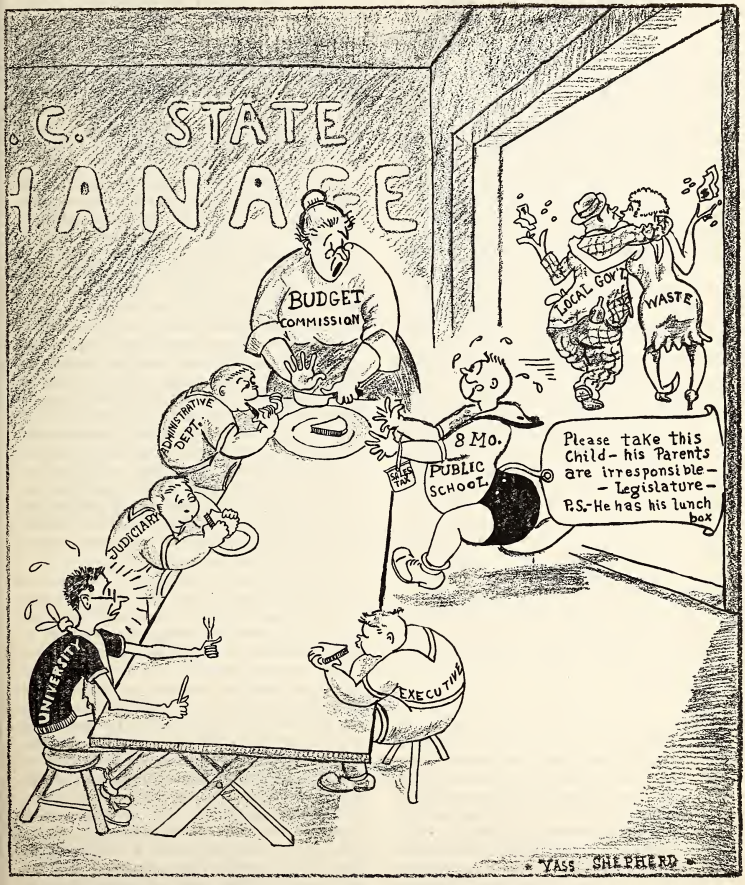
Carolina is relatively free from any active conflict between fraternity and non-fraternity men. Nevertheless, there is a mute resentment between the groups. Without presuming to suggest that it is the entire answer to the problem, your editor feels that much of the passive ill-feeling is developed by non-fraternity men themselves. Acting normally, but irrationally, they make up their minds on pledge day that fraternity men will snub them and will not be interested in them as University men. Thus a gigantic defense is built against a state of mind which did not exist in the fraternity man until he sensed the suspicious outward manifestation of the non-fraternity man's inferiority complex. Although there will always be a certain degree of snobbishness among a small group of students, it is safe to conclude that the Carolina man does not inherently tilt his nose. If pledges and non-fraternity men in the dormitories would view each other primarily as fellow-students in the University instead of as representatives of rival systems, much of the suspicion and ill-feeling of the upperclass years might be eliminated.

The Phi Eats Communists For Breakfast

Stung to madness by the taunts of the campus for its inactivity, the historic Philanthropic Assembly has acted. It smashed once and for all the myth that it is a Do-Nothing Organization. Under the leadership of such experts on radical activities as Speaker Smithwick, Representative Durfee, and Representative Davis, the Assembly voted to condemn the work of the Anti-War Conference. Speaker Smithwick employed gag rule to force his measure thru the body, while uninformed freshmen sat back and snickered at the whole mess. Snickers are in order. The temerity of the inert, ineffective, inconsequential Phi Assembly to condemn the activity of the only group on the campus actively interested in peace propaganda is overwhelming. Only five Representatives out of a membership well over 50 attended the Conference. And why were the Representatives so anxious for the blood of the Conference? They smelt a red herring. Because Levitt, organizer of the Conference, was affiliated with a group which in turn was associated with a wing of the American Communist Party, they saw Stalin taking Chapel Hill to-morrow. It's nice to know that the Phi can act. So nice.

Sinclair-They Skinned Him

Upton Sinclair stands to-day a thoroughly discredited figure. Conservatives hail the dubious Merriam victory as complete demonstration of the debility of EPIC. Radicals from the first denounced his compromising methods. And liberals never did know where they stood. It well may be that Sinclair's bid for power was on shallow and untenable grounds. Yet the campaign in California proved unmistakably how bitter the feeling has become between Right and Left. No halt was called on the personal villification, slander, and outright lying. Radicals can learn from the debacle on the Coast, if nothing else, that they must develop a practical technique and must eschew the methods of conservatism.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- Legislature -
P.S.-He has his lunch
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JUDICIARY
UNIVERSITY
EXECUTIVE
"YASS SHEPHERD"

Poor White Trash for Sale - - - - A Glance at Southern Fiction

by Elmer D. Johnson

Somewhere back in the teeming twenties when there was no depression and no beer, and while the world was quietly unaware of the fact, there took place, in fiction at least, an enormous change in the southern landscape. The "sunny" South changed almost overnight from the quiet aristocratic land of pre-war novels into a New South that "chaws" tobacco, moonshines prolificly, and wears patched "overhalls." Before our very eyes the be-columned mansion of the old Colonel has given way to the tumbling-down shack of a premature horse thief, the gilded carriages have been replaced by broken down Fords, and the classic horse-race has degenerated into a rabbit hunt. In the eyes of the literary world the "sunny" Southland has sunk into the depths of despair. No longer can the prating visitor from Dixie assure his northern friends of the southern hospitality and paint mental pictures of avenues stretching up to colonial manors, all of which overlook thriving industrial towns. Instead his hosts inspect him critically for traces of red mud and wisps of hastily discarded "old-field" tobacco. He has a job on his hands if he refuses to talk with a pardonable southern accent and, should the occasion arise, it would not be thought out of place for him to produce a string ball and toss it nonchalantly against the wall, thereby verifying his exact nationality. Not soon will the followers of the Pulitzer Prize winners be able to forget the unfortunate family of Mrs. Miller's book, nor will the tourists from the big cities cease to look for examples of Kirkland's "Dude," as they journey down to Miami.

II.

After the Civil War literature had died down, the world became aware, through its fiction, of a Southland that was quietly and aristocratically rebuilding its lost prestige. The ragged and bloodthirsty rebel was forgotten amid the stories of the petite southern belle and her romances. Torn and ravaged lands became miraculously whole again in fiction and, in the emerging eighties, the South was again becoming a land of plantations and pleasure. Thomas Nelson Page's offended homeland recuperated gradually under the pens of Ellen Glasgow and Mary Johnston. The South was slowly but surely attaining a good reputation in literature until, out of a clear sky as it were, a form of fiction appeared which promises to change this reputation considerably. For convenience we will call this form the soil novel.

Now, if you will look at your geography, you will find that there is a range of semi-hills flowing gently down from the Piedmont plateau to the coastal plain. This area is covered with low and scrubby pines and, as the soil novel would have us believe, inhabited by low and scrubby people. These people, calmly designated by their more fortunate brethren, both white and black, as "po' white trash," have lived and allowed others to live in comparative peace for the last century or so. But now that the nation's authors and would-be authors have used up the Chicago gangster and the quiet New England homestead as suitable subjects for their creative genius, what is better than that this moon-shining, mule-following denizen of the red hills be similarly exploited? No sooner said than done, and forth upon the eyes of the ever-gullible public are delivered such demeanors of our fair pine lands as *Lamb in His Bosom, South Moon Under*, and most piney-woodsy of all, that eminent Broadway success *Tobacco Road*.

Not that this soil literature is not better than just common clay. With the possible exceptions of such exaggerations as Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*, these novels are based on facts and on actual circumstances. They have an integral part in the literature of the South, namely, to bring out in an impartial light some of the sore-spots of Southern civilization. If they disclose some of the skeletons that are to be found in our closets and air them in our literary front yard, then they are not written in vain. In the form of Stribling's works this soil literature reaches a climax, there being in my opinion few works of American authors, past or present, which surpass the trilogy of *The Forge, The Store*, and *Unfinished Cathedral*. These books give a history of the South for a period of three quarters of a century along with the story of Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, presenting shades of that history that

have never before been publicized, at least not with such an impartial air. Stribling, a Tennessean, is by far the best in the field of modern southern literature, if Dubose Heyward, alone, is excepted. The latter author has, in his *Porgy*, produced one of the few really outstanding bits of literature to emerge from the South since the days of Edgar Allan Poe. Porgy, the crippled beggar, colored and connivingly unscrupulous, will stand out among any figures of American literature. Heyward, by the way, will also be remembered as the cohort with whom Hervey Allen brought out a volume of *Carolina Chansons*, while *Anthony Adverse* was still in a nebulous state. Two more of Heyward's novels, *Mamba's Daughters* and *Peter Ashley* can also be considered as above the average.

III.

Among other writers of fiction south of the Mason-Dixon, the next who stands out (though why I don't know) seems to be William Faulkner. This Mississippian has through his pen, supplied the world with more hangovers per reading than our best Carolina corn can per bottle. Allowing his mind to scamper along Poe-etic lines he has presented us with such choice bits of morbidity as *The Sound and the Fury, Light in August*, and last and least (it's a Modern Library edition), *Sanctuary*. Though in spots he approaches sanity, the whole of Faulkner's works could be improved upon by Gertrude Stein. Then, despite Mrs. Miller's prize-winning sheep, Marjorie Kinsan Rawlings with her *South Moon Under* appears next upon the horizon. This tale of Florida's pioneers is told with much more clarity than is the story of Georgia's dawn as portrayed by *Lamb in His Bosom*. Its characters are more striking, its plot more consistent, and its form in general more inviting. Its also of interest to the layman to find that there was someone in Florida before the land boom and that "south moon under" is a good time to kill alligators. In general, Mrs. Miller and Miss Rawlings have treated similar subjects in different veins, with the book of Miss Rawlings' coming out decidedly the superior. Another woman author, Julia Peterkin, in her varicolored novels, *Black April, Green Thursday, Scarlet Sister Mary*, and *Bright Skin*, presents the most authentic picture of negro life in the South yet to appear in any work of fiction. Coming closer home, Mrs. Katharine Ball Ripley, a North-South Carolinian, has given an impressive tale of our peach-tree prosperity and the ensuing depression in her two bits of biography, *Sand in My Shoes*, and *Sand Dollars*. Incidentally her husband, supposedly the writer of the family, has fallen far short of her in his adventure novels which reach a climax in the stirring *Devil Drums*. Another Mississippian, Stark Young, author of a dozen or so novels, and ex-college professor, has reached his climax in a historical novel of the Civil War. This novel, *So Red the Rose*, presents a contemporary southern viewpoint to contrast with McKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember*. There are, of course, other popular novels on the South, such as those of Octavus Roy Cohen, Irvin S. Cobb, and the like, which are better classified as entertainment than as literature.

In North Carolina, James Boyd and Thomas Dixon stand out as the earlier and better known authors of fiction. Boyd's *Drums* and *Marching On* have already joined the realm of the classics, while Dixon's *Clansmen*, under the title *The Birth of a Nation* has been shown on the screen more times than any other one picture ever produced. Asheville's Public Enemy No. 1, Thomas Wolfe, has sired an interesting work in *Look Homeward, Angel*, which is, according to some critics, the best book ever turned out by a North Carolinian. Rumor has it that Mr. Wolfe will in the very near future bring out a volume that, in size at least, will make *Anthony Adverse* look like a freshman term paper. Paul Green, better known as a dramatist, ranks second to Wolfe as a novelist, for though his *Laughing Pioneer* is by no means inferior to *Look Homeward, Angel* in subject, the style in which it is portrayed lacks the convincing reality that is the outstanding mark of Green's plays. Gerald Johnson, newspaper man *par excellence*, completes the triumvirate of authors that has emanated from the University of North Carolina in the past decade or so. Johnson's *Number Thirty-Six* is hardly comparable to the novels of either Wolfe or Green though as good reading it is not to be overlooked. The works of these three authors make up most of the fiction of present day North Carolinians, though another ex-resident of Chapel Hill, who naively calls herself Elizabeth Janet Gray, has written several interesting books. *Jane Hope*, her latest, is a delightful tale of Chapel Hill in the days just prior to the Civil War when Hillsboro was a big city, Raleigh a metropolis,

and Durham a cross-roads. Two social problem novels, Vorse's *Strike* and Olive Tilford Dargan's *Call Home the Heart*, present another side to North Carolina's literature, with Mrs. Dargan's romance being by far the better of the two.

IV.

Despite the non-congratulatory soil novels, or maybe we should say, because of them, the outlook for southern fiction today appears decidedly good. There is a group of young, ambitious, and competent authors which is arising in the South, and which promises to place the South back in its place in the literary map. They are calling on Southern history to form the basis of the majority of their novels, as they should, and they are discarding the traditional and worn-out southern themes. If they and other novelists present in the soil novels a picture that the South doesn't like to be exhibited, then maybe the South in time will be aroused to remove the conditions that give rise to such novels. Then, looking at the subject in another way, if the piney woods proletariat can be so successfully placed upon the literary scene, it may be hoped that other and more inviting phases of Southern life may be exploited with the pen. The varied and interesting panorama that Carl Carmer unearthed in Alabama alone proves that the South is a veritable treasure house of stories and themes. The outer world sees the South through the newspaper and the novel. The newspaper seems to be necessarily biased, but the novel can and will present the South as it really is, and unless a radical change takes place in theme and form of our Southern fiction, it appears that the novel will take an important part in the fashioning of Southern civilization, a part that would otherwise have been neglected or misused, and a part in which the soil novel will be essentially prominent. In fiction, at least, our poor white trash is being sold, and it isn't the sale that we are wanting to stop, it's the quality of the material that we are selling.

Politics, Personalities, and Predictions

by Frank Watts Ashley

November 6th is election day in forty-eight states—a legal holiday in forty-two more but just another day to most of the citizens of North Carolina. The real election has taken place in the June Democratic primary, as far as most of the state is concerned.

Scanning the roster of the next legislature we find a number of colorful and stimulating personalities. On the Democratic side the name of Tam Bowie is outstanding. Mr. Bowie, representative from Ashe County, will be remembered by University students, professors, and supporters as co-author of the Bowie-Cherry bill, which bill would have cut educational appropriations to the bone. Tam is back and is said to be "rarin' to go." . . . . also R. Gregg Cherry, perennial lawmaker from the county of Gaston and political bedfellow of Mr. Bowie, and it is a matter of conjecture whether they will again team up . . . . John Sprunt Hill, well known Carolina alumnus of Durham, was re-elected to the upper house, despite the attempts of certain labor leaders to defeat him . . . . Among the prominent Republicans is Charles A. Jonas of Lincolnton, former congressman from the tenth district and prominent state leader of his party. One of the younger Republicans is Joe R. Williams of Yadkin. ("As goes Wilkes so goes Yadkin") . . . . The next legislature will contain only fifteen G.O.P.'s out of 170 members. (50 senators, 120 representatives). This, however, shows a net gain of five members for the minority party over their membership in the 1933 body.

The coming session will lack some of the political pyrotechnics of former sessions due to the absence of several colorful characters such as Angus Dhu MacLean, "The Sage of Beaufort," now assistant attorney-general of the United States . . . . Then there is "Uncle Joe" Garibaldi of Charlotte . . . . Another that will be missed is John W. Hinsdale of Raleigh, a leader of the "education bloc" in the senate . . . . The repealists will not have the services of W. Roy Francis of Waynesville . . . . The youngest member in the '33 legislature was Giles W. Cover of Cherokee County, way up where men are men and moon-

shining is the favorite pastime and chief industry, won't be back . . . . To compensate for some of these losses we will have Dr. Ralph W. McDonald of Forsyth, who resigned his post as a professor at Salem College in order to run on an "education" platform . . . . The "State of Robeson" sends Martin McCall, a genial, native born Scotchman who can entertain an audience with droll stories and lively Scotch ballads . . . . There are many others of especial interest but space does not permit a detailed discussion. Incidentally the only woman member will be Mrs. Charles Hutchins of Yancey County, who has the unusual distinction of succeeding her husband as a representative.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to who will be speaker of the house. Although it is useless to try to pick a winner out of such a race the writer believes that it is better to have picked and lost than never to have picked at all. Therefore he names R. Grady Johnson of Pender County, realizing that either Laurie McEachern of Hoke or W. L. Lumpkin of Franklin may be chosen. The only dark horse is Reginald L. Harris, speaker of '33 house, who is said to be in a "receptive" frame of mind.

Issues are not as lively a subject as personalities, but they are more important. Some of these issues undoubtedly will be: (1) taxation (as usual); (2) the problem of a new constitution to supplant the one of 1868; (3) teachers' salaries; (4) more stringent regulation of auto drivers, and other matters of equal importance. The writer will try for a field goal from the forty-yard line by predicting that the following pieces of legislation will be passed: retention of the sales tax; provision for a statewide constitutional convention or provision for the submission of the recently written constitution; retention of the state supported eight months' schools; retention of the second primary; and some kind of taxation reform. As to the question of prohibition I would hesitate to predict that the next legislature would be so foolhardy as to modify or repeal the Turlington Act in the face of the two to one majority rolled up in last year's referendum. It looks like North Carolinians will continue to vote dry and drink wet, in spite of the efforts of Senator Robert R. "Our Bob" Reynolds, Pete Murphy, Salisbury solon, Roy Francis, et al . . . .

Among those who will be "on the spot" very soon are Governor Ehringhaus and Lieutenant-Governor Sandy Graham. The former, it is whispered (even shouted in some sections of the state), will test his popularity against that of the versatile, eloquent, and enigmatic Senator Josiah William Bailey, this act to come off in the June Democratic primary in 1936. As for Mr. Graham it is quite generally conceded that he will try to make an end run for the governorship two years from now. Included among his tacklers and would-be tacklers are: Congressman Robert L. "Farmer Bob" Doughton; Clyde Roark Hoey, the silver-tongued orator from Shelby; Judge Wilson Warlick of Newton; the aforementioned Tam Bowie; Major L. P. McLendon, one of Greensboro's leading legal lights; and others who have not signified their intentions as yet.

When you go over to Raleigh to one of those basketball games this winter just drop by the capitol and sit in for an hour or so on a night session. It's a free show and promises to be one of the best in several years.

Spring Storm

"That last line—
Somehow a bit angular;
And the pigment,
Somewhat too deep.

"More of light here,
Of darkness, there;
The color of the whole,
A trifle subdued."

Vexedly,
Perplexedly,
God, with His sheetlightning,
Erases: paints over, again.

How he thunders,
As he blunders,
At his canvas
In the sky.

—FLEETA MARTIN.

The Essential Liberalism

by JOE SUGARMAN

TO MANY STUDENTS has come gradually a conviction that liberalism at the University of North Carolina is some sacred possession which David Clark, the Tatum Petitioners, and the state legislature are eternally seeking to pilfer. They are not quite sure what it is, but they know it is valuable. Dr. Frank Graham told them so. Mechanically they intone, "Carolina may not have much money, it may have lost to Duke last year, but it has its great liberal tradition."

Another set of undergraduates tends to question the very existence of liberalism on the campus. The slightest middle-of-the-stream sentiment in *The Daily Tar Heel*, a mild objection to student rowdyism from South building, the failure of a foreign language picture at the local theatre impels them to sneer that this liberalism is rank hokum. To them it is an empty adjective to be tacked on to a noun that is itself questionable.

And still another group, including much of the faculty and administration as well as campus leaders, trumpets its own conception of Chapel Hill's liberalism. Their idea, by far the most vocal and popular, rests on certain concrete evidences, particular shining thrusts at the conservatives, daring rebuffs to the textile interests, and dramatic salvation for harrassed radicals. Dr. Frank Graham never fails to associate liberalism at the University with the fact that Norman Thomas and Bertrand Russell were permitted to speak from the University rostrum. *The Daily Tar Heel* has often during recent years inflated itself with pride over North Carolina's ability to avoid going the way of Tennessee in the matter of evolution. Numerous faculty members whisper to students that of course the University is liberal, just look at the Socialists in our department. Students themselves thump their chests at their open-mindedness manifested chiefly in not tar-and-feathering a Communist student or permitting a branch of the radical National Student's League to function on the campus. It is liberal for President Graham to contend that the University belongs to the state, for him to defend labor's right to organize. This group also maintains that it is liberal to have an innocuous member of Dr. Wirt's famous dinner party on the campus just when the red-scare was simultaneously invading the national capital and the offices of *The Southern Textile Bulletin*. In effect, one may be a liberal, not by expressing a particular faith or social theory, but rather by abstaining from persecuting one who does.

Thus liberalism is a confused, sprawling, almost contradictory concept on the campus. Everybody is for it. Everybody sincerely believes that it has made the University what it is to-day. For example, the administration frequently becomes a trifle chesty because it does not attempt to censor professorial lectures. That, you see, is liberalism at its very best; then it is making a great University. Further, everybody unfailingly tags the University as liberal. And most seldom ask themselves just what they mean.

II.

The term "liberal" is in particular disrepute in political and social thinking to-day. Recently a contributor to *Harper's* magazine announced quite finally that the liberals had not only blundered, but that they were bankrupt; they had been caught off guard and had been absorbed by conservatives and radicals. The great elucidator, Walter Lippmann, attempted a reply to this funeral oration in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*. For once his powers of perception and analysis failed him; Lippmann, strain as he might, could make out only a shadowy case for the contemporary "liberal."

A similar disrepute is rapidly corroding the term as used here at Chapel Hill. Is it a manifestation of our liberalism to open Memorial and Gerrard Halls to speakers of any race, creed, or political faith? Is it a sign of intellectual freedom to give professors free sway in their classrooms? Are any of the concrete evidences of liberalism so carefully caressed and so shrilly proclaimed by so many people in Chapel Hill truly illustrative of the kind of liberalism which should be prized by a University which reckons itself as a great institution?

After all does the very idea of a university itself not imply most of the "liberal" manifesta-

tions cherished by the campus "liberals." For centuries unrestricted opinion, unhampered research, uncensored printed and vocal expression have been the keystones of educational institutions. True enough, often they have been unrealized, are still a long way from being universally demonstrated in the educational set-up. Yet implicitly everywhere and explicitly in many cases such freedom as many North Carolinians tend to call University liberalism has long been the possession of universities. Every university, no matter how reactionary, likes to fancy that it is giving its students a liberal education. The Greeks in Plato's Academy and Aristotle's Lyceum nourished it; the great Renaissance universities of Italy operated on a reasonably complete open-mindedness; Roger Bacon perhaps ennunciated the principles first in England; and as recently as Cardinal Newman, the spirit of such liberalism was patent in men who thought on the nature of a university.

Chapel Hill is not peculiarly liberal in the university sense when it opens its door to radicals, to negroes, to atheists. It is merely fulfilling its first obligation as a university; it is justifying its existence as an institution seeking truth. To be sure, one can point to other universities and claim that they do not follow suit. But are they great universities? Does Pittsburgh with its disgraceful Turner incident enjoy the reputation Carolina does? Do any of the other universities in the South, for example, measure up to Carolina? Primarily they do not because they run counter not to a spirit of liberalism, but to the very reason for their establishment. By local or sectional contrast, Carolina might seize upon its permitting a Socialist to address the student body as liberal. Restriction elsewhere hardly strengthens Carolina's liberalism. Should it remember that it is a great national school rather than merely an outstanding sectional institution, it would realize that it does not enjoy the unique position it sometimes imagines. Socialists talk at Harvard, but Cambridge has never been noted a liberal center. A concept of university liberalism must go beyond the bounds of any particular state or section. It must place itself on a university basis not a regional or political foundation.

III.

In what, then, rests the University's liberalism? If it is only meeting an inherent obligation by laughing off the Tatum petition, how is it liberal? Surveying the national scene, one can find a liberalism at Chapel Hill that is distinctive, unique, perhaps indigenous. The core of the University's liberalism is the incontestable truth that at Chapel Hill there exists student control with faculty co-operation rather than faculty domination with student association. Again and again comparison and contrast with other universities demonstrates that Carolina has as highly-developed a student government as functions in the country. Its value is rooted in the spirit of co-operation between students and faculty administration. Conventions of the National Student Federation witness students from other universities astonished at the degree of student control at Chapel Hill. No better example of the disproportion between the liberalism of Carolina and that of most other American universities exists than the amazement of the Carolina delegates at an N. S. F. A. convention which voted to approve faculty censorship of student publications. There, in that action, the Carolina men felt a violation of the University's liberalism, a vast chasm between itself and many other so-called liberal institutions.

Thus the liberalism worth boasting of, worthy of preservation and cultivation is the variety manifested in the Student Audit Board, which controls and checks student fees, the Student Council, which adjudicates student infringements on student law and custom, the Publications Union Board, which supervises student expenditures for the four publications. Most important of all, perhaps, though least known, is the Student Advisory Board, which meets twice a month with faculty members to advise President Graham on University matters affecting student life. Its complement is the Student Activities Committee which seats faculty members with students to advise campus organizations on student issues affecting the University administration. On none of these boards is there a faculty majority. The circle is complete. The links of liberalism have been almost perfectly forged at Chapel Hill, so well made that they are beginning to be taken for granted. A liberalism, however, which deputes responsibility in important affairs to intelligent students is infinitely more telling of the life of a University than one which merely exposes them to varieties of thought and expression. A liberalism which yields to the student

a confidence in his own powers to manage himself is inestimable.

And of what value can this other, "popular" type of liberalism be when it does not proceed directly from the student? Because it is the will of the student body at Chapel Hill radicals are not run out of town on a rail. Faith and trust have been placed in the intelligence of the student to determine his own affairs and arrive at his own conclusions. Unless the student body actually desired to hear Norman Thomas, cramming him down its throat, merely because it was a "liberal" act, would scarcely achieve the purpose of a liberal University.

In order to achieve a great University the popular brand of liberalism must be validated by a liberalism developing from student control. It might be ventured that the reason Norman Thomas does not speak at reactionary colleges is not only that they are conservative in the political sense, but also that they fail to encourage student government and student-faculty co-operation. A student body which does not feel manly enough to govern itself will hardly feel capable of receiving ideas different from those on which it was intellectually weaned.

Thus the process of liberalism at Chapel Hill is evident. There is in this small town a spirit worthy of great pride. It lives not so much in the comparative tinsel of letting a Socialist through the wall, as in a meeting in which faculty and students sit down to discuss the advisability of fraternity pledges moving into fraternity houses. Liberalism at Carolina has been provincial in its origin; certainly it has been within the confines of the University itself. Without this liberalism of student government with faculty co-operation no other kind of freedom would have been worthwhile. It is Chapel Hill's to hold aloft.

Scallions to the Germans

by GRACIE

THERE COMES a time in almost every co-ed's life when she must go to a set of German Club dances. A few years ago this was not definitely so, for before 1929 the majority of the dates for the dance were not students here. Only a few of the co-eds went to any of the big sets of dances in their two years of school. Co-eds need not think that their increase in numbers at the dances indicates that they have gained in popularity. It merely proves that the boys have discovered that it is far more economical to take a co-ed to the dances than to have a girl come from some other part of the state or country. She must be fed four meals a day,* supplied with orchid corsages, and constantly entertained. The co-ed, on the other hand, is equipped for inexpensive action.

But to return to the original invitation and its immediate consequences. Of course it is thrilling to be invited . . . and the thrill lasts anywhere from two minutes to twenty-four hours, depending inversely upon the number of times the co-ed has been to the German Club dances. The first thought, after the "lucky" girl has regained normality, is of clothes. Ordinarily a set of dances requires, at the least, two tea dresses and two evening dresses. And the usual co-ed, after wearing her evening clothes to so many Grails, fraternity dances, and class proms, feels that it is necessary to increase her wardrobe by one or two new gowns so that she will not be too completely overwhelmed amid the finery of the outside girls. The lowest price of a dress fit for the glorious Germans is fifteen dollars, which, when multiplied by two, three, or four, is enough to make any father weep. And the boys complain about their expenses!

Although Miss Glottz of Wheeling, West Virginia, may get a real thrill out of the dances themselves, the co-ed's general experience is close to misery. About the only saving grace is a good orchestra like Hal Kemp's, one to which she can listen, for she certainly does tire of dancing. Of course all the usual annoyances and disturbances at dances are present at the Germans. Alcoholic partners, wild fury in preparation, lost jewelry, surprisedly damaged clothing, stiff chaperones, being teased for dates, and trying to get the

*(For a girl is something like Napoleon's army. She dances on her stomach.)

right date all contribute toward making the event one of supreme and confounded confusion.

But the Germans have their special problem for the co-ed. She goes to it a recognized, well-known product, who's dance value has long been set by the eligible males. Even if she is attractive, she has a devil of a time competing with less attractive but unknown quantities from outside Chapel Hill. Of course the few superlative co-eds hold their own, but in general life is pretty much of a bore and a mess for the co-ed at the Germans. Not that she wouldn't go every chance she got, but she does know what's in store for her.

The dances themselves are formal and stuffy. They lack the youthful abandon of either the May Frolics of the Junior-Seniors, and are certainly a long way from the Grail. People go around with a funny kind of pride and haughtiness that sometimes means, "Look what social dogs we are, We got Isham Jones." And then too, everyone at Germans who comes from Chapel Hill is just bored to death with the general stiffness of the atmosphere.

But the co-ed's real trouble centers around the dancing itself. Instead of the accustomed five or six breaks during a piece (which the fairly popular co-ed receives), the cuts come about one to a piece. This alone is enough to make a co-ed feel that she has suddenly acquired a particularly obnoxious case of halitosis. The boys who ordinarily dance with her rush by, usually, to be sure, urged on by some other boy shouting the virtues of his "out-of-town girl" and declaiming, "She's a honey. Come on. I'll introduce you." And the boy follows along to meet the honey—All this is just lots of fun for the co-ed—The slowness of the dragging dance, the three thousand people rubbing elbows and shins with her, and perhaps the most embarrassing of all, her sudden urgent need for creating clever conversation, after being accustomed to limiting her time and repartee to "Hey," "Yeah, man," and the cliche "Be good" do not add to her comfort. And the co-eds enjoy going to the German Club dances . . . . "Yeah, man"!

Seen Last Month

"R.U.R."

Much-publicized was *R. U. R.* as indicative of a new trend in the policy of the Playmakers. The production showed that the group has lost none of its bad habits of old and has acquired a few new ones. Dubious casting, shoddy acting, and a generally cramped style prevented *R. U. R.* from being more than the suggestion of a capable performance. Parker, Spann, Miss Deppe and Miss Norman showed by their acting that they comprehended the meaning of the piece. The balance of the cast was hampered either by inherent lack of ability or faulty direction and interpretation. *R. U. R.*, despite the Playmakers' characterization of Alquist does not leave the eternal solution up to God. The settings, particularly Henry Pearson's second act, were brilliant and meaningful. It is to be regretted that the actors failed to inject as much meaning into their work as the scenic designers. Most lamentable, of course, is the play itself. Illogical, melodramatic, technically faulty from start to finish, its poor quality demanded a superlative cast and production. But how could that have been achieved, when members of the cast tell us that not one of the Big Three in the Playmakers will claim responsibility for choosing *R. U. R.*?

●

Walter Hampden

That Shakespeare is something more than a book for the fireside or a reason for more doctoral demonstrated Hampden's production of *Hamlet* demonstrated. While the great actor did not overlook or minimize the philosophic import of the piece, he could not but play it as "good theatre." The sheer actability of Hamlet's feigned madness, the ghost scenes, the struggle between Hamlet and Laertes is enough to jerk the modern playgoer into realizing that primarily Shakespeare was a man who knew show business thru and thru. Hampden's individual performance was superb, and remarkably enough for a star he surrounded himself with a competent if not distinguished company. His Ophelia in particular was impressive. She was Ophelia, the young girl, forsaken by her love, driven to youthful madness, free from any cosmic groaning.

The following evening's *Macbeth* was a distinct

let-down, chiefly because the cast was weaker. Hampden again showed his ability to read blank verse intelligently and was Macbeth to the hilt. The general performance, however, was listless and uninspired, saved only by the indestructible magic of Shakespeare's art. Not even a Playmaker production could kill Shakespeare.

●

The Screen

Of special note among the pictures of last month were Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" which indicated that some day grand opera will be possible on the screen. Her singing, splendid as it was, hardly matched the intelligence with which the picture was produced. Hope lies therein for Hollywood. Equally diverting was Helen Hayes' "What Every Woman Knows" which is to date the best presentation of semi-whimsical material in the cinema. Miss Hayes' own delightful acting was rivaled seriously by Brian Aherne, who looks like a new type of leading man—one with brains. Best of all the offerings, however, were "Poil de Carotte," French film and the German "Maedchen in Uniform." The former showed that Shirley Temple's work is not child-acting at its best, while the latter despite the slovenly interjected vocalization proved that a thoroughly exciting picture can have an important adult idea. Together they suggest that foreign films are already being made with considerable more thought and care than American products. When they achieve the technical perfection of our films, Hollywood, watch out!

●

James Stephens

THE IRISH POET'S visit did much to stimulate campus interest in poetry and gave Dr. Booker ample opportunity to make a delightful introductory address. Stephens's reading of his poems, however, was disappointing. He lectured and elucidated much more than he read and frequently wandered off into ultra-technical matters. Furthermore, his manner of reciting and singing his verse is open to question. More often than not he was obliged to compose a tune to fit the words where the words themselves were not sufficiently musical to account for his singing. The lecture on the Irish Renaissance left the Renaissance just about where it was, but Stephens's ease and informality charmed everyone. A little more meat would have been appreciated, but we, who have heard so few worthy lecturers recently, are hardly privileged to complain.—J. S.

To Be Seen This Month

On the Platform

Efrem Zimbalist, the great violinist, appears December 6th at Memorial Hall as the second number on the Student Entertainment Committee's series. His reputation, equal with that of Kreisler and Heifetz, has been founded on his ability to humanize his playing. Although a superb technician, he never falls into coldness and objectivity of Albert Spalding, for example. Zimbalist, whose concerts are becoming fewer each year, is popular for his willingness to combine his keen appreciation with the desires of his audience.

●

On the Stage

Favorite Son Paul Green's *Shroud My Body Down* comes from the Koch workshop on December 6, 7, and 8. Naturally any Green play merits attention in Chapel Hill, and the fact that he is rumoured to be experimenting with entirely new material and innovating in technique makes the event even more attractive. The Playmakers have taken particular trouble with the cast which should produce better acting.

●

On the Screen

"Bundling," the Puritan custom of salubriously permitting unwed men and women to occupy the same bed is the theme of "The Pursuit of Happiness" which comes to the local Carolina Theatre December 5. As a stage play in New York last winter it was one of the distinct successes of the season. Oddly enough "Great Expectations," adapted from Victorian Charles Dickens' novel follows this piece. Special interest will be manifested in the picture because it marks the screen debut of Henry Hull who earned the right to contemporary greatness by his recent performance in *Tobacco Road.*

The howl for another Loy-Powell picture to follow the magnificent "Thin Man" is answered in "Evelyn Prentice" due December 7.

Outstanding items for later in the month are the picturization of John Erskine's novel of a Columbia undergraduate, "Bachelor of Arts" on the 11th and Greta Garbo's return on the 14th in the film version of James Huneker's powerful novel about decadent artists, "The Painted Veil."

Reviewing the Books

ALL THE SKELETONS IN ALL THE CLOSETS. *Keith Fowler. Macaulay. New York. 312 pp. $2.50.*

Under a title facetiously promising an expose, Keith Fowler has written a comedy of New York racketeers which, despite many characteristics of the cheap novel, is well-written in parts. An over-fondness for what are called "boudoir intimacies," occasional phrases that are too figurative, and his heroine's spirited sweetness are partly compensated for by the swiftness of action in the first chapters. His book, if any comparison is to be made, is somewhat reminiscent of the recent movie, "The Thin Man."

All the Skeletons . . . is the story of three rogues—obese Kiser, lecherous Ragan, and dull-witted Mull—who publish a blackmail-scandal sheet called *The Social Arbiter.* With *The Arbiter* as their weapon, they roam the limitless preserves of the suckers, social strivers, and society's own who have been indecorous. Despite a temporary success, they soon encounter—to quote the ballyhoo on the jacket—a "nervy Tammany politician, a stock-broken with a punch, and an Irish debutante with morals." Then, in true comic-strip fashion, they find their way into state supported institutions of detention. Throughout the whole, a young Bostonian sweetly labeled Jimmy drifts on an aimless course and eventually marries the "courageous" Irish debutante.

However, the most interesting point in connection with Mr. Fowler's novel arises not because of what it is but as a result of what it is not. Fowler, accounted a campus radical during his undergraduate days at Chapel Hill, makes no effort to be sensational, to reform or to expose. Instead the history of a blackmail sheet (this one actually existed and Fowler was a member of its staff) is treated in its proper place—as an amusing story. It is disappointing, of course, that an alumnus does not produce something of greater value. But everyone must eat. Nevertheless, though the publishers are being a bit reckless when they declare that a new star has arisen in the literary sky, it is possible that something nebulous has appeared in the person of Keith Fowler.—JIM DANIELS.

WHEN YELLOW LEAVES. *Ethel Boileau. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 303 pp.. $2.50.*

When Yellow Leaves is a novel of tradition and change. Around Vane Royal, the ancestral country home of Sir Anthony Vane, Ethel Boileau has created a picture of struggle between the loyalties of the past and the altered faiths of a new order. Sir Anthony is the traditional, conservative aristocrat, his trust in the *Times,* his heart inseparably linked to Vane Royal and its past. His children represent the new outlook. There is Rosemary, light-hearted, careless, unconscious of the mind of her own father; there is Eric, little more than a wastrel; and there is Michael, whom the War has given a crusading faith in a revolutionized future.

At Vane Royal the old order is passing. While Sir Anthony struggles outwardly to hold together a fast dwindling estate, he wonders inwardly how much longer Vane Royal can remain the home of his family. Will the children understand and carry on before it is too late? The answer to that question is Mrs. Boileau's story. But when that answer is finally given, Sir Anthony is beyond all hearing.

When Yellow Leaves is a curious book. There are moments, particularly moments of struggle between the ideas and ideals of two generations, when Mrs. Boileau succeeds in building up to a powerful climax. Her genuine interest in a problem of tremendous scope is apparent in her strong, vivid presentation. Yet, at other times, the book descends to a level of conversational dribble distinctly unworthy of its theme. Many paragraphs become suggestive more than anything else of the pulp magazine type of fiction. At the conclusion Mrs. Boileau seems almost to be bolstering up her own sense of the dramatic and of the important. The reader may very likely fail to discover there the monumental courage which is obviously declared as present, and be left not entirely satisfied with the rather unimpressive ends of the several characters.

Mrs. Boileau has put her finger on a true problem. It is unfortunate that the heights which she several times reaches in the course of her narrative could not have been maintained throughout.—VINCENT WHITNEY.

BEHIND THE FRONT PAGE. *Wilbur Forrest. New York. D. Appleton-Century Co. 350 pp. $2.50.*

CITY EDITOR. *Stanley Walker. New York. Frederick Stokes & Co. 336 pp. $3.00.*

Despite a stuffy editorial policy of political arch-Republicanism and economic toryism the New York *Herald-Tribune* is today ranked at the top of American metropolitan newspapers by the excellency of its city news, unexcelled in Manhattan, and its foreign dispatches, the work of one of the best-trained foreign staffs in newspaper history. And within the month two men more responsible for these qualities of journalistic excellence than any bring forth volumes calculated to tickle both the members of their profession and the lay newspaper public.

Unfortunate Mr. Forrest's *Behind The Front Page* is undistinguished by little save a weak delineation of his methods in gathering sensational news scoops. One gathers that he has experienced quite an exciting career. But like an article in any Sunday's issue of the New York *Times,* Mr. Forrest begins with nothing and works to a conclusion in the same vein. The pathos, the drama, behind the collection of the news, with the exception of a little choice sniping at him and other newspaper correspondents by Sinn Feiners and myopic Chinese, is graciously omitted. Obviously there is more behind the front page than Mr. Forrest's restraint would indicate.

I can best point to an example that strikes somewhere home. A friend of ours, let us call him Mr. Doakes, in a remote way was assigned to cover the textile disturbances (*sic*) at Sea Girt, N. J., by his press service, and while there engaged in a minor bachanal with some

erstwhile gentlemen of the press. Returning home to his seaside hotel he stumbled into bed, became sick and rushed to the window . . . . low and behold! Eight miles to sea lay the blazing Morro Castle. In a minute cold sober, he had New York and Washington on the telephone; in a few hours an exclusive story and a forty-five minute beat on the competing news service. Things like that lie behind the front page.

It is an old axiom in newspaper offices that the public doesn't particularly give a damn about the newspaper man. Stanley Walker, young, thorough, opinionated city editor of the *Herald-Tribune* has forever dispelled this axiom, which must have been a rumor at best. To say that *City Editor* is one of the most fascinating books of this or any other season is biting off quite a chunk. To say that it is one of the best written yarns of newspaperdom is taking another chaw in the same direction.

But at the risk of becoming irreverent I feel that *City Editor* will endure as a Bible for newspapermen and an outstanding non-fictional work for the folks who think the news is poured into a hopper and comes out in type. Each chapter of Walker's work (a city editor is too regular a guy to be tagged "Mister") is a minor classic in itself.

The author feels strongly on a number of subjects. He thinks that editorials need to be more informative, that the trade could do without newspaperwomen, that crime news in a paper benefits the public, that schools of journalism are so-so, that unionism in news writing ranks (American Newspaper Guild) has its dark side, and a host of other observations of pedantic stature.

Walker has struck home. His volume is interesting, educational, as well written as his own edited city news, and full of information invaluable to news readers and newspaper men alike. At the conclusion he has picked outstanding news stories by such journalists as Meyer Berger, Alva Johnston, Ishbel Ross, J. J. O'Neill, and St. Clair McKelway, the latter, incidentally, a native of Charlotte, and run them as a sort of text. We give notice that *City Editor* is our candidate for a Pulitzer prize, that is, if they give one for something this good. They probably don't.—D.V.L.

THE MEANING OF MARX. *Edited by Sidney Hook. Farrar & Rinehart. New York. 144 pp. $1.00.*

The past few years have witnessed a pronounced, widespread, and increasing interest in the doctrines of Karl Marx, not only in purely political circles but in all fields of cultural activity. Marx's importance in the history of human thought is not to be underestimated; and anyone professing to be familiar with our contemporary cultural scene should have some general knowledge of Marxist doctrine, regardless of any political position he may maintain.

The Meaning of Marx purports to be a brief introduction to Marx for the general reader, presenting not only a summary of the Marxist position but arguments for and against that position. The table of contents reads as follows: "An introduction to the study of Marx," by Sherwood Eddy; "The Meaning of Marx," by Sidney Hook; "Why I am not a Communist:" (1) Bertrand Russell, (2) John Dewey, (3) Morris Cohen; "Why I am a Communist," by Sidney Hook.

Professor Hook's articles are by far the most valuable in the book. His exposition of Marx is clear, concise, and apparently free from emotionalistic misinterpretation; and his defense of the Marxist position is built firmly and logically on a unified materialistic point of view, exhibiting a fine and very admirable respect for the discipline of scientific method. He clears away a great deal of the popular so called "Marxist" rubbish that has accumulated recently, especially the element of mysticism and the theories that are obviously motivated by personal desires. Those who consider communism as a system hostile to individual freedom should be interested in the formulation of his position that *"the free development of personality remains its ideal;* difference, uniqueness, independence and creative originality are intrinsic values to be fostered and strengthened."—D. W. ROBERTSON.

SWING YOUR MOUNTAIN GAL. *Rebecca Cushman. Boston. Houghton Mifflin. 150 pp. $2.50.*

Does it ever occur to a mountaineer to read the "folksey" plays, poems and stories written about him? If a brawny old son of the hills could read some of the material in which he is the principal subject, he would probably say, "This is plumb foolishness."

Not so our intelligentsia, who, like the poor, are always with us. The folk movement has found a devout following in the best drawing rooms during the past few years. Innumerable writers have tried their hand at depicting the lives and loves of the backwoodsmen, and reams of printed matter is the result. As a consequence, it is difficult to work oneself into a state of breathless excitement over new additions to the literature of the hill tribes with all their kith and kin.

The latest contribution is a volume of folk poetry, *Swing Your Mountain Girl*, by Rebecca Cushman. Miss Cushman is a North Carolinian by birth and collected her material from first hand sources. The book is composed of twenty-seven poetic sketches illustrated by the author.

These long poems in blank verse are smooth in tempo and in the dialogue the rugged speech of the hill folk is skillfully fitted into the rythm. The subject matter consists of sketches illustrating the character and lives of mountaineers. Miss Cushman seeks evidently to exalt the plain, homely goodness of these people, and succeeds, although at times the reader can almost hear the faint, far-off tinkle of a salvation army band.

Most of the sketches almost approach the short story form. Despite a tendency to idealize, Miss Cushman has created definite characters, some of them typical tobacco-spitting, wind-burned, gaunt old creatures, while at other times we find original situations and personalities. The book emphasizes the domination of the man in the family life of these people, thus:

> "Yet her man
> Is her law and world, and she follows
> Without question because she must—
> A light in her eyes, a shadow in her heart."

Miss Cushman will naturally be of interest to Southerners and particularly to Carolinians. It is not an exceptionally outstanding book, but it is good, and will doubtlessly bring additional recognition to this North Carolina author.—ELLEN DEPPE.

WHEN THE LOOMS ARE SILENT. *Maxence Van der Meersch. (Translated by Frederick A. Blossom). William Morrow & Co. New York. 312 pp. $2.50.*

Poet-author, Van der Meersch is a native of Rubaix, France and a one-time student at 'Lille Universitaire.' He knows the mill town about which he writes, and he does so with a vividness and grace that captures immediate and un-interrupted attention.

When The Looms Are Silent deals with a modern strike. But no politico-economic thesis is developed. Those against whom the strike was voted are treated with the same sympathy as those who suffered from their own vote. Five long and hungry months the strike lasts, and in that time Laure must bring into the world a fatherless child; little Popo is killed in a street riot; Pierre blinds a 'garde-mobile' who had fed him when he was starving. There are Reine's sisters who take up with lovers that they may eat, and Gervais who stumbles home, half-frozen to find his wife sleeping with a stranger.

Denoots who loved his laborers is ruined, and is burned in his own truck when he is set upon by the hate-crazed strikers. They are all sad and bewildered humans who are the victims of their own stupidity and ignorance.

Van der Meersch has written no clarion call to arm against either capitalism or socialism. He has pictured in the fashion of Zola man in his blundering march from the womb to the grave. Nothing ends, nothing is settled; another "triumph of human stupidity" with the bright sparkle and bleak sadness of understanding that gives this splendid book meaning.—PHILIP PARKER.

THE FOLKS. *Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. New York. 727 pp. $3.00.*

THE EXECUTIONER WAITS. *Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace, Inc. New York. 362 pp. $2.50.*

These two novels are by women from Iowa who have already established themselves as contending figures in contemporary fiction. Miss Suckow's work is her first to achieve distinction, while *The Executioner Waits* is the second installment in a trilogy covering the United States from 1860 to date. As Iowans both women display native qualities without ever succumbing to a narrow regionalism. *The Folks* is vast, lengthy, and expansive. Leisurely it traces a typical mid-western up the generations against a rural background. It owes something to Dickens for its characterization, something to the Republicans for its philosophy, and much to Ruth Suckow for its individuality.

The author has the ability to develop characters, placid though they may be. A number of the multitude seem to grow with the country that is for ever becoming "bigger and better." Yet over all the passion and humanity that pervades the writing and thinking there is almost a neighborly calm. Certainly there is hope and confidence in the mid-west as "the backbone of the nation." Something about folks, perhaps the very fact that people can be called "folks" instead of individuals gives the book purpose and convincingness.

It lacks the epic quality, which some critics have assigned to it, because its canvass is broad merely in time. Sociologically it remains limited, although not provincial. Miss Suckow has made a real advance over her short stories, but compression is an art she might cultivate.

Miss Herbst is obviously indebted to John Dos Passos' *The 42nd Parallel* for the more striking features of her technique. The kaleidoscopic method in time, space, place, and action is used with considerable effectiveness throughout this bitter commentary on American life of the middle years between the Civil and the World Wars. Unfortunately, as one critic has hinted, the writer in taking over Dos Passos' technique fails to take over his sympathy and understanding. The picture she paints is technically perfect, but it is cold and motionless. A painting which does nothing more than grieve pessimistically is questionable.

There are, however, all thru *The Executioner Waits* indications that Miss Herbst is in a transition stage between optimism and despair. She is muddled and embittered in her thinking; she wants to be proletarian but her very objectivity defeats her. Her style is excellent for its strength of expression, its variety, and its sheer power to dazzle by epithet and idea. As a thinking novel, Miss Herbst's is well up near the top of the season's list. As a feeling novel it must take lower rank. When she succeeds in whipping down this all-fired coldness, she may be expected to be one of the truly distinguished novelists of this generation. No one with her gift for prose can be denied a place high on the scrolls of sincere critics.—J. S.

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE. *Irwin H. ("Ike") Hoover. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. 332 pp. $3.50.*

Motivated by the same instinct which bids them turn to the feature story in the morning paper on what the President eats for breakfast, thousands of good Americans will read the reminiscences of the chief usher in the White House for the inside story of what has gone on behind the scenes in the Executive Mansion for over four decades.

They will not be disappointed. *Forty-two Years* is as easy to read as a newspaper article, and twenty times as interesting. In intimate daily contacts with ten presidents and their families, in charge of welcoming all guests to the White House and making them feel at home, "Ike" Hoover had a singularly fine opportunity to watch the men who made history in action. His impressions are fascinating and diverting reading.

Frankly, honestly, and with no pretense to literary style, the book parades incident after incident of interest or significance that the newspapers never knew or told. "Ike" Hoover was no fool, but some of his impressions are the more valuable because of his naiveté in setting them down. For instance, his respectful description of Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, the second Mrs. Wilson, as "an impressive widow" is a terse and exactly accurate portrait of that lady.

Official Washington's sense of its own importance is not a failing which Hoover shares. He does not hesitate to set down his own opinions—and they are informing, since he had plenty of first-hand observation to base them on—but there is little of "Ike" for his own sake in his reminiscences. Of the ten presidents he served, Wilson was his hero, Coolidge the least agreeable. The Theodore Roosevelts he regarded as a sort of three ring circus: "While the newspapers exaggerated the stories about other Presidential families, in the case of the Roose-

velts they had to tone down the facts for fear of being disbelieved . . . . The Roosevelt children took delight also in roller skating and bicycle-riding all over the house, especially on the smooth hardwood floors."

The chapter on Wilson's courtship of Mrs. Galt is perhaps the most amusing sequence of incidents in the book. One does not think of the austere war-president driving the Washington florists to distraction to produce enough orchids for Mrs. Galt, letting affairs of state slide while he drove, walked or talked with her, or racking the Congressional Library for quotations to express his feelings, shocking his family with what they considered ill-timed ardor. (The first Mrs. Wilson had been dead less than a year when the courtship reached its violent stage.)

Hoover's intimate accounts of the functions and personalities of the White House divest it, however, of none of its glamour. Anyone who has ever walked across Lafayette Square on a crisp winter's night and seen the White House a blaze of lights and glory has shared the sensation of history in the making which permeates the chief usher's account of his forty-two years. *Forty-two Years* will be of value chiefly to historians and biographers, but it will be of interest to virtually everybody.—NELSON LANSDALE.

MISSISSIPPI VERSE. *Edited by Alice James. Introduction by Dr. A. P. Hudson. University of North Carolina Press. Chapel Hill. 144 pp. $1.50.*

In compiling this anthology of Mississippi verse, Miss James has encountered as her principal difficulty, a lack material. For, although Mississippi has produced a considerable amount of literary talent in this century, there are not enough recognized contemporary writers to furnish material for an anthology of sufficiently wide scope. Miss James has consequently been forced to resort largely to the unpublished writings of high school and college poets and the side-line efforts of mature men and women following other vocations. This obviously divides the poets represented in the volume into two classes, those who have enjoyed an extensive publication of their works and those who have not, although the anthologists makes no such distinction.

In drawing from the verse of the latter class of poets, Miss James has consciously departed from the usual objective of an anthologist, to collect the best poems of the best poets. But this procedure finds justification in the anthologist's aim as expressed by Dr. Hudson in his introduction: "to give wide representation to present-day poetic effort."

In the rather violent fluctuation of poetic excellence lies the chief fault of the anthology. The immaturity of many poems of the less experienced writers is only accentuated by the polished works of the published writers. This fault is increased by the alphabetical arrangement, however novel and democratic it may be, which hopelessly jumbles the poets and practically prevents smooth reading. It is disconcerting to read a skillfully executed lyric by one of the better poets, only to turn the page and be plunged into some erotic soul expressing itself in thoroughly bad taste. It seems to the reviewer that this defect could have been corrected by arranging the poetry in the suggested divisions.—WALKER PERCY.

(Continued from page seven)

of colored social affairs, and they try to put the Negro June German on a respectable basis.

III.

A special reserved section of the warehouse is for white people who come to cheer and applaud the negroes and to be entertained by the "hot-cha" dancing of the darkies. They like to see the cook in fancy dancing with the grocery boy and the maid jigging with the chauffeur. At the last Negro June German almost as many white people were present as negroes.

The whites pay fifty cents to see the darkies dance and to listen to the orchestra. They get their money's worth and are highly appreciative of any extreme form of terpsichore engaged in by the negroes. White people become intensely disgusted when a bouncer attempts to make a couple cease what he believes to be vulgar dancing, and they give vent to their displeasure by booing the bouncers for warring on "hot dancers." The more vulgar the dancing is the louder the whites cheer, and when bouncers try to give risque dancers the bum's rush, cat-calls and razzes are heard from the white spectator's seats.

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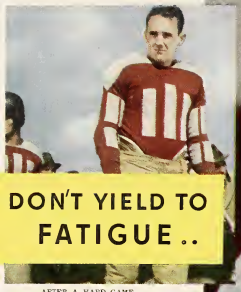
THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 3



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What Happens to Teachers Who Think

by JAMES M. SHIELDS

THE BOOK *Just Plain Larnin'*, published last January, was completed by March of 1932 after three years of intermittent writing. It was in the hands of its publishers by February of 1933, after which date a few minor deletions were made. The essential content had been thus determined upon and actually written long before the blackest hour in the finances of education in the state.

This statement is here made to correct an erroneous impression abroad to the effect that between August of 1933 and January of 1934 the author, suddenly embittered and disillusioned by the press of disastrous events, had run amuck and had miraculously written, had printed and published a full-length novel to "get even with his persecutors." Far from it. Those days were too filled with work and fight of another sort to permit of any literary efforts.

Besides, why repaint fiction with reality? The book already contained the essential picture of what had just occurred and what must occur further. In *Just Plain Larnin'* the forces in control of "Nugget City" beat back progressivism crudely but effectively and were content with nothing short of complete dominance of the school personnel. In the same way the controling forces in Winston-Salem and other North Carolina cities have ruthlessly squelched every effort to preserve a semblance of initiative and democracy in the public school system. Events of the past year in Winston-Salem especially have demonstrated dramatically the theme of *Just Plain Larnin'*.

Some years ago I ran across a suggestive little pamphlet entitled *What Happens to Teachers Who Think*, written by Scott Nearing. It is not the type of educational pamphlet one finds on the teachers' shelf of Carnegie libraries or even in teacher training institutions! A few progressive school people, to whom I showed it, laughed, shrugged their shoulders and passed it back quickly.

They were living in the days of riotous work, of great hopes, of exhausting satisfactions in the building of a durable pattern for the New Education. The hours of overtime happily spent in planning, executing, perfecting the newer philosophies in action allowed little time or inclination for awareness of the powerful forces so soon to jerk tight the controls and demolish our structure to the dead muck level of stagnation. Today, of the half dozen individuals, educational leaders all, who six short years ago laughed at the implications in Scott Nearing's pamphlet, only two have managed to retain their jobs at all, and those two under circumstances which daily make them more ashamed of themselves and the profession in which once they gloried.

What does happen to teachers who think—and having thought, speak and act forthrightly? They get fired, of course. Sometimes, as in my own case, the firing is done clumsily and crudely with disregard for the niceties of fictitious excuses which the public can be led to accept. But invariably the firing is done in some fashion. For if teachers as a class, with their tremendous potentialities for moulding public opinion, once break the feudal chains of job-fear and innate flunkyism which bind them to a decaying social structure, that structure must crash almost overnight. But those chains are skillfully forged. A martyr or two now and then but serves to temper their steel.

The happenings of the past twelve months in Winston-Salem and the present situation there aptly illustrate the above paragraph.

II.

When it first became known in December of 1933 that Jim Shields, Southside supervising principal of ten years service, was about to publish a school novel, there arose quite a ripple of excitement and anticipation. For this same Shields had been much talked of as local superintendent to succeed R. H. Latham, recently dismissed. Furthermore, he was known to practice a philosophy of education quite at variance with that of the new superintendent, John W. Moore, and to have opposed vigorously the ruthless elimination of local junior high schools and restrictions against other progressive phases of the school program. The day after publication the storm broke. Superintendent Moore returned five of the six copies of *Just Plain Larnin'* he had ordered from Watkins Book Store, and Watkins, fearful of the "im-

plications" involved, refused to sell the book. Everywhere there was consternation. For weeks the book was discussed and criticized. Teachers, shocked and pleased, apprehensive yet triumphant, heard on every hand the many and frightful fates to be meted out to the author. And yet nothing happened to the author. On no occasion did the powers that be, or their School Board henchman or even their school superintendent—despite free denunciation to their friends—intimate publicly or to the author himself just how they would handle this difficult matter. For action meant publicity—and that kind of publicity would be bad for business. They bided their time.

As the days rolled by and still nothing happened, the teachers began to perk up and wonder. Perhaps, after all, nothing would be done. Perhaps the bosses were actually afraid. Perhaps, despite all rules to the contrary, it was possible for a teacher to dare to think out loud—even to act, and get away with it. For the first time in Winston-Salem history teachers began to grow militant.

In May when Ralph MacDonald made his heroic stand for civil rights in the face of loss of job and possible defeat in the Democratic primary, the teachers of Winston-Salem not only unanimously endorsed a resolution lauding his stand, but rose in open meeting and met Superintendent Moore's timorous opposition to their action by telling him to his face what they thought about attempted coercion to keep them silent. I was proud to have sponsored that resolution.

Immediately the authorities woke up to this new and graver danger. Within twenty-four hours it was decided to get rid of Shields safely during the summer and temporarily to stem the tide of revolt by treating the teachers of a buffet supper paid for by members of the Board!

The events of the summer are well known. On July 30 I was given first intimation of the Board's action in not reelecting me, through the courtesy of a newspaper reporter. Immediately a furor arose. The Board, amazed at the flood of local and national protest, belatedly attempted inadequate explanations. Petitions circulated, editorials and news items all over the state and nation sizzled. Patrons, Parent-Teacher leaders, Labor Unions protested vehemently such flagrant violation of the fundamentals of so-called academic freedom. But the Board and their bosses, while very uncomfortable, remained adamant. The issues at stake were too vital. *Discipline* among teachers must be maintained at any price.

III.

But what of the teachers themselves? What of the innumerable individuals who, reduced almost to penury by the raids on salaries, facing inevitable increased intensity of restrictions of all kinds, looked upon the Shields case and cause as their own? What of the North Carolina Education Association, that supposedly professionally minded body with its Committee on Tenure and highly paid persuasive executive personnel? What of the many supposedly courageous liberals teaching in the state's institutions of higher learning? What of the members of Shields' own faculty and the many other teachers in Winston-Salem whose lives and interests had been so intimately linked with his as to label them as Dangerous Characters who would warrant close watching?

The chains had been too tightly forged. Only one single courageous professional voice lifted itself in the entire state, that of Ralph MacDonald, himself a recent victim of the same local forces. Officers of the North Carolina Education Association were loud in their silence. One of its officials explained in reply to an inquiry from outside the state that any attempt to take action in the Shields case "at this time would set back the movement for obtaining a tenure law for North Carolina teachers at least ten years." It was not that innumerable teachers, especially in Winston-Salem, did not seethe with indignation. But "this was not the time"—"we might lose our jobs"—"we are too scared even to talk about it among ourselves."

And so the incident passed into history. The system grinds on. This year in Winston-Salem and elsewhere teachers are experiencing new depths of regimented desolation, of despair at the restrictions against creative effort, of fearsome whispering, and of bitter memories. The Winston-Salem School Board breathes freely once again—for a time!

What happens to teachers who think — and having thought, ACT? Of course they are fired. But being fired is not necessarily fatal to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It may prove a blessed release! At least it encourages new thought, new freedom, new planning and action leading to the day—and there MUST be such a day—when the teachers of children need

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

The Willard Huntington Wright Murder Case

by WALKER PERCY

MANY S. S. Van Dine fans doubtless remember those fifteen months in 1928 and 1929 when they were guessing who S. S. Van Dine was. Probably never before in the literary history of America has the doffing of legal name and donning of a pseudonym been more successfully transacted. For fifteen months after the enthusiastic reception of *The Benson Murder Case* the identity of Van Dine remained a mystery. It was figuratively a premeditated murder of Willard Huntington Wright by S. S. Van Dine, as skillfully executed as one of the murders confronting the inimitable Philo Vance.

For almost a year and a half, a nation of detective story readers, writers, and critics speculated on his identity. But so baffling was the conspiracy between author and publisher, that Wright was even asked to review one of his own books. Many guesses were made, most of which were backed by convincing evidence. Van Dine was conclusively proved to be John Galsworthy, H. L. Mencken, Pola Negri, and "Ma" Ferguson. Only when Wright, weary of the intricacies of a double life and probably impatient to bathe in the amazing success of his "cases," submitted a caricature of himself to a Chicago paper, was the mystery cleared. But even then, when S. S. Van Dine was identified irrevocably with Willard Huntington Wright, most of Van Dine's readers remained in the dark. For the name Wright, after the household use of the name Van Dine, was comparatively obscure.

Wright began his literary career at the age of four, when he wrote a poem, terrible, he says, even for a four-year-old, and has written incessantly ever since. He attended seven universities, rebelling at the restrictions of each, and taking only the courses which interested him. At Harvard he took degrees in anthropology and ethnology. After his work at Harvard until the early twenties, he occupied many positions on leading newspapers and periodicals of the country, such as music critic of *The San Francisco Bulletin* and literary editor of *Forum*, established quite a reputation as an art critic, and wrote several books on various and unrelated subjects.

In 1923 Wright suffered a nervous breakdown resulting from overwork and was confined to his bed for two years. His doctor prescribed light reading and before he had entirely recovered, he had read practically every detective story in the language, beginning with Poe and Gaboriau and coming up to date. He discovered that, as in aesthetics, certain principles underlay the detective novel technique, and it occurred to him that it would be interesting and possibly profitable to apply these principles. He immediately set to work and wrote thirty thousand word synopses for four thrillers, featuring Philo Vance. Not wishing his mystery stories to be judged by his previous works, he adopted an old family name, "Van Dine," and prefixed it with an "S. S." to make it sound good (Wright doggedly maintains that the "S.S." means nothing whatsoever). He had no trouble finding a publisher; the first firm he sounded, Charles Scribner's Sons, was quick to recognize the appeal of the work, and in a few weeks the first installment of *The Benson Murder Case* had appeared in *Scribners' Magazine.*

II.

Such was the birth of S. S. Van Dine. It was the ostensible literary extinction of Willard Huntington Wright; it was also the actual.

With the assumption of his *nom de plume*, a sort of literary reincarnation seems to have taken place in Wright. The former courageous herald of the new *aesthetique* became suddenly the casual dilletante who employed his erudition in padding murder plots, a literary da Vinci rested prematurely on the fruits of his labor. From the popular viewpoint, however, Wright's desertion of his frugal intellectual writings is by no means regrettable. His efforts, which were formerly mulled over by a select few, were now enjoyed by hundreds of thousands. Wright might even be considered the martyr to detective fiction, for he sacrificed his beloved aesthetics for the detective story which he undertook successfully to raise from the ranks of an inferior art. No longer were detective novels read surreptitiously, for one was not only entertained by Van Dine but educated; Vance's suave discourses on Chinese ceramics or Egyptology were found to be as informative as they were amusing. And contrary to precedent, the psychology-conscious American

public, found, in the Van Dine mysteries, plots which were psychologically sound.

In view of Wright's recent success in fiction, it is peculiar to note that his work under his own name is with one exception non-fictional. Though his journalistic abilities embraced practically every phase of literature, his talent seems to have been best suited to criticism and aesthetical theorizing. Through the medium of the magazine and newspaper article he allied himself with certain trends in modern thought and vigorously opposed others. Nor did the radical nature or unpopularity of any issue temper his vehemence. He seemed rather to take keen delight in opposing the concensus of opinion. During the wartime years preceding America's entrance, Wright was one of the few writers who dared defend Germany. It was Wright, who, with characteristic gusto, berated women at every opportunity during the white heat of the women suffrage movement. In the capacity of champion of America's literary independence, Wright produced his *Misinforming a Nation*, a thorough arraignment of the unscrupulous and chauvinistic methods of the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Brittannica* and of England's literary domination over America.

It was this editorial fearlessness which projected Wright into his first important position. His widely-read article, "Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure," identified him with the anti-American Puritanism school, and soon after its publication in 1911 he was appointed editor of *The Smart Set*, which he proceeded to make one of the most popular magazines of its day. Its later editors, Nathan and Mencken, are usually credited with success of *The Smart Set*, but it was Wright who changed its policy from one of cleverness to one of realism and paved the way for *The American Mercury*. Credit was properly apportioned, however, when *The Smart Set Anthology*, a collection of the best contributions to the now defunct magazine, edited by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin, was recently published by Reynal and Hitchcock.

Wright's original and rather revolutionary theories are displayed in his *Modern Art*, a history of painting in the last century and a half, and his *Creative Will*, an exposition of Wright's aesthetic philosophy. These books, though far from the best-seller class, excited considerable comment and identified Wright with the modern school of intellectuals. Besides his books on art and criticism, Wright wrote a biography of Richard Hovey, a commentary on the philosophy of Nietzsche, and a novel, *The Man of Promise*, his only attempt at fiction under his own name. All of Wright's books went out of print after the first one or two editions. Only *The Man of Promise* has been reprinted during the popularity of Van Dine.

In his fiction, both in *The Man of Promise* and in his famous "cases," Wright is distinctively Byronic in that his protagonist in each case is a satisfactory facsimile of himself. The two portraits are not distorted by the fact that many years separate and different motives prompt their execution.

The Man of Promise, which was hailed by Burton Rascoe as the greatest American novel and was highly praised by many leading critics, is the story of the decadence of the highly talented and ambitious Stanford West. West showed the earmarks of genius early in life by rebelling at the middle-class morality of his family and the conservatism of the university he attended. His radicalism blossoms, until, in later life his attempts to introduce a new aesthetic culture are thwarted by the series of women who enter his life, and his fearless revolutionary books are replaced by complacent novels which please everyone but himself. He constantly attempts to return to his pioneer work, but the story ends with his final repudiation of his aesthetic much to the maudlin satisfaction of his wife.

Though most of the comment and reviews on the book concern chiefly the Nietzschean philosophy of women expressed, it seems more plausible that Wright introduced women's disastrous effect on West in lieu of a better piece of plot machinery. But the most significant aspect of the book is the amazing element of prophecy contained in it. *The Man of Promise* was published in 1916, ten years before Wright gave a second thought to detective stories; yet Wright contrived that West's life not only conform closely to his own up to the time of writing but with uncanny accuracy foretell his future condescension to popular fiction. Replace West's woman trouble with Wright's aversion to poverty and obscurity and you have in *The Man of Promise* a general biography of Wright. It is impossible to believe that this almost incredible prediction is coincidental; it seems rather that Wright's powers include

that of self-observation so keen and perspective that it enabled these conclusions to be drawn.

III.

In writing the Philo Vance stories, Wright depended on the literary momentum which accrued during those lean but idealistic years before the existence of S. S. Van Dine to carry him to the crest of best-sellerdom. The scientific precision of style and the Byronic tendency in fiction which distinguished his former works were put to good use in creating Philo Vance. These two literary abilities, enhanced by Wright's knowledge of criminology and the detective novel technique which he acquired during his convalescence, soon made his aspirations to the best-seller class a reality.

By observing certain principles of fictional sleuthing, Van Dine endeared himself to mystery addicts. He more than met the demands of the twentieth century reader. That gentle one is placed on an equal footing with Philo Vance; all the clues are at his disposal. There is none of Sherlock Holmes' tight-lipped methods which prevent the reader's knowing the progress of detection. Van Dine also satiates the increased demand for plausibility, which antiquates the amiable sleuth who can glance at the suspects' fingernails and accuse him of being a lieutenant in the Persian army. The deductions of Vance, as well as the motives of his culprits, are quite within reason.

Among other characteristics which insure Van Dine's popularity is his strict observance of several "don'ts," the disregard of which is exceedingly irritating in many contemporary writers. Among these are, "don't introduce love interest," "don't let spiritualistic means bring about the apprehension of the criminal," "don't produce in the last chapter the guilty twin of the innocent suspect," "don't have dogs that refuse to bark while the crime is being committed, thereby revealing that the criminal is familiar."

Though Philo Vance's personality is the feature attraction of the Van Dine stories, he is by no means an innovation in the detective novel technique. Apparently realizing that the Conan Doyle formula was not to be improved upon, Wright has kept Holmes fairly intact in the person of Vance. Less intact but nevertheless recognizable is the Watson element of the combination which is detectable in the genial trio, Heath, Markham, and Van Dine. The obtuseness of these three exceeds even the density of the original Watson, and if possible Philo is more sensational than Sherlock. Holmes' familiarity with cigarette ashes and the such appears niggardly beside the catholic erudition of Vance, which is given free reign by a variety of setting involving anything from dog-breeding to higher mathematics.

As Stanford West pictured Wright in the bloom of his genius, Philo Vance represents him in his period of intellectual inertia. The latter portrait is inconsistent only in that Vance is the dilletante, desirous of nothing else while Wright assumes the role with occasional twinges of conscience. In his "shameless confession," "I Used to be a Highbrow, but Look at Me Now," published in *The American Magazine* in 1928, he writes, "I am positively not going to write but two more detective novels." He had already written four, making the intended number six.

It is common knowledge that Wright has written nine "cases" to date and shows no indication of quitting Philo. In failing to return to his aesthetical writings, Wright has brought down on his head accusations of "selling out" to American mystery readers. These accusations assume that Wright's abilities have not decreased, that he has merely preferred light fiction to aesthetics. However, his repeated and unavailing vows to return to more serious literature and the deprecatory attitude that he has assumed toward his former work, which he brands as "highbrow," indicates the decadent artist, destined to grind out detective novels at regular intervals indefinitely.

Campus Zeus

Upon Olympian throne you sit,
And wield a pen with scorching wit;
Your thunderbolt
Conveys a jolt,
But no man can be infinite.

—ELLEN DEPPE.

Lynching Justice

by CHARLES A. POE

AS IT APPROACHED the horizon, the sun appeared to drop quickly, for the time was late November. The sun was large and red, and as it dipped out of sight it seemed to drench the land with blood.

The bright rays of the sun passed between the iron bars across the window of the jail and struck the wall just over the head of "Pig" Robinson, Negro. As time passed the room grew dark rather suddenly and depressingly, and "Pig" Robinson, who had never thought much about the sun before, began to realize how much he had loved its warm rays. As darkness spread over his cell, he became more frightened. He noticed that the jail did not look strong, which terrified him still more.

By sundown a number of people had gathered in front of the jail in Jonesville. They were not excited, merely curious; most of them were loafers. They had somehow divided into three more or less distinct groups, each with its leader of discussion. Those talking gave the impression of knowing all about what had happened, yet in reality knew very little. What facts they had, they exaggerated; what facts they lacked, imagination supplied. Yet those around them accepted what they heard as the truth, and looked about eagerly for new arrivals to whom they could give their even more amplified accounts.

The crowd knew that Robinson was guilty, because bloodhounds had trailed him from the scene of the crime. Although the dogs had led a halting chase and had several times stopped in indecision, their owner swore that they never made a mistake, and said he would let them hang him if Robinson were not the right man.

Robinson had been caught that morning, and had not been confronted with the victim of the attack, Mildred Hunt, who was still in a slightly hysterical condition. She had improved somewhat, but as dusk settled on her room she seemed to grow more restless and excited.

As daylight decreased the number of people in front of the jail increased. The coming of darkness made them bolder and more excited. There was more loud talking, and soon the idea spread that although the negro would probably be electrocuted after the trial, such a quick, easy death was too good for him; and even electrocution was not certain—there was no telling what the court or the governor was going to do. Perhaps he might only be given life imprisonment, or perhaps the governor might commute his sentence. It would be better not to take any chances. Undoubtedly, to make certain that justice was meted out, the thing to do was to lynch him.

Inside the jail Sheriff Simpson was perspiring. Why hadn't he had sense enough to take Robinson out of the county and put him in jail in Sanford?

"I don't give a damn about the nigger," he said to his deputy. "He oughta be hung. If they make up their minds they wanta lynch him, we can't do nothing about it. I'll be damn if I shoot my own friends just to put off the killing of a no-count nigger. And those men out there are voters. If I try to stop 'em, they may shoot me; at least, they'll see to it I'm not re-elected next year. If I don't stop 'em, the newspapers will raise hell, but I can't help that."

The mob was getting wild; many of them were drunk. Excitement like this was unusual in Jonesville, and they intended to make the most of it. The ordinary routine of eating and working and drinking and sleeping was monotonous, and here was something out of the ordinary. It promised to be a good show. Young men were the leading instigators, but on the outskirts of the throng had gathered many women and children, some of the women with babies in their arms. A few of the more adventurous women had pushed forward and were taking part in the heated discussion.

Bill Waters was feeling important. Naturally, for Mildred Hunt was his girl friend. He had worked himself into a state of frenzy, and was feverishly urging the mob to go and get Robinson. However, he made no definite move to lead them, apparently being content with merely exhorting them to action.

On the edge of the mob stood Johnny Craddock. Johnny was trembling. He could see what was going to happen. He wanted to step out in front and tell them they couldn't lynch Robinson, that they had to let him have a fair trial, that they had lost their senses. All his life he had

dreamed of doing something heroic like that. But now that he had his chance, he knew that he couldn't do it. He couldn't do it, because they had no respect for him. He was too little—only five feet seven—and had always been a sort of sissy and read poetry and stayed by himself. Johnny was a Jonesville joke, and he realized it. He knew that he would only make a fool of himself if he tried to stop them; they would laugh at him.

Suddenly on Johnny Craddock's face appeared an expression of hope. He started running up the street, and stopped only when he came to Sam Wilkins' house. He knocked on the door, and without waiting for anyone to come, opened it and went in.

"Sam!" he called.

Mrs. Wilkins was in the sitting room. She told him Sam wasn't feeling well and had gone to bed. Johnny ran up the steps and into Sam's bedroom. Sam was awake.

"Sam," Johnny said, coming up to his bed, "there's gonna be a lynching!"

"That nigger? I thought they probably would."

"You're the only man can stop 'em, Sam. They'll listen to you—they'd only laugh at me. They'll do what you tell 'em to."

Sam was rubbing his hands across his forehead.

"I couldn't stop 'em, Johnny. I couldn't stop a mosquito from bitting me, the way I feel now. I've got a headache that's killing me. I couldn't even get out of bed. The sheriff'll do his duty."

"You know the sheriff can't handle that mob."

"Well, don't let it worry you so much. If they don't lynch him, he'll be electrocuted anyway."

Johnny argued a little longer, but without success. He went back to the jail.

It appeared as though the mob was about to get violent. Some of the men brandished big sticks; others waved guns in the air. Bill Waters was calling everyone a coward and threatening to go in and bring out Robinson single-handed; which was a joke, as he was probably the most cowardly person in Jonesville.

Someone fired a shot, and Johnny expected that to set them off. But still they lacked a leader who would start the actual attack.

Then from the ranks of the women stepped Mrs. Hunt, mother of Mildred. She was almost frantic, and elbowed her way until she had reached the front. When the word was whispered around that the girl's mother had something to say, the noise quickly subsided, and all turned toward Mrs. Hunt.

"Are you men going to let that nigger go? That nigger raped my daughter—my daughter that hasn't got a father to protect her. If John Hunt were a-living now, he'd'a' shot that nigger by this time. Are you yellow cowards going to let that nigger get away with it?"

The mob was thrown in a frenzy. Someone pitched a rock through the window of the sheriff's office. Those in back started pushing those in front, who tried to hold back. But there were many more pushing than holding back, so soon the pack was pressing against the door, trying to break it down. Pistols were aimed at the sheriff through the window, and he was ordered to open the door.

The mob surged through the entrance. At the point of a gun the sheriff was forced to unlock the door to Robinson's cell, and Robinson was hauled out. As he was dragged out of the jail, those who could come near him kicked him, beat him with sticks, spat on him.

They headed for a grove of trees south of town. Nearly all the mob, except some of the women and children, went along. Even though some of them were opposed to the lynching, there was nothing they could do about it, and it was too good a free show to miss.

When the grove was reached, no good limbs could be found to hang him on, so two heavy men climbed up a small poplar tree, bent it down to the ground, and held it while someone tied one end of a rope around it. As the noose was put around Robinson's neck, Bill Waters said that they ought to make him confess before they hung him. They accordingly demanded that Robinson admit his guilt, but he had been beaten so much that he was unable to talk; he was knocked senseless, if he were not already dead. Nevertheless, Bill Waters asked him if he confessed, and shook Robinson's head backwards and forwards as though he were nodding assent.

"He's confessed now," yelled Bill. "String him up!"

The two big men let go of the poplar, and it jerked Robinson up in the air like a kitten.

Those who had guns fired at the dangling body. Those who had no guns borrowed some from

their friends and shot. There was some talk of burning his body by those whose brutality was not satisfied; but the majority seemed to think that justice had been done, and gradually the mob dispersed.

Five hours later the rising sun woke Mildred Hunt. She felt better when her mother told her that the men of Jonesville had avenged her insult.

The sun did not wake Sam Wilkins. He had not been to sleep. He kept telling himself that he could not have stopped the lynching anyway.

Neither did the sun wake Sheriff Simpson. He slept the sleep of the just. He was glad the whole thing was over with. He had had no choice: with three guns pointed at him, he simply had to turn over the negro.

Nor did the sun wake "Pig" Robinson. Nothing could wake him. His slowly dripping blood shone brilliantly in the sunlight as it dropped from his leaking body into the crimson puddle below.

Should Snavely Go North?

by JOHN SCHULZ

WILL CAROLINIANS be shouting, "Hold that tiger!" or, "Beard that lion!" a few autumns hence? Ever since a decidedly underdog Tar Heel eleven took the Georgia Bulldogs for a ride at Athens and followed up with clean-cut victories over Georgia Tech, Kentucky, Duke and Virginia, the chorus of those who seek new territories to conquer has been swelling. It's all very well to be the boss of our own back yard, goes the cry, but why not also schedule an intersectional game, which cannot help but increase our prestige to the north, as Georgia, Georgia Tech, and Alabama have done before us?

Instead of stopping with such healthy speculations, the would-be schedule makers have raised a perfect storm of protest over our so-called "set-up" schedule of next year, and have gone even to the point of manufacturing definite games for us—now with Dartmouth, now with Princeton, now with some other school. Not that any of these rumors may not sometime turn out to be true, but let it clearly be understood that for the present they are rumors—and nothing more. Intersectional clashes are not created in a month, and most of the desirable northern schools have their football programs mapped out years in advance.

As for next year's "easy" schedule, the powers that be had method in their madness when they made it, and that was, incidentally, before the 1934 season started. In the first place, last year's bill, including seven major games (four of them with teams from the far-famed southeastern conference) was a tough nut for any man's ball club to crack. And in the second, the members of our athletic council are not prophets or soothsayers. They had no more reason to expect a miracle team in 1934 than the Republicans to expect a victory in 1932. Carl Snavely didn't expect it, you didn't, and neither did I. But we have it, and everybody's pulling his whiskers already for fear it won't have enough meat to diet on next fall. Isn't it just possible that the boys will have sufficient cause for satisfaction if they manage to get by without stumbling over Tennessee, Georgia Tech, State, and Duke, to say nothing of Virginia and Maryland?

II.

Perhaps this would be a judicious time to delve back into history and take a somewhat distant view of our past intersectional adventures. And when you finish, you'll probably wish sincerely that this particular past had remained buried. It's a weary story, gentlemen, very weary. Not counting Georgetown and various Maryland elevens, the gridiron machines of our forefathers engaged in twenty intersectional slaughters and served as axe fodder in exactly twenty of them. Lehigh started it swinging at the rythmn of 34-0 in 1893, and Rutgers, Navy, Princeton, Penn, Lafayette, Harvard, and Yale kept up the good work for thirty years or so. Our six-game series with Yale should give the Dartmouth jinx boys something to cheer about. Carolina managed to slip a touchdown over in 1919 before the conditions upon which the series was to be played were definitely established. After that they only scored a hundred and eighty-seven points to our none. In 1922 three or four Carolina touchdowns were

called back, so in '23 the varsity didn't even make the trip. However, the very starkness of this record seems to be just one more reason for trying a few of these teams to-day. Revenge can be mixed into a very delicious cocktail, you know.

III.

Now for a look at some of the schools rumor would have us meeting soon. Tradition, that hoary old buzzard who can do so much for gate receipts, would seem to point his bony finger first of all to Princeton. Back in the days when memories of beating the British were more important to us than those of beating Duke are to-day, the University of North Carolina was founded by General William R. Davie, now known as the "father" of the University, with the able assistance of Dr. Samuel E. McCorkle. Both of them were sons of Old Nassau. Furthermore, the first president of the University, James Caldwell, who was at the helm from 1804 to 1836, was also a Princeton man. Nor does our connection with the Tigers end at academic ties. Hector Cowan, the University's first football coach and the one who built the foundations for the first great Tar Heel elevens, came to us straight from the captaincy of a Princeton team. Five other men, among them Trenchard and Reynolds, kept up the tradition of Princeton coaches here for a period of ten years, the last being 1915.

The University of Pennsylvania is another school which has a good deal in common with Carolina. The Gates Plan now in force there puts her on an almost simon-pure athletic basis, equal to our own. But her greatest asset is the one which is likely to cause us the greatest trouble. Penn's wonderful drawing location in Philadelphia has created a waiting list several leagues long of schools which would like to play her—and most of them thought of it a long time before Carolina.

Columbia also seems to have our standards, both on the playing field and off. Her situation in New York is extremely favorable, and, furthermore, the opinion among those who know is that the Lions would be as likely to fill Kenan Stadium as anyone, if the series were played on a home-and-home basis—which, by the way, would have to be the case in order to fit in with Carolina's present policy.

Navy, which would draw huge interest here, should also be considered, especially if the Middies' home game could be arranged for Baltimore rather than Annapolis. As for Yale, her recent dropping of the traditional Georgia game would tend to show that the Elis are more anxious to concentrate upon such super-traditional rivals as Princeton, Dartmouth, Army, Brown, and Harvard than on any southern school whatsoever.

Dartmouth is often mentioned. However the Green Indians have the decided disadvantage of being tepeed in the heart of the White Mountains, not so far from the Canadian border in fact. Hanover may give a beautiful appearance in a blizzard, and there may be those who love it, but, just between the two of us, it is a long, long trek up from Boston on the Boston and Maine.

Cornell, Colgate, Army, and even Harvard are in much the same position. Harvard's Boston position may make this statement seem false, but a glance at the distribution of Carolina alumni in the north should prove the point. Massachusetts has only a hundred and eight of them, whereas Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York combined hold over eleven hundred ex-Tar Heels.

IV.

The question of the moment would seem to be whether or not this intersectional game is worth the pigskin after all. From the financial point of view it looks attractive. This year's Georgia-Yale game at New Haven drew twenty-five thousand, while forty-five thousand were attracted to the Colgate-Tulane clash in Yankee Stadium. Any of the more prominent eastern teams should draw to capacity here, while from twenty to fifty thousand may not be too much to expect in Philadelphia or New York City. As for trip expenses, train fare north costs but little more than train fare south to Athens or Atlanta, where a howling mob of ten or twenty thousand is considered top.

Building up prestige in the north is another strong point. In the minds of the unthinking masses the record of a school's representatives on the mudiron means a good deal more than academic distinctions. That is far from an ideal situation, but it is true. After all, a New Yorker is going to feel more like calling a southern college by its first name if he has seen its team exchange punches with C. C. N. Y. than if he has merely heard vaguely that it is the pride and

toast of Dixie.

Then too there is the ever-rising demand for such a clash by the friends of Chapel Hill. The students want it, the citizens want it, the sports writers want it, and the northern alumni, God bless them, are coughing their eye-teeth out for it. And what is more important, the group of those definitely interested in the prospect include "Spike" Saunders and two men in the athletic saddle, Carl Snavely and Bob Fetzer—always remembering, of course, that the game must be played on a basis "creditable to Carolina."

In short, there is every reason why Carolina should look forward with pleasure to meeting a foreign foe—and no conceivable reason why such a clash should not be of advantage to her. So let's take our time, not get unduly excited, and hope that sometime before the present freshmen are white-haired graduates, Rameses the Third will be viciously eyeing the Columbia Lion, the Princeton Tiger, or some other animal indigenous to the cold lands north of Mason and Dixon.

The Gods Wear Black Robes

by PETER HAIRSTON

CHAIN STORES in Pennsylvania were putting the neighborhood druggist out of business. Word went out that something had to be done; so, in typical American style, the legislature passed a law. The law provided that, to protect public health, in the future all the stockholders in a corporation buying a drug store had to be registered pharmacists. The problem was solved; everybody was pleased; everybody, that is, except the shareholders of the Liggett Drug Co. who, respectable financiers that they were, had visions of themselves devoting their golf hours to peering down test tubes. Accordingly, they took action and, in due course, came before the nine old men in black robes who are the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Court rustled their robes, heard the arguments; and one Tuesday morning, because five of the justices felt that the Liggett Co. had not been given equal protection of the laws, Pennsylvania was minus not only a statute, but also a solution to the problem of the gradual extinction of the neighborhood druggist. In the same way went New York's maximum hours of labor law, Oklahoma's regulation of the ice industry, Kansas' compulsory arbitration, and the minimum wage acts. One after another they were branded with the awful stigma of unconstitutionality, and were swept into the waste basket by methods which appear to the casual observer very like those of the Queen of Hearts in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Is it not in fact a wonderland where in the fancies, whims, prejudices, and digestions of five out of nine judges appointed for life and responsible to no one can undo the work of that mouthpiece of democracy, the legislature?

II.

Even the authors of the scandal-seeking *More Merry-Go-Round* were able to find but one instance in the Court's hundred and fifty years where there was the slightest question of lack of integrity on the part of any of the justices. No one questions the honesty of the Court.

When, however, a lower court judge rules that the House of David cannot prevent another baseball team from wearing similar facial shrubberry, Mr. Chief Justice Hughes' beard cannot be entirely out of his mind; nor can it be said that it will be possible, in view of the tremendous popular support in the last election for the court to approach the question of the New Deal legislation "with stern judicial frame of mind." Bias there is, as there always must be when humans are judges, in the decisions of the court, but amazingly little of it, and this is by no means the most important manner in which the personality of the justices affects the decision of the court.

The law does not work like a vending machine which, unless the wheels stick, produces a piece of gum for every penny inserted. The field of Constitutional law involves principles, not rules; rights, not expediency; and upon the generalities of such resounding phrases as "no citizen shall be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law" must be superimposed the philosophy and experience of each judge.

The great *Encyclopedia Brittannica* authorities (persons who write books after extensive re-

searches in that work) habitually classify the court into liberals and conservatives, count noses to see which side has the most, and predict the fate of nations on that count, or, what is much the same thing, say that it depends on the fatal numbers. Unfortunately, the situation is not so simple.

Mr. Sutherland was born in England and raised in Utah. Mr. Van Devanter saw Wyoming come to statehood and was her first chief justice. Mr. Cardozo, the idealist, a Democrat appointed by President Hoover, is from New York. His father left Tammany connections under a cloud. Varied indeed are the experiences and, consequently, the philosophies of the justices. The sharpest point of conflict of the ideas which these produce is the field of social legislation, a field in which the balance between private liberties and rights, guaranteed by the Constitution, and public good, as seen by the legislatures, is the prime consideration. The vote in these cases has been, at least often, Van Devanter, Sutherland, Butler, and McReynolds against the act; Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo for it; and Hughes and Roberts sometimes one, sometimes the other.

From a glance at this set-up, the homo boobiens states in dogmatic tones that there are four dyed-in-the-wool conservatives, three for-ever-and-ever-amen liberals, and two "on the fence." The magazine which thereby concluded that Mr. Justice Roberts is "the real ruler of the country" had not observed Mr. Sutherland's opinions in the Scottsboro and Euclid, Ohio, zoning law cases.

Perhaps a glance at the four crabbed "old fogies" who are "out of touch with reality and living in an elevated and rarified atmosphere" will disclose something besides beards, bias, and bad digestions.

III.

When the Scottsboro Case reached the Court, advocated for the defense by one of the most radical leagues in the country, a sharp liberal-conservative division was predicted. To the amazement of the prophets, the ultra-conservative Mr. Sutherland wrote an ultra-"liberal" opinion saying that the right to a trial included, a thing which had hardly been suspected theretofore, a right to counsel who must have adequate time for preparation. Only Mr. McReynolds dissented.

Mr. Sutherland, like Mr. Van Devanter, who though he seldom writes an opinion is considered very influential in debate, was trained in practical politics. He was at one time or another senator, attorney-general, and federal judge from Utah. Van Devanter was chief justice of the territory and later first chief justice of the state of Wyoming. Their training impressed on them the ideas of the rugged individualist; personal freedom is to them a tangible and vivid matter. Consequently, they are often in accord with Mr. Butler, formerly the big corporation attorney of the middle west, who favors less restraint on corporations.

These men form the personal liberties group on the Court. Does a legislature attempt a new scheme to regulate the ice industry? These judges inquire whether or not there has ever been such a regulation. If not, then Oklahoma may not at this late date begin it without pressing necessity, for the right to enter any lawful business may not casually be thrown aside. They oppose not change, but curtailment of freedom.

In the same class is generally listed Mr. McReynolds. He alone, out of the whole court, seems a true conservative. Aristocratic, his brother is a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, and coming from Tennessee, he was Theodore Roosevelt's trust-busting Attorney General. He has continued in the same vein and one might suspect that he has lurking in the recesses of his mind a not so remote fear of socialism.

Surely three practical politicians and a corporation lawyer are not the hidebound and theoretical persons the conservative group on the bench is said to be. These men seem to have a real philosophy of personal freedom. Indeed when a political observer in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE writes of the North Carolina legislature, "It's a free show and promises to be one of the best in years," one is led to remark that over-enthusiastic legislatures may sometimes well be checked.

If legislators are chagrined to find that they are not the omnipotent beings they seemed, if private chestnuts are burned, at least these judges are not robots chanting "law of our fathers," mechanically opposing any change, but a group devoted to preserving what they consider "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

IV.

"When he wakes up, tell him he ain't President," thus spoke a caustic reporter to the servant of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes on a Wednes-

day morning in November, 1916. Fourteen years later, Mr. Hughes reached the top in another branch of the government; he became Chief Justice in 1930. At the same time, he fell heir to the task of co-ordinating the work of the justices and dispatching the Court's business.

His great aim is to keep peace in the court (he discourages dissent when he can and is reputed to take advantage of the fact that he votes last to side with the majority). To help him, he has a beard, much dignity, and twenty honorary degrees, all conferred before he became Chief Justice.

He began life as a reforming liberal and was favorable to social legislation when he was first on the bench; but ten years of intervening corporation practice made "liberals" doubtful of his stand and they opposed his renomination to the Court. They failed to realize that he is first, last, and always a lawyer and as such his first concern is to benefit his client. He voted for the Minnesota mortgage moratorium and New York's regulation of milk prices for one dominating reason, that they were measures which the people needed. Just when he will feel that such is the case in the future is entirely a matter of conjecture.

Similarly elusive is the position of Mr. Roberts, the youngest member. He is a mere fifty-nine and came into prominence by his prosecution of Fall and Sinclair in the oil scandals.

V.

A Washington columnist last fall insinuated that the New Dealers had consulted Brandeis and had quoted his opinions as their authority because they feared what he might decide about the validity of the NIRA and wanted to engineer him into a position in which he would feel that he could not take part in the decisions of cases arising under it. To persons who do research work exclusively in dictionaries, this accusation must have been a rude shock, not because it might be wrong to influence a decision, but because Brandeis is a liberal. Wasn't he an old hand at crusading? Didn't he defend the hours for women law of Oregon and dissent from invalidating Oklahoma's ice regulation? He is liberal, the New Deal is liberal, therefore, he would agree to it. Their oversimplification did not take into account the fact that judges behave like human beings, not as mythical monsters invariably favoring that which is tagged "liberal."

Those private rights which his fellows guard so jealously are not to be trampled; but there are other things which he feels should come first.

"The people of the United States," he wrote in 1931, "are now confronted with an emergency more serious than war. . . . Business men are seeking possible remedies. Most of them realize that failure to distribute widely the profits of industry has been a prime cause of our present plight. But rightly or wrongly, many persons think that one of the major contributing causes has been unbridled competition. . . . There must be power in the States and the Nation to remold, through experience, our economic practices and institutions to meet changing social and economic needs." This paragraph standing alone might seem to advocate any amount of government control; but Mr. Brandeis has always been distrustful of mere size, in labor as well as in capital, in banks as in industry, and so while he might be ready to accept regulation by states, the scale of the New Deal might appear to him unwarranted.

Generally concurring with Mr. Brandeis are Mr. Stone, for thirteen years dean of the Columbia Law School, and Mr. Cardozo, who has been on the Court hardly a year; but just as former Justice Holmes was always content to find that a legislature might reasonably have made the regulations questioned, whereas Brandeis goes into the facts to show how it is reasonable, so these men differ in their methods, though usually they feel that benefit to society warrants incidental infringements of personal liberty and that it is for the legislatures and not the courts to determine when it does.

VI.

Perhaps in the future, Tom, Dick, and Mary Jane can be protected by a regulation of wage minimums, ticket brokers, and the ice industry. Perhaps expediency will be more highly regarded than right, and experimentation in social legislation will curb liberties which the Court has said are guaranteed; but the scales are delicately balanced, the extreme of one view is anarchy, of the other, communism. The real work of the Court is to preserve this balance. In the past it has moved deliberately and carefully and there is every reason to expect that it will continue to do so. Truly, the gods wear black robes.

The Conservatives Have a Philosophy

by DAVID VERNON LOWRY

IN THIS, the year of Our Roosevelt, 2, no lay observer of contemporary events is prepared to deny that the mystical machinations of the New Deal have not wrought fundamental changes in the very core of American life. Economics, politics, and the very social structure itself have cracked so perceptibly on the surface that the American scene today is a horse of a different color, pink, if you prefer, or fascist brown, if you insist.

In the midst of this revolution, immersed to the neck, are our erudite journalistic observers and commentators, floundering in a sea of terminology found in no dictionary. "Regimentation," "collectivization," "share-cropping," "lateral and horizontal unionization," have accumulated in the lexicographical rabbit hutch. "Right" and "Left" have been bodily lifted from the parlance of traffic policemen to designate the transient leanings of an enigmatic administration.

But it is only within the last few months, particularly since the off-year election of last November, that the foliage has been ripped mightily from our new nouns and majestic phraseology to lay bare the rugged trunks of two fundamental philosophies. As much as we dislike labels or categories, our two hardy, perennial brethren, conservatism and liberalism, have at last been identified as the forces that dominate political thought. As in England, party lines are quietly and speedily pursuing other political adornments into decadence. The issue today has become squarely that of conservatism versus liberalism. In the first of these two discussions the former shall occupy our attention.

II.

In a period of sweeping evolution the conservative finds himself somewhat at a loss from the first to cope with the antithetical school of thought, liberalism, for he finds the bulwarks that nurtured his beliefs virtually crumbling about him. In the days of Calvin (an endearment addressed not to the Protestant churchman of mediaeval antiquity but to the recent poker-faced occupant of the White House) the conservative label was associated with innumerable little imponderables of the sweetness and light variety. *Conservatism was then an essentially social category.* It connoted, variously: middle-class good breeding, sober dressing, quiet manners, a fair command of the Anglo-Saxon niceties of speech, and a not too obvious genuflection to the conventions of upper-class capitalist society.

Contrast your citizen of the gay 1920's with his sober prototype of today. Gone is the respect we once paid to the capitalist class, which we have come to regard as a modern Judas viz., Insulls, Mellons, Kreugers etc. Impatience has harshened our speech, economic impotence has affected our dress, fright has shattered our code of manners.

Thus the essential meaning of conservatism has become something less tenuous and socially idealistic. The need for action, whether it be to the fabled right or left, has put a new interpretation upon the value of conservatism. Today it has become a manner of thinking, a philosophy of action. And what lies back of that philosophy?

Conservatism is a philosophy of fear and convenience. It is necessarily hide-bound and reactionary, for change inevitably nurtures fear. A modern theologian maintains that civilization is at the cross-roads to insist that civilization has always faced a cross-roads would be to quibble. We might point out to him the essential socialism of Christ as contrasted with the reactionarianism of his persecutors. The cross-roads then assumed a larger political significance than most churchmen would admit. And history would doubtless bear us out that the advance (or retrogression, as you prefer) of civilization since that time has brought us continually face to face with the same cross-roads.

III.

But today the issue is sharper, more clear cut. That the advent of the machine age beclouded it we must admit. That political consciousness of the voting mass has uncovered it again is self-evident.

Quite brusquely we ventured the statement that the conservative was endowed both with fear and lassitude. Fear was born of contentment and of trust in the *status quo.* When this quality began to show signs of debility fear became less apathetic, more jittery. Someone was

about to wrest away from us our heritage. We were not quite sure what this heritage might have been, as we were equally uncertain what we might be called to lose. It was like being gently awakened from an afternoon nap without the assurance that centuries of sleep would lull us back to repose.

The American middle-class, the shock of troops of conservatism, has long been content to eat a fair portion of the cake, whether it is the icing or the crumbs. Security has been the watch word of the happy life and the slogan of conservative politics. And to no small extent has this spirit been fostered by the bakers, the moneyed class who form a comfortable envelope for the mythical guaranty documents. The press has been shamefully dominated, the audible cinema degradingly proselytized, and the lecture platform militantly manned to preserve the faith that must insure the continuance of the status quo. Thus the philosophy of the conservative has been unconsciously formed by tactful sermonizing, insidious propaganda, and we are reconciled to the belief that our economic betters are necessarily our political, social, and intellectual dictators. Instances of this domination are too frequent to cite, too well illustrated in our liberal magazines to bear repetition.

The second argument we build upon the precept that conservatism is convenient. A liberal philosopher-economist has suggested that prejudice is the lazy man's alternative for thinking. The thinker invariably provokes chaos. Chaos destroys intellectual and economic security, insofar as they guarantee temporary peace of mind.

Change invokes the necessity of constructive thinking. Thinking, of course, brings doubt, and doubt stalemates whatever convenience our conservative peace of mind has provided. The conservative would rather muddle through (provided that his muddling is engineered from above) without the necessity of challenging this sinecure.

After all, convenience is the conservative touchstone of success. Freedom of mind (not to be confused with the aforementioned peace of mind) does not enter our thoughts. We are content as long as the essential guaranty remains. Conservatism thus precludes the difficult process of thinking, or working out a more feasible destiny.

Here we are more concerned with the middle-class attitude than with the various difficulties that possess our ruling capitalist class. So long has this group dominated the scene that the conservative is content to let it continue the rule of dictator. And thus we arrive at the millenium, the cataclysmatic era when the two philosophies clash. Now they become militant, for one is struggling for innovation, the other for preservation. The philosophy of one is inherent, subsidized, regimented into the beliefs rigidly set by the class to whom it has long paid obeisance. The other, the leftward path at the cross-roads, is the newer quality, the voice in the darkness crying out against conformity, fear, and lassitude. Both are active, one on the defensive, the other on the offensive. Yet one rather suspects that the conservative road, fortified on all sides with broad shoulders and surfaced with the old familiar concrete, winds in a great circle back to our avenue leading toward the cross-roads of indecision.

Mr. Lowry will discuss the philosophy of Liberalism in a future issue of *The Carolina Magazine.*

Pondering Your Praises

If I could believe you foolish or foresworn,
Your lips and eyes all taken in a lie,
And perjured while they praise me, I'd be shorn
Of faith in any sun in any sky.
But falsehood has no melody as this
Lovely reiteration of a word,
That makes a song 'twere better not to miss
Than any music I have ever heard.
Though it be but a gracious fallacy,
It is sufficient joy that you should believe it.
In all the world there's no such wine for me,
And I will say a grace as I receive it—
That it may nourish, even as I partake,
Something beyond a beautiful mistake.

—ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

Your Editor to You

We Drink From Dry Bottles

Freed from the editorial cares of *The American Mercury*, H. L. Mencken, one of the earliest anti-prohibitionists, swung around the country to observe America thru its first year of legal drinking. Most interesting point in his findings, published recently in *The Nation*, is an observation that real hard, raw drinking is confined to the so-called dry states of the South. There has been no decrease in drinking in North Carolina since Clyde Hoey's florid eloquence whipped "Our Bob" last fall. In fact, legal liquor from Virginia has produced an entirely new class of drinkers in the state; those people who long opposed raw corn now guzzle Crab Orchard. At the same time there are still thousands of corn-drinkers who apparently don't care about Prohibition one way or another. It is time for this raw joke to cease. The sincere wets should lay plans for an intelligent campaign against hypocritical, fanatical drys. To be sure, they lack a leader now that "Our Bob" has become interested in Russia. They should nevertheless make the effort to silence the nation's horse-laughs at North Carolina.

Blood Over Europe

1934, should historians choose to remember it as a unit in world history, must be labeled a gory year. June 30 saw Hitler butcher 77 Nazis without the semblance of a trial. A month later his Austrian aids murdered Dollfuss and bled Austria with civil war for a month thereafter. Earlier in the year Dollfuss himself had unreasonably shot the Vienna Socialists to pieces, while the streets of Paris were red with the fury of *L'Affaire Stavisky*. Often throughout the depression America had emitted piercing death-groans, yet no chapter in the last four years equals the terror cited in Europe. Not even our unjust and cowardly strike-breaking suggests so strongly the decadence of capitalist civilization as do these European blood-fests. Hope for a new order must indeed come from a nation sufficiently civilized to forego the animal lust to see the heads of enemies plunk into a basket, tortured and bloody.

A Campus Constitution?

President Weathers and his colleagues had an excellent opportunity to make a distinct contribution to student government thru the *Buccaneer* debacle. The whole affair, as was shown in a *Magazine* article, might have been simplified or even avoided by a written campus constitution. Certainly the Council, whose ignorance of the powers of various bodies caused much of the confusion, should appreciate the possible value of a basic code. To date there has not been even a hint that the council will investigate the need for a written campus authority. The least it could do would be to study the problem in co-operation with campus leaders. As yet, however, it appears content to permit another such parliamentary and technical snarl to coundfound it. The council should be more than a mere tribunal; study of the advisability of a campus constitution in which the powers of various organizations would be clearly set forth would be a step toward making the council an operative organization.

Tin Hats At It Again

One of the most hopeful signs in the apathetic college attitude toward peace is the move to establish a Chair of Peace at Brenau College at Gainesville, Ga. Peace-lovers immediately expressed their delight with this active, tangible move to inculcate a distaste for war in college students thru official channels. Lone objection came from that unselfish body of patriots, the American Legion. Not only were the tin hats indignant that their propaganda was being offset by such a move, but they were also suspicious of the value of an educational institution which openly declared its opposition to militarism. The Legion's efforts to thwart Brenau have to date been in vain. A little more such activity on the part of the defenders of the fatherland and the word "patriot" will be almost meaningless.

For Patients-Ice-Cold Food

There is no excuse for the cold, greasy, unappetizing food served patients at the infirmary. Granted that it should have its own kitchen, it should not permit sick students to retch with disgust at the food it serves. Overlooking the actual quality and nature of the food, arrangements should be worked out between the infirmary and Swain hall whereby meals served patients are hot. That is the minimum students should receive for the fees they pay to guard their health.

R. O. T. C. at State College

by Don McKee

Reserve Officers' Training Corps at State College is under fire. The Raleigh division of the University is facing a test of its right and responsibility to make military training compulsory. Ever since the consolidation of the three North Carolina institutions of higher education, the required R. O. T. C. at Raleigh has been a thorn in the flesh of those who believe sincerely that there should be a uniform policy and spirit throughout the consolidated University.

Even the objection to R. O. T. C. at State is thoroughly unlike the spirit of the University. The demand for revision has come boldly not from the student body, as a Carolina man might expect, but from the faculty. Among the proposals of a faculty committee, appointed last year to survey and report on improving the curriculum of the college, is the unanimous recommendation that R. O. T. C. be made elective.

In expressing this view the faculty was in no way stimulated by any organized student opposition to R. O. T. C. It merely felt that such a recommendation, if accepted, would undoubtedly help to raise the academic standard at State. Opponents of compulsory R. O. T. C. view military training as a negative force in education.

The sentiment is against *compulsory* military training—not against State College's right to offer such courses. State College, as a land-grant school is required by federal law to offer military training. There is nowhere, however, in the long history of R. O. T. C. a shred of evidence to indicate that these courses need be obligatory.

Long ago State College deliberately chose to make R. O. T. C. compulsory. It is now part of a Greater University, the guiding spirit of which is the granting of free choice of courses to the students wherever possible. The present demands of the faculty committee serve to illustrate clearly that over the issue of compulsory R. O. T. C. State College will have the opportunity to show whether it truly desires to be a part of the Greater University.

As it exists now R. O. T. C. is a required course in making warfare attractive to thousands of young men, who will be the targets in the next war. It quite nullifies peace propaganda. R. O. T. C. at State College is forcing a good portion of the youth of North Carolina to think in terms diametrically opposed to those generally regarded in 1935 as "human" and "progressive." The issue has been joined by this faculty request which has to some extent excited individual students. Its importance merits the attention of all members of the Greater University.

II.

Military training in this country's educational institutions was first officially set up under the provisions of the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862, under which most of the state schools presenting military instruction today, including State College, were created. This law, as amended in 1883, granted to the various states large tracts of land, proceeds from the sale of which were to be used for the establishment and "maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." From this clause it may be seen that the primary purpose of the act was not that military training be a feature of the curriculum of land-grant schools; in fact, the phrase, "and including military tactics," was inserted in the Morrill bill only after President Buchanan had vetoed the original land grant bill which contained no provisions for the teaching of military science at these institutions.

Although to obtain the federal appropriations land-grant schools had to offer military training, instruction in military science was not taken seriously by these agricultural schools until the world war. Under the war-time stress, universal military training was advocated in the United States, a country stirred with the fear of invasion and swept by a "preparedness drive." Universal military training was not accepted by Congress, but out of the emotion of the war came the National Defense Act, passed June 3, 1916, and amended June 4, 1920, which set up the Reserve Officers' Training Corps as an agency to train students for positions as officers in the Reserve Army of the United States. A two-year "elective or compulsory course of military training" was authorized by this act to be set up in

those educational institutions applying to the War Department for such units.

All the land-grant colleges and universities in the United States applied for military training under this Defense Act, bringing their military departments, established under the Morrill Act, more directly under the supervision of the War Department.

The R. O. T. C. set-up in almost all institutions in this country giving military instruction, including the University branch at Raleigh, is practically the same; for uniform courses of instruction were prescribed by the War Department for all colleges accepting R. O. T. C. under this act. In "Senior Divisions" of the R. O. T. C. for colleges and universities, instruction is divided into two categories: the basic course for freshmen and sophomores, and the advanced course for juniors and seniors, which is to be completed before an individual may be eligible for an officer's position in the Reserve Army.

The chief difference between the R. O. T. C. in the various schools lies in the fact that officials of each institution in applying for a R. O. T. C. unit were given the opportunity to choose whether their school would make R. O. T. C. compulsory or not. Most colleges made the first two years obligatory. According to *The New York Times* last month, R. O. T. C. in the year 1932-33 was compulsory in 91 colleges and universities and 28 secondary schools, and elective in 35 colleges and universities and in 37 secondary schools.

Although at State College, the advanced R. O. T. C. courses are elective, the first two years of military training are made compulsory in the words of the catalog under the section called "Military Training":

> All physically acceptable Freshmen and Sophomores are required to take the basic courses, except those who are excused by the President of the College or the Professor of Military Science and Tactics . . . .

Such a small number of individuals are excused that the corps has gradually increased, even through the years of decreasing enrollment, until the unit today is the largest it has ever been at State College, enlisting over a thousand last fall. The State R. O. T. C. at present is the largest in North Carolina and may be the largest in the South, according to *The Technician*, student newspaper. The small number of individuals exempted from the first two years of military each year was calculated by the Professor of Military Science and Tactics at State who wrote:

> I estimate that in each of the three years [last fall, 1933-34, 1932-33] . . . about 10 per cent of the Freshman Class was physically rejected for the military course and about 3 per cent was exempted from the military requirement on account of conflicts with self-help employment, difficulties in scheduling, etc. About 3 per cent of those Freshmen finishing the first year of the military course who return to colleges as Sophomores are rejected, due to physical defects that have developed since they first were enrolled in the R. O. T. C. or for other reasons.

III.

Among the State College students, unlike other schools presenting R. O. T. C., there is little overt opposition to military training, the personal dislikes of students to military training having practically never been organized.

There is no doubt, though, that a number of freshmen and sophomores who are required to take the R. O. T. C. dislike the military drill and instruction because the training takes up too much time which could be spent more profitably doing something else. Especially is there a personal sentiment against the compulsory drill, for some first and second-year men do not see what help toting a rifle up and down the parade ground is going to give them in learning to be scientific farmers or bridge builders, particularly when they are also required to exercise in gym classes regularly.

Professor William N. Hicks, of State College, in a thesis on student opinions in 1929 found that the majority of the State student body was against compulsory military training, after giv- against compulsory military training. He gave a thousand questionnaires of different cam- study on student opinion regarding military training at State College, of one half of the total undergraduate enrollment of each school and class. Out of 700 tests used, 240, or 34.26 per cent of the total individuals quizzed, voted for R. O. T. C. "not compulsory, but with special inducements." Also, 6.41 per cent of the students said no R. O. T. C. should be given; 12.7 per cent voted "optional to all students, no special inducements"; 11.44 per cent wanted R. O. T. C. "offered as alternative to required work"; and .71 per cent stated that military training should be "offered without college credit." Against this, only 221, or 31.63 per cent, wanted training "compulsory for all students," and 2.85 per cent

voted as desiring military training "offered to freshmen."

The fact that approximately only 80 individuals from the sophomore class elect to take advanced military each year shows that students don't care for the R. O. T. C. But if there is this individual dislike of military, the opposition has never been organized. The International Relations Club did take action about four or five years ago against the R. O. T. C., but the reaction did not last long.

There is a good reason why there has been no organized opposition to the R. O. T. C. at the Greater University's agricultural school. Military training at State, as in other institutions presenting the R. O. T. C., is methodically popularized. Through an apparently planned and organized system, some of the best features of campus life are insidiously mixed with militarism.

First of all, R. O. T. C. is presented as a field for student endeavor, ingeniously made attractive for the active and ambitious. Streamers and a regulation saber are offered to winners of "Company Efficiency" competitions, theatre passes to the "Best Drilled Platoon" and to the "Most Military Sophomore"; the winner of the competition for "Outstanding Freshman" is offered "a prize, awarded by the Dean of Administration, equal in amount to tuition for the year, to be applied as a credit on the student's college account for the succeeding school year." But competitions are not limited to contests between State's students only. The various R. O. T. C.'s vie with one another. Each year the corps all over the country are wisely graded by the War Department, so that every effort is made at the various schools to polish things up and win the "Excellent" rating. Then there is Scabbard and Blade, honorary military society, and also numerous promotions to positions as cadet officers to be made each year.

In the second place, R. O. T. C. at State College infuses the military with the common delights of college men. The student out of the corps is made to feel that he is missing all the fun. Freshmen and sophomores are brought together in fellowship and are given opportunities to practice school songs and yells. The delights of camp life are presented to students in the advanced course during the summer as a regular part of the R. O. T. C. course. Military dances are sponsored at which the beautiful girls are given a chance to stimulate the sappy men folk all over again into thinking that it is a great thing to be in a uniform; and at one of these annual affairs, the "Military Ball," the dance figure is led by a "Queen of the Regiment." Who wouldn't join the R. O. T. C.!

Thirdly, the R. O. T. C. appeals financially to the students, increasing the ever-enlarging number of individuals who look to the War Department appropriations for pecuniary aid. Many advanced students admit that they take the R. O. T. C. courses only for the money paid them by the government, which amounts to approximately $242.00 during the junior and senior years. Free uniforms save clothes. The advanced cadet is not only paid to go to camp in the summer, but is also provided with his fares to and from the camp. Compared with some other departments in the Greater University, the State College R. O. T. C. unit operates on a rather large budget, having been granted $40,152 for the year July 1, 1933 to June 30, 1934 by the War Department, according to circular number 136 of the United States office of education.

Lastly, the R. O. T. C. training for war is toned down, to some extent, so that the most brutal details of hand to hand fighting and the actualities of modern warfare are not stressed too strongly. There is no revolting bayonet drill, little reality of modern slaughter—just the same old romance of war: beating drums and marching cadets. It is worth pointing out that the R. O. T. C. courses prescribed by the War Department at first actually trained cadets in the gruesome realisms of warfare, with bayonet drills and the techniques of hand to hand combat; but in 1926 the War Department discontinued bayonet drill in the R. O. T. C. and struck out the revolting passages from the texts. It looks less ferocious to see boys marching around with muskets without bayonets, leaving out the bayonet practice, and not dwelling too long on the fine points of eviscerating one's fellow humans.

IV.

Faculty reactions on the question of military training at State College may be divided into two antagonistic groups, both generally desiring peace but working against war in different ways: advocates of the R. O. T. C. stand on the ground that preparation for war is essential to national defense, while opponents to military instruction but working against war in different ways. Ad-

cation of the nation's youth for war and preparedness for war will never achieve peace.

Supporters of the R. O. T. C. seem to assume, first, that preparation for war is necessary to the defense of the country, and second, that the way to have a large potential army is to train a large number of officers in advance of hostilities. For this group the simplest way to carry out these aims is to incorporate compulsory military into the schools and colleges of the nation, as may be done under the National Defense Act.

Many of the faculty also believe, to put it in the words of the catalog, that the R. O. T. C. "furnishes important elements in a sound, practical education in the principles, duties, and responsibilities of American Citizenship." It is pointed out, too that first-aid, map reading, photography, personal sanitation, and other features of the R. O. T. C. instruction are of practical value, and that "one of the greatest benefits to the student himself comes from the fact that Military Training fosters discipline," as the catalog says. By making R. O. T. C. compulsory, military officials hold the training to be an excellent way of bringing students together for fellowship.

One of the chief objections to the R. O. T. C. advanced by members of the Greater University agricultural school faculty, who feel that military training tends to counteract trends toward peace, is that the R. O. T. C., with its courses directed by the War Department in view of defense by militarism, trains students to think in terms of war and produces an attitude which assumes that people must prepare for a possible war. With a government department whose primary interest is in bigger and better appropriations dictating the educational policies of the school in regard to such questions as citizenship, service, armaments, and international relations, it is pointed out that few students can go through the required military courses without to some extent adopting a militaristic philosophy that will lead them to accept war as an important, inevitable, and just method of settling disputes.

It is also held that too much emphasis is laid on training for war at State College to the exclusion of education for peace. For this faculty group, it is tragic that only the students excused from the R. O. T. C., the college's physical cripples, are required to take the "alternative courses" in Human Relations and World History, subjects whose purpose it is to educate students for world harmony and good will. Some professors, too, object to the present credit system, whereby as many credits are given a student taking four years of the R. O. T. C. as are given a scholar fulfilling the language and social science requirements for graduation. An individual taking both the basic and advanced courses in the R. O. T. C. obtains 30 credits towards graduation, receiving 12 term credits for the basic course and 18 for the advanced. On the other hand, both the agricultural and the engineering schools require students to pursue only 18 term credits in language. The agricultural school requires for graduation only "nine (9) term credits in Social Science," and the engineering school requires only "12 in Economics and Sociology."

Another objection to military is that the R. O. T. C., instead of coming out in the open as a military institution, professes to render a variety of other pseudo-benefits to appeal to the students and public and to hide its actual barbarous aspects. The organization is said to give a false picture of war through sugar-coating and popularizing a fatal system of destruction with the glamour of military balls, picturesque and flashy parades and displays, and other methods. The opinion is expressed that the R. O. T. C., if it is a military institution, is, first, part of the war system and therefore a supreme violation of the principles of Christianity, and, second, an institution to instruct school boys in the arts of killing their fellow men. Compulsory training in this art is held to have no place in an educational institution.

V.

One thing is clear. No federal legislative statutes require educational institutions, including land grant schools, to make military training compulsory for students. Neither the Land Grant Act nor the National Defense Act contain any provisions making the teaching of war an obligatory feature in the curriculum of the colleges.

There is nothing in the Land Grant Act to make military training compulsory for students. Of course no one disputes the fact that a land grant institution is required to include a course of military tactics in its curriculum, but there is not a sentence in the law which states that such military training is to be mantained on a compulsory basis for students. The fourth section

of the act, providing that money derived from the sale of public lands should be invested and the income therefrom used for the

> . . . maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the states may respectively prescribe . . .

says nothing about making military training compulsory. The word "teach" cannot be interpreted to mean to compel students to study military science, agriculture, or the mechanic arts. For if students are forced under this provision to be taught military tactics, why not require them to study mechanic arts or agriculture? This is not done. And the women students: if the word "teach" means compel, why aren't the co-eds hauling around rifles?

Since 1923, the University of Wisconsin, a land grant college, has presented military training on an elective basis, interpreting the Morrill Act as not making military obligatory for students; and just last June the University of Minnesota, which was also set up under the Land Grant Act, ended compulsory R. O. T. C.

In answer to protests to Wisconsin's changing its R. O. T. C. to an elective basis, the Commissioner of the Interior rendered his opinion on the matter July, 1923:

> . . . according to the Act approved July 2, 1862 [the Land Grant Act] it is clear that the branches of instruction, which include military tactics, are to be taught "in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe" . . . Military training according to the Federal law is clearly placed in the same category as the other branches which are mentioned. It does not appear, however, from the Federal-legislation that instruction in military tactics is any more obligatory on the individual student than is instruction in agriculture or mechanic arts.

In May, 1927, Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work wrote:

> A land grant college, by changing its course in military training from a compulsory to an elective course, would not suffer any diminuation in the appropriations that it now receives from the United States Government under any of the Acts of Congress providing aid for such institutions . . .

Another opinion on the matter, made June, 1930, by William D. Mitchell, United States Attorney General, is recorded in the department of the interior publication on "Federal Laws and Rulings Affecting Land-Grant Colleges and Universities." Said the Attorney General:

> The [Federal] statutes nowhere specifically require that the offered course in military tactics must be compulsory . . . an agricultural [land grant] college which offers a proper, substantial course in military tactics complies sufficiently with the requirements as to military tactics in the Act of July 2, 1862, and the other Acts above mentioned, even though the students at the institution are not compelled to take the course.

Although pamphlet number 15 of the United States Department of the Interior calls Mr. Mitchell's statement a "Ruling of the Attorney General," Mitchell's words are usually considered just an opinion and therefore his statement is not as conclusive as a statute; but since there has been no law passed as yet which states that military training in institutions must be either compulsory or elective for students, the Attorney General's opinion is the most valid on the subject.

Mr. Mitchell's advice worried the War Department quite a deal, and General Summerall, according to a statement made by Congressman Ross Collins in the House, said in his final report that the most serious danger to the continued prosperity of the R. O. T. C. that had arisen in recent years lay in the effect of this decision of the Attorney General.

In the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the "California Conscientious Objectors Case," while the Supreme Court held any school could compel its students to take military, the court also, according to the Associated Press, "made it plain also that the land grant colleges are not compelled by Federal law to offer compulsory military training courses." The majority decision of the court, written by Justice Butler, held, according to officials of the Committee on Militarism in Education, that the State "remains untrammeled by Federal enactment and is entirely free to determine for itself the branches of military training to be provided, the content of instruction to be given, and the objectives to be obtained."

VI.

State College can with perfect honor to itself abolish required R. O. T. C. Although it has maintained a superficial acquiesence from the student body, as the Hicks report shows, there is definite personal and individual opposition to R. O. T. C. It can, if it so chooses, go the way of Wisconsin, that other great "liberal" American university, and remain a land-grant college without injuring in the least its standing.

With the Consolidation itself open to serious questioning, no finer fruit could come of it than that the Greater University be the means of accomplishing the eradication of this blot on North Carolina education. It will be difficult surely for State to keep pace with the other divisions of the University, when that institution is saddled and strapped with the burden it has chosen to wear.

Violate the home rule principle as it might, in the opinion of the writer the other branches of the University are morally obligated to strain every effort to rid their University of so insidious a practice as compulsory R. O. T. C. Military training should enjoy the status of a paid extra-curricular activity. In this world, slow-moving as it is toward peace, that is a great victory for the alarmist generals who battle for R. O. T. C. Eventually perhaps the whole business will be scrapped from American education as it should be. It is unfair of the military to ram training down a boy's throat or even to tempt him simply because he happened to choose college at 18 instead of working a gas station. State College must keep step with the Greater University of which it is an integral part. And until Raleigh falls into line, Chapel Hill and Greensboro are actually under the same stigma of injustice and inhumanity.

With instruction in the arts of war on a non-compulsory basis, the University will be taking one step toward the lofty goal set by its President when he stated Armistice Day, 1931, "The colleges and universities . . . have the responsibility of helping to build a world in which the call to the idealism and heroism of youth shall never again be a call to war. It is their function to make realistically intelligent and morally heroic the aspirations and work of mankind toward a warless world . . . To these high aims stands the University."

"Arabia Deserta" - - - - - - An Epic of a Personality

by D. W. Robertson

Charles Montagu Doughty was one of the strangest and most impressive figures of the last century. Born in August, 1843, the second son of a Suffolk squire, weak and sickly, "a dying infant life," he showed little prospect of ever becoming the greatest Arabian traveler of all time. In early youth he felt himself destined for the Navy, but his hopes were shattered; he was turned down as "physically unfit." He entered Cambridge in 1861 and devoted himself to the study of geology. "Doughty as an undergraduate," said H. T. Francis, "was shy, nervous, and very polite. He had no sense of humor, and I cannot remember that he had any literary tastes or leanings whatever . . . . He did not like attending lectures."

After graduation from Cambridge Doughty devoted himself to study and travel. His studies, curiously enough, were largely confined to early English literature, for he wanted to prepare himself for the writing of a patriotic work "wherein Roman, Celtic, and German *Origines* are treated of." This desire was to materialize years later with the publication of the *Dawn in Britain,* an epic poem over three times as long as *Paradise Lost.* But his most famous work, and the one most likely to become reasonably popular, is his record of two year's wanderings in Arabia, *Arabia Deserta.* It is not an easy book to read, but those who do read it have nothing but praise for it. Doughty's seriousness, his leaning toward irony rather than humor, and his unworldly sincerity do not attract a large audience. However, his book is of tremendous significance when viewed as a product of a genuinely Western mind.

II.

The spirit of John Faustus, who, "taking to him the wings of an eagle, thought to fly over the whole world, and know the secrets of heaven and earth," stalks incessantly through the pages of Western literature. Spengler writes of "the *Faustian* soul, whose prime culture-symbol is pure and limitless space, and whose "body" is the Western Culture that blossomed forth . . . . in the 10th century." A wise old Arab of the desert discoursing philosophically with T. E. Lawrence before the fading embers of a coffee-fire im-

patiently asks "Why are the Westerners always wanting all?"

Western authors are continually producing "personal" epics, great confessions of the more or less aimless wanderings of the mind, driven by an insatiable but vague desire—an almost Schopenhauerean Will—for something indescribable. The "questing" of a medieval knight, the numerous expressions of Renaissance "thirsts," worldly or Platonic, and, more recently, Goethe's *Faust*, Wordsworth's *Prelude*, Byron's *Don Juan*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, Mann's *Magic Mountain*, Joyce's *Ulysses*, Cabell's *Jurgen*, Aiken's symphonic flights from chaos:—all are, as it were, Faustian Odysseys. Just such an epic is Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, and not by any means the least of them, possessing as it does the almost unique virtue of being a meticulously accurate record of actual experience and, at the same time, a literary masterpiece.

In November, 1876, in spite of the warnings of friends, the disapproval of the authorities, and a very light purse, Doughty set out from Damascus with the Haj or pilgrim caravan toward the Holy Cities of Arabia. He went alone, a confessed Christian undisguised among fanatical and unscrupulous Moslems. His scanty baggage included a medicine kit, pistol, carbine, barometer, thermometer, sextant, and the *Canterbury Tales* from a 17th century black-letter Chaucer . . . He accompanied the Haj as far as Medain Salih, the Hedjr of the Koran, whose people says Mohammed "hewed them out abodes in the mountains to secure them." It was these ruined "abodes" with pseudo-Greek frontispieces hewn in the living rock that attracted Doughty, for they had never been investigated and he wished "to add something to the common fund of Western knowledge." He made "squeezes" of the local inscriptions and sent them up to Damascus with the returning Haj, but the ancient soil of Arabia and its people had come to have a peculiar fascination for him, and he set out boldly into the waste, much, we read, to the wonderment of his Arab companions.

"This," said Zeyd, showing me the wild earth with his swarthy hand, "is the land of the Beduw. He watched to see if the townling were discouraged, in viewing only the empty desert before him."

It was not until August, 1878, after long and arduous wanderings, that Doughty emerged from the interior at the seaport town of Jidda.

III.

In all of his Arabian wanderings Doughty, unlike Burton or Palgrave, retained his identity as an Englishman and as a Nasrany (Christian). The "more than Oriental splendor" of the desert and its inhabitants never blurred his vision or created in him afterwards any sentimental *Drang nach Osten*. We praise Milton for his bravery in maintaining his religious beliefs while in Rome. ("I took no steps to conceal either my person or my character.") But Milton's feat pales before Doughty's who walked openly in half-civilized Arabia taking notes, making scientific observations, and refusing to practice the common religious rites of the Moslems. The only real protection he had was the keen edge of his mind. He says of the Arabs:

"They are wolves to each other and what if some were hounds to me? for the distress of the way edges all men's spirits."

He was more than once beset by fanatics, and he repulsed them with the sheer force of his personality.

"As the stars were paling, I looked up and saw one standing over me, an ill-looking Beduin; he bore in his arms a great basalt rock, and feinted, when he saw my open eyes, to let his load fall upon my breast. 'Cursed one, he craked, ho! thou Nasrany that sleepest here! if now I let this stone slide it should do away the life of an enemy of Ullah.' I knew the malignant wretch, one of a broken-witted brutish behavior, and unwelcome at every coffee-hearth . . . . As he marked me take no heed of him and his burden was heavy, the fellow bye and bye cast it from him, and went his way with a less mad opinion of Nasranies; he never troubled me more."

What good-will Doughty was able to obtain he got from the practice of medicine. The desert is a land hostile to human habitation, and he himself was many times on the verge of complete exhaustion. The long marches, scanty food, and poor water were sufficient to break any man of less than iron constitution. And,

"Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sandblink is in the eyes, and there is little refresh-

ment to find in the tent's shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light."

Occasionally he would meet men of kindred spirit, "delectable mountains," as Cummings would call them, who could look upon the strange wanderer with "high and liberal understanding," men with "that haughty grace of the wild creatures." Such characters, however, were only too rare, and had it not been for the rigid unwritten code of desert hospitality Doughty would have remained forever in that dead land. His sincerity and open inquisitiveness helped a great deal to disarm suspicion, though curious to the un-Faustian Arab.

"Wellah, in Khalil's (Doughty's) talk is sincerity, but what does he, always asking of the Arab an hundred vain questions?—Though thou shouldst know, O Khalil, the name of all our camping grounds and of every jebel (mountain), what were all this worth when thou art at home, in a far country?"

IV.

Early in 1888 the Arab's question was answered. The Cambridge University Press, after a great deal of wrangling, reluctantly issued the two large, closely printed volumes of *Arabia Deserta*. The price was three guineas, and the author found himself in debt to his publisher for nearly £750! The sale of the book was limited. In the first place there were not many active Orientalists interested in Arabia. And in the second place the reading public, as might be expected, was too light-minded to be able to appreciate the virtues of Doughty's somewhat difficult style. Robert Bridges wrote, in a letter to Doughty (August, 1888):

"We say of your book that it stands out of the flatness of modern literature as Etna from Sicily —that the style and English are sustained at the height at which you boldly imagined them (it is not without a shudder that I write such a thing) and it is not an effort as reviewers will probably say, but a perfect accomplishment."

Unfortunately, however, there were not many such men to appreciate the book, and today it is little known, even to the literary scholars in the universities. There have been two books about Doughty, a *Life* by D. G. Hogarth and a critical study by Barker Fairley of the University College, Toronto. Both books have had little sale and have been relegated by the publishers to the remainder lists.

"In writing the volumes *Arabia Deserta*," writes Doughty, "my main intention was not so much the setting forth of personal wanderings among a people of Biblical interest, as the ideal endeavor to continue the older tradition of Chaucer and Spenser, resisting to my power the decadence of the English language: so that whilst my work should be the mere verity for Orientalists, it should be also my life's contribution, so far to literature."

As to its verity, T. E. Lawrence writes that "it is not a book like other books, but something particular, a bible of its kind." Again: "The more you learn of Arabia, the more you find in *Arabia Deserta*." Doughty himself writes in the preface to the second edition: "The haps that befel me are narrated in these volumes: I have set down that which I saw with my eyes, and heard with my ears and thought in my heart, neither more or less."

V.

The literary style of this "disciple of the divine Muse of Spenser and Venerable Chaucer" is not like anything else in English. Doughty heaps phrase upon phrase, fact upon fact, without any apparent coherence. Viewed closedly, it has all the chaotic irregularity of a Gothic cathedral, but again like a cathedral has a tremendous cumulative effect. The drab monotonous landscape of Arabia is rendered faithfully and minutely, but by some magic the rendition is neither drab nor monotonous. The phrases are rough-hewn, unpolished, but of an unsurpassed solidity. As the reviewer for the *Daily News* wrote, "*Arabia Deserta* is not a book: it is a continent."

A trained geologist and a sincere admirer of two of England's greatest poets, Doughty was able, as Professor Fairley indicates, to describe the elemental forces of nature better than any Englishman before or since. His description of an eruption of Vesuvius, a scene recalled by the hellish wasteland of the Aueyrid Harra, a volcanic range near Medain Salih, is even more impressive than Milton's cosmological descriptions. His prose, like that of Joyce's *Work in Progress*, seems to move with its context.

Doughty is never introspective, although his book, as he tells us, is "the seeing of a hungry man, and telling of a most weary man." His actions, like his writings, are calmly and deliberately carried out. "He was despised and he was

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

Packed Trunks

by NELSON LANSDALE

"ALL THE WORLD is watching with hope the generations going away to school and college. This glorious autumn finds the face of the world turned towards the houses of education everywhere . . . and packed in the trunks of those thousands who have gone and are going away to school this year are the hopes, the fears, the sacrifices and prayers of thousands of parents everywhere." Sincere and silvery, the words were Frank Porter Graham's at the convocation of the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1934.

Dr. Graham is right. Inestimable are the sacrifices and the trials which the parents of America's youth undergo to send them forth for education, higher and lower. Opportunities, luxuries, all but the barest necessities of life are repeatedly sacrificed by courageous parents, convinced that education for their sons and daughters is worth the cost.

One cannot ignore, however, the trunks which are packed with parental obstinacy, misunderstanding and savage suppressive domination. Minority though they are, the students in college who are the victims of the stupidity, the greed, the brutal lack of sympathy and understanding, the instinct to dominate and interfere of their parents are—in most cases, at least—those who stand by nature of their resources, background and opportunities to benefit most from the cultural and social side of a college education.

I.

They were having a political meeting in the next room. Edward knew that; he had heard them making the plans. Now he heard their voices. They must, he reflected, be trying to frame the new party, portion out to the fraternities each a share in the way of elective offices. As he gazed idly at the fraternity coat-of-arms, splendidly emblazoned over the stone mantel of the living room, it did not occur to him to resent the fact that he had not been asked to sit in on the session.

His mother had advised him not to meddle with politics. And then he hadn't had much time for it. She had insisted that he distinguish himself from the common herd by doing a vast quantity of work for the college daily. Personally, and quite aside from his mother's opinion, Edward saw nothing the matter with blending in with the common herd, for the first year or two, at least. But there had been no argument. He had done what she had told him, and it had not been bad, except when she also demanded that he make the top of the honor roll. It took more work for him to master general principles than almost anyone else in his class, Edward realized, but he had a good mind for detail. A voice from the next room wafted through the thin partition: "There's Edward Stone . . ."

"Nonsense, and you know it. He wouldn't go over in a hundred years in a campus election. Hasn't any personal magnetism. Can't think for himself—dominated entirely by his mother. Stone won't do. Enough weak men on the ticket now."

"Mrs. Stone—" Somebody started to register an objection.

"Mrs. Stone, Nat, from all I hear is a very charming and agreeable woman. But she won't do for president of the sophomore class. I'm talking about Edward. He'll never amount to anything, in college or out, unless she tells him what to do. Look at him without her—timid as a mouse. She dominates him completely. Eddie Stone will never amount to a hill of beans on this campus until his mother leaves town. I know she hasn't anywhere else to go, and that she's a widow and he's an only child and all that, but we want an executive for the sophomore class who stands on his own two feet. I say NO!"

"But . . ."

"But, hell. Listen here, Nat. There's no way in the world to tell Eddie Stone his mother's ruining him and his chances in the world. Before you even know him his mother has to approve. This year, and as long as his mother stays here, or as long as he stays tied to her apron strings, Stone will never amount to a damn. You—"

"And not only that, Nat,"—this was another voice—"but how do we know he'd take orders from the party instead of from his mother? Wouldn't we be in a sweet mess if he appointed his own executive committee instead of ours?"

"You can't run Stone. That much is final, by God."

"Well"—this was another voice—"I guess that let's out Stone. How about McAllister?"

II.

At home, Bob's position in the town is assured. He lives on the right street. His family entertains occasionally with graciousness and ease. Five generations of respectable and undistinguished professional men have preceded him, hewing out a modestly comfortable fortune and a place in society for him and his heirs to enjoy. And he is likeable enough. Good looking, not at all clever, his manner plausible, his game of contract good, his dance-steps finished, an indifferently bad athlete, with an even, unambitious disposition and no brains, Bob had a better than average chance of enjoying his four years in college, and of emerging from them a prince of good fellows. But from the time when Bob was first refused pocket money by his shrewd and stingy father, the question of money has been a painful one. What this lack will do for his future is a question that only time can answer, but it has wrecked his college career.

In school on a scholarship, Bob is a member of no fraternity, and works for the University in the winter as he works for his father in the summer—for his board. In an undesirable cramped fourth-floor room of his dormitory, he is ekeing out his wretched four years. In a cosmopolitan university community, Bob is a hopeless provincial, and likely to remain one. Time was when he longed to broaden himself by travel and interest in the cultural interests of his friends at home; but what can you do when a short trip to the home of one of your few friends is curtly ruled out as an unjustifiable expense, or what interest can you have in the theatre if a cinema version of a play is a luxury, and a concert or theatre-ticket, or a copy of *The Stage* an undreamed-of extravagance? When your interest in all these things is dormant, you need the incentive of adequate, if remote, fulfillment of your aims.

He cannot and does not mix well with his dormitory mates—mixing ultimately costs money. And he is continually conscious of the discrepancy between what he is at home and who are his friends and what he is and who are his associates at school.

Not that money means everything—but Bob is not clever, nor brilliant in the classroom, and he needs — desperately sometimes — a first-hand knowledge of something—anything. When other people discuss movies or plays or books or cities or the people who live there—when people talk at all freely about their interests other than themselves, Bob whistles or strums on the table or sits in silence. His indifference to, and growing antagonism toward the world that lies beyond him is already marking him as a provincial.

But sometimes when the night is hideous with the screech of horns and whine of tires, and the air is heavy with the perfumes and powders of the few—some of them his friends at home—who grace the dances, when the coffee-drinking, sandwich-nibbling crowd throngs into a tiny cafe, when the dinner-jacket is more correct for breakfast than pyjamas—then Bob buries his head in his pillow, and asks himself strange, unanswerable questions.

Seen Last Month

"Shroud My Body Down"

There were really two separate productions of Paul Green's latest dramatic effort. The first occurred Friday evening when a reasonably intelligent audience sat thru four scenes bewildered as to the barest elements of the plot. The second was presented at the matinee on Saturday when Frederick H. Koch rather scornfully read Author Green's statement of the narrative framework of the drama. Koch's comment that a fifteen year-old boy had told him that the play was perfectly clear to him served only to irritate a group of people who later discovered that not even the cast had a vague idea as to what the writer meant by his work.

It would be most simple to dismiss *Shroud My Body Down* by observing that when an author must explain his plot to his audience by a curtain speech the value of the play must needs be questionable. In the theatre it is almost axiomatic that what is worth saying is worth saying so that people can understand it without confusion. We might very well cease discussion right there, if Paul Green were not a home boy who has more than once promised fine work. If Green had not been one of them, it is doubtful that the faculty would have fought over the play as violently as it did for weeks after its representation.

Perhaps to outline the plot would be a sufficient review. Yet when two thoroughly competent critics disagree as to the very presence of incest in the theme, a mere reviewer is hard put to it

to aspire to clarify the action for the reader. Suffice to say that *Shroud My Body Down* pictures the disintegration of a Southern family whose head is unable to find a suitable means of combating evil in the world.

Now whether that simple statement signifies that the author was attacking religion as a possible resolver of the difficulty, whether his view thruout was pessimistic or inversely optimistic, whether his play was meant to portray a single group, a class, or mankind in general are questions that Green alone can definitely answer. It is as easy to defend *Shroud My Body Down* as a play of faith as it is to attack as a drama of extreme pessimism. With such indecision cast before them it is little wonder that the spectators gaped, gasped, and kept on scratching their heads for days after.

For a long time much has been expected of Paul Green. It is not to be thought that he has yet arrived in the theatre. *In Abraham's Bosom* showed signs of sparkling ability, but since that time the Green talents have been nebulous and wandering. Not even *The House of Connelly* suggested the crystal-clear dynamic drama that he promised with his Pulitzer prize piece. There seems to have been a gradual deterioration in Green, an increasingly evident tendency that he is drifting away from the theatre into a vague kind of metaphysical sociology that defies the bonds of the stage.

Certainly he has overtaxed the theatre in *Shroud My Body Down*. It is perfectly legitimate to write a symbolical or allegorical drama, but when Maeterlinck, for example, did it in *The Intruder* the audience knew the relationship between the characters and was afforded a narrative frame on which to hang the philosophic symbolism. Green has done no such thing. He has obscured a fairly simple plot to the extreme that both plot and allegory are lost on the witnesser. He has apparently forgotten that to date no one except the writers of morality plays has succeeded in placing abstractions on the stage, yet he was quite evidently attempting that in *Shroud My Body Down*.

No intelligent viewer of the play doubts that Paul Green had a serious and important message in his latest play. To doubt his sincerity would be to remove the last vestiges of respect from the Playmakers. It is clear, however, that as he wrote the play it is a muddled, formless, strained piece of composition which appeals to its audiences more as a detective story than as the cosmic drama its author hoped it to be. Frankly, if Green had cast his material in poetic rather than dramatic form, he might have succeeded. Perhaps as Brooks Atkinson suggested of *Roll, Sweet Chariot,* Green's ideas are too vast and powerful for the modern theatre. If they are he must get out of the theatre, rather than attempt to distort it by the sincere freakishness of *Shroud My Body Down*.

Considering that by admission the cast thoroly disliked and did not understand the play, it did amazingly well by it. The distinguishing performance was of course Harold Baumstone's. He, a Playmaker of the days before the organization catered to people "playing with plays," stepped out and showed many of the younger members how to sink one's teeth into a part and make it mean something. As a half-earthly, half-spiritual old codger he was virtually perfect, except for a slight voice defect.

The remainder of the cast, particularly Miss Spencer was able, if not outstanding. Altho the strained settings were necessitated by the mood and spirit of the play, designer Selden proceeded to achieve a certain unified effect which was, in the last analysis, more than author Green achieved.

It may be that Koch was right. Maybe we are the morons and he and his fifteen-year older understood the play. To which we reply with this anecdote. Said a gentleman who had been absent from Chapel Hill for some time, "I heard that Paul Green once wrote a play with a metaphysical horse in it. I've just seen *Shroud My Body Down,* and dammit, I'm not sure that it wasn't in that play."—J.S.

Reviewing the Books

NEGRO AMERICANS, WHAT NOW? *James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press. New York. 103 pp. $1.25.*

In a hundred pages and in words that any reader can understand, James Weldon Johnson has here presented the cause of the American negro in the plainest manner that has yet appeared in print. He states their position and outlines briefly the major programs that are forwarded for the betterment of the negro's position. He discards the ideas of colonization and the forming of a separate state for negroes here in the South. He frowns on the idea of enforced segregation and admits that amalgamation of the races is far in the future.

What he does suggest as a sensible program for the American negro is the realization of a united American negro race, fighting forcibly yet reasonably for the rights of an American citizen. Negro organizations including the negro press and the negro church, are, he says, the best means of carrying out this program. He warns his race to steer clear of Communism, not because of its theories, but because of its inevitable failure in the United States. Quite a bit of logical horse sense, applicable to both races, is intermingled with what at first sight might be taken to be a very radical program, but which on closer observation proves not only to be the only reasonable one, but also the one which is now gradually coming into force of its own accord.—ELMER JOHNSON.

MAN WITH A BULL-TONGUE PLOW. *Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Co. New York. 361 pp. $3.00.*

Jesse Stuart's *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow* is a collection of more than seven hundred sonnets dealing with his life among the wild and uncivilized folk of the Kentucky hills. Jesse Stuart loves the rolling country of Kentucky and its people. This first published work of his is a sincere, and, in many respects, a successful attempt to re-create for his readers some of the experiences of his rich life. There are in this volume many dramatic situations, countless pictures, and, above all, keen interpretations of common emotions.

Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow is obviously reminiscent of that excellent work of Edgar Lee Masters, *The Spoon River Anthology.* Many of the character studies in his book are certainly similar in content and treatment to the finally-drawn characters of Masters. However, the book becomes more than a cheap imitation, because it presents its varied gallery of characters with a lyrical beauty and felicity which many people have long sought in the poetry of Edgar Lee Masters, and have never found. The characters are not dull and lifeless poetic images but are possessed of a vitality which Jesse Stuart has breathed into them.

The nature sonnets are undoubtedly the most artistic achievements of the book. In these poems vivid imagery, tender emotions, and fine poetic form are harmoniously woven together. It is in singing of the purple hills and the vast panorama of nature tha Jesse Stuart comes nearest to sounding the chord of genius. Nature represents for him all the cleanness, freshness, and beauty of life. Stuart's heart lies close to the soil, and it is only when the soil speaks to him that he makes his purest and most beautiful poetic utterances.

Stuart writes with great energy and vigor. He is, as Mark Van Doren said of him, "both copious and comprehensible." It is true that his sonnets are not always technically perfect, but they are never halting or hesitant. Here is a vast consciousness of life which pours forth a constant flow of poetry with an unusual facility. *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow* is an impressive work and is a rather felicitous example of what we may expect in the future from the active pen of Jesse Stuart. —CHARLES EATON.

THE SECRET WAR. *Frank C. Hanighen. John Day Co. New York. 316 pp. $2.75.*

Commit murder? Certainly—*c'est la guerre!* Bribe the proper men? Sure, if it pays. Inspire a revolution? Well, yes, if it helps your side of the secret war. Employ master spies? It is necessary if you want to know what your enemy is doing in the present-day struggle to control the world's resources of oil. Set your opponent's oil wells on fire? Why not, if you can get away with it? Seek the aid of your government? Most of assuredly—you won't have to risk *your* neck. Have any more questions about the international oil racket? You'll find the answers in *The Secret War,* in which Frank C. Hanighen lifts the lid off the international oil can and finds the contents putrid.

Take, for example, personalities like Rockefeller, Deterding, and Sinclair. Whenever their paths cross, there is trouble. For today's industrialized world cannot get along without oil, and he who can win control of the supply can exercise unlimited power. During the World War, Clemenceau declared that oil was "as necessary as blood in the battles of tomorrow." And Lord Curzon proclaimed later, "The Allies were carried to victory on a flood of oil."

Oil does more than lubricate and drive machinery. It drives men. Sometimes it drives them to fabulous riches. Sometimes it drives them to death. Sometimes it drives them to jail. Sometimes it drives them mad. And sometimes it affects whole nations of men and drives them into armed conflict.

The story of the secret industrial war for oil, as Hanighen tells it, is at once romantic and revolting. His journalistic style (he was once a newspaper man) flows smoothly, and the book is easy to read. But it has two major weaknesses.

In the first place, one has the feeling that the author is just a little over-enthusiastic in his muckraking, and is seeing more oil stains that actually exist. Even President Roosevelt and New-Deal policies are linked with the oil interests. In the second place, he has made a serious sacrifice to smoothness: substantiation of alleged facts. Too many dogmatic statements appear to be mere assumptions. It is one thing, for example, to declare that "the English brazenness grew. They wanted oil concessions in Algeria and the French colonies . . . The English spread propaganda in France to the effect that Algerian oil was nothing much, that developing it would be a losing game and it might be just as wise to grant concessions. All to the interest of Deterding and the

Anglo-Persian." It is another thing to cite the proof of such statements. This the author does not do, and it looks very much as if he were guilty of voicing a suspicion as being a fact. However, if the book is read with one or two grains of salt, as suggested here, the time will be well invested. At least it offers a stimulating and thought-provoking view of industrial warfare, and shows the close relationship of the latter to out-and-out military conflict. And who knows but that in the future it will form the background to another Senate investigation similar to the munitions inquiry now in progress? —DON BECKER.

NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. *H. T. Lefler. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel. 454 pp. $3.50.*

A book chronicling the history of North Carolina from first glimpse of its shores, in 1524, to journalistic comment of the present years, would not be an unusual work. Dr. Lefler's *History of North Carolina Told by Contemporaries*, however, deserves to be called something out of the ordinary. It is the first source book on North Carolina history to be compiled, and from this fact alone, discounting its purposeful workmanship, it merits attention.

The *History* was written, says Dr. Lefler, to provide a source book in the history of the state that may be used as a supplementary text for either high school or college courses. That it has recognized a need in the teaching of history throughout the state, and for that matter in the very technique of history-teaching, is indisputable. We grow up with an idea in the back of our heads that history "just growed," that it has been passed on from text to text, like a story. Nothing can dessicate the living process of history more than the text book, when it does. And the most refreshing contrast to the dry facts so often dryly presented, is a single period from the brains of those that lived while that history was in the making. Yet access to sources is a privilege accorded to few teachers or pupils in the schools of the state, and even the more advanced students in college courses would be at a loss to separate the needed from the vast unneeded. Hence the value of Dr. Lefler's splendid compilation.

In the choice of excerpts for publication, he has given most attention to the social and economic phases of the state's history rather than to the political. It is beyond the limitations of this writing to give more than a foretaste of the vast amount of material embodied in the book. It is enough to say that Dr. Lefler's method is to present highly condensed extracts, chronologically arranged and prefaced with a brief introduction to the circumstances surrounding the writing in question—always with precise reference to the importance of the source represented. "Iron Collars For Certain Runaways," "'For Sale As He Runs'," the stirring eloquence of revolutionary and secessionary literature—from chapter headings to the broad divisions of these human testimonials of troublous eras, this book on North Carolina history will pique the interest of any reader, may make him unawares a dilletante in the state's historical lore.—LONNIE DILL.

STORY-IN-AMERICA. *Edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. The Vanguard Press. New York. 352 pages. (Reprinted from "Story.")*

In this volume the purist reader will find much to which he can object without being overly critical. The title in itself furnishes objections. The "in America" clause may be subject to criticism, as it suggests an unhealthy all-inclusiveness, and the word "Story" is even better material for the fault-finder. For a story is, after all, a certain more or less definite form of literary expression, a tale told for the telling. That is, plot is the main consideration. If the editors had called the book "Sketches" or even "Freaks" they would have been much more accurate.

For the true story element is largely lacking, or else so unimportant as to be missed in the strange new styles of the authors. Most of the contributions seem to be done in an exaggerated simplicity of style, a tearing out of all the unnecessary words that give atmosphere and pleasure to the ordinary reader. And they are told from strange viewpoints, that is, in a hazy, indefinite manner as if the narrator or the hero were, to put it bluntly, not quite "all there."

The book does not lack important names. Besides Chekhov there is Gertrude Stein and William Faulkner, not to mention the young Armenian whose work is causing so much comment at the present time, William Saroyan. His contribution, "Seventy Thousand Assyrians," might well puzzle the average reader, who-ever that mythical person may be. It is a "freak" pure and simple; it has no plot, and chiefly consists of the authors explanatory remarks telling how he is striving to paint the "great heart of mankind." Chekhov tells the strange tale of a carp that falls in love with a maiden, and through an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide on her fishing hook, goes insane. The carp then bites a young poet, who also becomes a victim of the depressive mania, and goes through life infecting other poets and publishers with his pessimism, and that, Chekhov says, is why there is so much pessimistic modern poetry. Gertrude Stein's story is well done, and she has at last found a subject suitable for her style. Her confused and confusing attempt to describe a literary "gossip-war" is excellent, and gives the reader the correct impression that everyone is talking at cross purposes about things that do not matter. William Faulkner's contribution approaches more nearly the short story idea than do the other outstanding sketches, but this approach is only relative.

Perhaps the most remarkable is a story by Miss Elizabeth Wagner entitled "Nothing Can Stop It." This joyful little tale paints a more than gruesome picture of Scandinavian homesteaders in the Rockies. The only son in the family was killed by falling over a stump, and the frost made the ground so hard that it was impossible to bury the boy. And the family comments on the nice late spring so "little Arttur" won't have to be buried so soon, because "he looks so pretty."

On the whole, *Story-in-America* is important as an indication of the trend in the modern short story. Whether it is good reading or not is another question. This reviewer, perhaps wrongly, has gathered the impression that the authors are chiefly young men and women, just

as *Story* is a young magazine, and that perhaps pains and self-consciousness will disappear in time allowing them to produce work that is readable as well as new. At present, newness is their chief virtue, and it appears a dubious one.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. *Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. New York. 247 pp. $3.00.*

The name of Erasmus of Rotterdam, once held almost sacred by the world's great scholars, today lies shrouded in comparative obscurity. In histories he is mentioned as a noted man of letters and a leading humanist—that is all. From time to time, books dealing with the life and writings of Erasmus have been published, but it has remained for Stefan Zweig to carefully analyse his complex character, to reveal the influences of the turbulent period at work on the Erasmic philosophy, and to point out the man's rare gifts and lamentable failings.

Born in 1466, Erasmus as a young man was ordained a priest in the Catholic Church. His letters and writings soon earned him fame, and before the end of his life he was honored with the title, "doctor universalis." A frail and withered little man, we see him, wrapped in furs to keep off a chill, bent over his study desk at work on some Latin treatise. Erasmus was a bibliophile, an intellectual. Although he was on intimate terms with kings, emperors, and popes, his life was devoid of romance, intrigue, and dramatic incident. Let those who seek the romantic and dramatic element turn to Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*. But offsetting the pallidness of Erasmus's personality and quiet, retired existence was the brilliance of his intellectual life. The biographer devotes most of his efforts to understanding the scholar's mind and the philosophy which he advanced.

Erasmus was at once a sceptic and an idealist; sardonic, yet the "tender apostle of all that is human." Such apparent contrasts require comprehensive analysis, but Zweig, in the writers opinion, over-analyses. Perhaps he does not mix enough incident with analysis, for when the reader comes to the Protestant Revolt, he is a bit weary of looking into Erasmus's mind. It is at this juncture that Martin Luther dashes into the book with his whirlwind personality and refreshes us like a cool wind in summer.

Zweig lucidly presents the humanists' (Erasmic) philosophy: "To think in the Erasmic way is to think independently; to act in the Erasmic way for mutual understanding." We learn the pertinent causes for the failure of Erasmus and his disciples in their effort to humanize Europe. They hoped to establish mutual understanding, peace, and tolerance thru the medium of education. This was their fatal misconception: the theory that educated men would not yield to passion and violence.

In the latter half of the book the doctrines, methods, and personal characteristics of Erasmus are ably contrasted with the different qualities of Martin Luther. Erasmus, the peace-lover, the quiet concilliator, the liberal, wields his pen in a futile struggle against the sword of Luther, the fanatic, the fighter, the radical. The lives of these two men, Erasmus and Luther, represent opposing forces which are at work in the world today. Zweig has skillfully developed the historical parallels to create in *Erasmus of Rotterdam* more than an ordinary book.—NICK READ.

THE WANDERING SCHOLARS. *Helen Waddell. Henry Holt Co. New York. $2.50.*

Too long we have dismissed ten centuries of the world's history with a vague shrug, and catalogued them as "The Dark Ages." Too long text books of literature have dealt at length with the classics, devoted a few pages to folk ballads and morality plays, and then sailed over into the Renaissance, as though the period between the fall of Rome and the fall of Constantinople had been nothing more than a short breathing spell. Miss Helen Waddell, among others, believes that it was much more, and makes, in *The Wandering Scholars*, a brilliant defense of the much abused Mediaevalists. She shows that classic literature did not disappear with the collapse of the Roman Empire, but was preserved lovingly by Mediaeval scholars against the time when it should come into its own again. The center of culture shifted from Rome to the Midi, and from the court to the cloister, but though dimmed it was not destroyed. The word Renaissance is really a misnomer, for the phenomena it designates is not a rebirth but rather an increase in the rate of growth.

In a comprehensive survey of the whole period of the Middle Ages Miss Waddell introduces us to these men who, almost forgotten now, form a vital link in the chain of western culture. They were, of course, churchmen, and as such their lives were dedicated to the cause of a religion that condemned the great works of their pagan predecessors. But besides being Christians they were also scholars, and in their heart of hearts cherished the beauty of classic art even though they held it suspect. We are shown a rather touching picture of a priest, after a day of toiling among tracts of ecclesiastical prose, turning with a sigh of relief, albeit a little guiltily, to the grace of Vergil, Horace and Plautus.

And not only did such priests keep alive the memory of the classic writers, but they laboured copying the old manuscripts and themselves created art in the same tradition. Their writing was in Latin, and little of it has survived the test of time, but it is by no means sterile. The author gives us in translation many poems that will stand in any age.

Lack of space prevents quotation, but the reader will find much that is pleasing, some that is downright exciting, and little that is dull. The translation is that of a poet, and the expository material as fine prose as one would expect from the author of as first rate a novel as *Peter Abelard*. The scholar will find in addition an index, a copious bibliography, and an appendix which includes the Latin originals of the poems translated. Committees on selection of college text-books please note.—D. B. POPE.

PORTRAIT OF EDEN. *Margaret Sperry. Liveright Co. New York. 298 pp. $2.50.*

Portrait of Eden paints the picture of a Florida boom town after the boom. It deals mainly with the dregs of humanity and uses languages commonly supposed to be appropriate only to them. It is difficult to tell, however, whether the viewpoints expressed are those of the author or of the characters, due to the fact that a peculiar col-

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

FRENCH
M'SIEUR JONES WEEL PLEASE READ EN FRANCAISE ZE FAIRRRST PASSAGE.
LA SUÈDE ET LA FINLANDE COMPOSENT UN ROYAUME LARGE D'ENVIRON DEUX CENTS DE NOS LIEUES, ET LONG DE TROIS — ETC.....
LE CZAR N'A PAS ASSUJETI, SEULEMENT L'ÉGLISE À L'ÉTAT À L'EXEMPLE DES SULTANS TURCS, MAIS, ET SOFORTH
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BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page thirty*)

loquial phraseology is employed even in the supposedly objective descriptions of all the incidents.

The theme of the narrative consists in the sentence, "Eden is built in the shape of the cross upon which the Lord Jesus is said to have died." Interspersed with this refrain are brief glimpses of race prejudice, ignorance, superstition, fear, and misery, which in turn are mingled with the common spirituals of the negroes and the poor whites. Attempts to relieve the desolute situation of the human wretches by means of science and a more intelligent application of religion are defeated. It is a story of the Garden of Eden after the serpent's entrance, of a people who have failed to understand or to practice the enlightened concepts of religion.

Particularly well done are the representations of the derelicts and the down-and-outers. Regardless of the terminology used, there is an atmosphere of sincerity in the portrayal each one which tends to make it stand out from the morass of the environment in which it is engulfed. As a depiction of a degenerate civilization the book is distinctive.—PEGGY ANN HARRIS.

WHAT I LIKE IN POETRY. *William Lyons Phelps. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 601 pp. $2.75.*

"There is no attempt . . . to classify the poets in various groups or schools or fashions . . . or to place together poems that . . . might be considered kindred," explains William Lyon Phelps in the preface to his latest, and it might be hoped by some, his last anthology. This statement heading his latest collection is unrefutable proof that anthologies should have, if not a method, at least a madness.

As those who read his column in *Scribner's* should know, "Billy" Phelps, as he is affectionately called by Edgar Guest (Yes! even he is included in the work) is a literary mugwump (vulgar definition) of the first water— and his criticisms are about as weak. Thus we find nothing unfamiliar in this collection. All those old favorites which are found in text books and the like, which are recognized as good poetry are included in "What I Like . . ." We run across such pieces as we heard in our cradle *(Little Orphant Annie)*, as we learned in the fifth grade *(Abou Ben Adhem)*, as we dissected in high school *(My Last Duchess)*, as we sing in churches *(Lead, Kindly Light)* and about three indicating the modern trend *(Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard)*. A good key to the contents of the volume may be obtained by thinking of all the fairly well-known poets. Now try to recall most of their better known works. Well, those are in Mr. Phelps' anthology.

With a definite, and sometimes detrimental, preference for the Victorian sentimentalists, Mr. Phelps has ranged from Shakespeare through Tennyson, Longfellow, and Riley to Guest, with Masefield, Noyes and Yeats being about the only recent British poets included. In keeping with his general opinions, Mr. Phelps probably didn't want to display a liking for any of the newer poets until they were firmly established. Of course, there is some of Robinson, Teasdale, and Millay which is already established. And Wordsworth is too much with us.

"Billy's" brief and occasionally cogent words preceding some poems are sometimes interesting and add a bit of variety to re-reading all the familiar poems. However, even these become ludicrous at times; such as, in speaking of Sandburg's 'Fog (Desolate and Lone)', Mr. Phelps' makes what he evidently regards as a startlingly revealing statement: "Even a fog and a steam-tug can be transfigured by a poet." For that matter Mr. Phelps, J. M. March made poetry out of a Greenich Village "wild party."

If you have no poetical volumes at all and should like some of the often-quoted works, *What I Like . . .* might fill an apt space on your bookshelf but I should recommend, in preference, cheap collections of some of your favorite poets. A worthy anthology of poetry should be far more stimulating than Mr. Phelps'. A more interesting and readable volume might have been collected by Mr. Phelps and titled *What I Don't Like in Poetry.*— CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.

WHAT HAPPENS TO TEACHERS WHO THINK

(*Continued from page three*)

not be the henchmen of industrial potentates, when industrial potentates will be no more, when public education may become a freed process of life and joy unending.

But that day will not come without a struggle. Many of us feel that it cannot be merely legislated. Certainly it will never come while teachers squat fearfully on their buttocks and wait for others to dictate their destiny. Are jobs so sweet and "security" so dear as to be kept at the price of eternal silence and submission?

"ARABIA DESERTA"

(*Continued from page twenty-four*)

rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But his spirit never faltered. He was able, in moments of utmost desperation, to stand, like Faust, upon a mountain top, and feel the power of a vista.

"We look out from every height upon the Harra, over an iron desolation; what uncouth blackness and lifeless cumber of vulcanic matter! —an hard-set face of nature without a smile for ever, a wilderness of burning and rusty horror of unformed matter. What lonely life would not feel constraint of heart to trespass here! the barren heaven, the nightmare soil! where should he look for comfort?—There is a startled conscience within a man of his *mesquin* being, and profane, in presence of the divine structure of the elemental world!—this lion-like sleep of cosmogonic forces, in which is swallowed up the gnat of the soul within him,—that short motion and parasitical usurpation which is the weak accident of life in matter."

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THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

NORTH CAROLINA ISSUE

ESTABLISHED 1844
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VOL. LXIV NO. 4

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¶*Published monthly eight times from November to June by the Publications Union Board.* ¶*Material appearing in the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶*Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 108, Graham Memorial.* ¶*Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Price 15 cents per issue.*

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Are Carolina Boxers Pugs?

by PHIL ALSTON

DOWN in the south-east corner of the Tin Can where the odors of resin, perspiration, smelling salts, and adrenalin fill the air, you can find an amazing specie of humanity. For most of us it isn't the humanity angle of boxing that intrigues us as much as it is the element of conflict, the idea of seeing which is the better man physically.

Take a look at the folks around the ringside some afternoon and you'll see that every collegiate type is included. That is natural, for the fundamental idea of conflict, age-old, touches all of us, from Greek scholar to street bum. People who are not sports fans stop to watch boxing as they would no other sport. They seem fascinated. Likewise are the participants fascinated—to such an extent that temporarily fighting becomes the major phase of their lives.

During boxing season—the fight game never quite becomes completely out of season—the pugs not only fight in the ring, but in their minds. They subconsciously think fighting, talk fighting when you least expect it. That explains why fighters will invariably gather in dormitory and fraternity rooms, in drug stores, along the street and talk fight for hours without any feeling of self-consciousness. Boxing's interest to its participants is absorbing, fascinating.

And these moments of public concentration on their sport, of shooting punches at phantom opponents and blocking imaginary blows along the street and across the campus have had much to do with gaining for college boxers the name of punchdrunks. A bunch of football players may race up and down the street throwing passes with English text books or demonstrate a cross body block in a drug store and no one thinks a great deal about it, for blows sustained on the gridiron don't make one goofy. Blows received in the ring have made an appalling number of men decidedly goofy. Therefore, any sign of goofiness in a boxer is attributed to punchdrunkenness whereas in a football player it is merely youthful enthusiasm bubbling over.

The physical requirements of boxing and football have often been compared without any conclusive or fair results. The demands made by the two sports differ just as they do in all other sports. The average boxer in first class condition could no more play sixty minutes of football than your average gridder could survive six fast minutes of milling. And even this comparison is unfair, for in football a tired man may have a substitute, but in boxing, if a man poops out, it's a case of "Mother, bring the smelling salts." Outside of wrestling, boxing probably demands a higher brand of condition than any other sport. Track men may scoff, but, as Crayton Rowe once opined, "If a track man is out of shape he merely loses the race. If a boxer is out of shape he not only loses the fight but probably gets his head knocked into the bleachers as well."

Mentally, too, boxing's demands are extraordinary. Nowhere will you find mental tension to compare with that in a boxing team's dressing room before a fight—and it doesn't necessarily have to be an important match, either. Just to give yourself an idea of what it's like, try going several days on a minimum of food to make weight and see if you too don't become snarlish, easily upset.

In that dressing room you can find every assortment of jitters. It isn't fear; it's more the entire life of a pug about to be put on trial. Any number of queer traits show up in the dressing room. Archie Allen, who was icy inside the ropes and calm in any other situation, was the most jittery dressing room pug Carolina ever had. From the moment he stepped into the dressing room until he crawled through the ropes he was in anguish. He shivered and fumbled. The slightest things were all-important, superstitions broke out. His favorite good luck omen was to have the right glove laced on before the left was gloved. One night an excited manager attempted to slip the left glove on first and was almost decapitated for his carelessness. It wasn't fear of physical pain that made Allen jittery. He was even more nervous as a coach when there could be no chance of physical pain. In his first year of coaching Archie went through more physical exertion and mental torture than any man on his squad. At the conclusion of a match he claimed he was more exhausted than he would

have been had he fought in each bout. And Allen was no exception. Carolina has seldom had a fighter who was not susceptible to pre-fight panic, but the disease shows up differently in various individuals. Most of them become irritable; Peyton Brown was uncontrolable except when being massaged; Landis and Quarles got quarrelsome; John Warren turned pasty, frowned, and was ready to commit mayhem if anyone annoyed him; Levinson was boastful, or fidgety, according to the toughness of his opponent.

II.

The idea of the "big dumb athletes" who have no place in the life of the university has been worn-out long ago, but there is still a tendency to look upon boxers particularly as a tribe apart. Not having the outside appeal or the state-wide publicity accorded football players they have little opportunity of supplanting the gridders as ideal for the "big dumb athlete" type. A boxer is an amazing creature, too amazing, at least, for the average person to understand without an overdose of psychology, and for this reason the pugs often find themselves in a class alone.

It's safe to say that Carolina students abhor braggarts and "shines." But there's a difference between braggardocio and confidence that critics of boxers often miss. A fighter must have supreme confidence in his ability or there's no use in his even entering the ring. If a fighter tells you emphatically that he's going to win, that doesn't imply conceit, but merely a confidence in himself. Boxers have been called shines because they have a tendency to gather publicly and discuss boxing, too often without confining their discussion to words. That immediately marks them as shines, but if a pug finds that you are observing his public argument and are sneering at him he will crawl into a shell that will not be cracked, providing, of course, that your opinion is worthy of respect. When a fighter makes a spectacle of himself by sparring with a friend in a drug store he's not trying to make himself recognized as a boxer; he's forgetting everything but his interest in fighting.

The shine and braggart angle has hurt boxers in general socially, but if you look over Carolina's pugs of recent years you will find that there have been some who fitted into the Hill's social life as easily as anyone else. Most of those who failed to click socially would have failed regardless of boxing.

Likewise have pugilistic aspirations failed to be a deterrent in other phases of campus life. While some pugs have confined their activities to the ring others have branched out into every kind of student exploits. Pugs have had their fingers in everything from the Playmakers to scholarship, back around to journalism, oratory, and honorary societies. Members of the tin ear troupe have entered these various fields with success and failure just as have other Carolina students. Certainly boxing has never prevented any man's success in an outside field, and a few it may have benefited by giving confidence and self-reliance. So far as I know college boxing never made a "tough" out of anyone who was not tough to begin with and it may have helped take a few rough edges off one or two crude fellows by making them conscious of the gaze and opinion of others.

Frankly, the toughness of college pugs has been exaggerated. Most of them are normal college students. Even Marty Levinson, considered by many the epitome of toughness, was little different from the rest of us once you got to know him. He had feeling and appreciation; and he even sacrificed a sure shot at the featherweight championship his senior year to let Norm Quarles, a guy he didn't like, have a surer shot because in doing so he gave his team a better chance of winning the Conference championship. But Marty thought fighting all the time, and to his way of thinking fighting meant winning.

Marty was one of a fairly large group of college boxers generally consigned to the classification of "punchdrunk." There's no denying that Levinson's actions were frequently unique and in need of explanation, but he was no more punchdrunk than a couple of Playmakers (whose behavior was equally weird,) a pair of Phi Beta Kappas, a politician, and a social hound or two that you or I could name. "Kayo" Hugh Wilson and Peyton Brown were others who were deemed punchdrunks. Each became a Playmaker before leaving school and seemed as much a part of Koch puppet show as he did of the cauliflower brigade.

Neither Wilson nor Brown was punchdrunk. When Wilson strode into the Tin Can to report for freshman boxing, the pugs thought a lunatic was loose. He had that roaring voice and the trick of letting his head flop from side to side which was later considered proof of punch sogginess. That Kayo took punches galore add-

ed to the belief that he was permanently groggy. But by the time Wilson left school he was running in just about the same groove taken by the "typical Carolina man." Peyton Brown was never so wild a specimen as when a freshman. Punches on the chin notwithstanding, he gained poise, more ease and added refinement as time passed. If you ever tried arguing Socialism, government, or politics with Brown it didn't take you long to conclude that there were no screws loose in his head. He read and studied constantly. It was a standard direction among boxing managers that if Brown didn't show up for practice on time he could always be located in the reading room of the Library.

III.

The Carolina student's loose use of the word "punchdrunk" is unfortunate, especially for the pugs, who are likely to have that description pinned on them any time after they catch their first smack on the dome. Obviously, most Carolina students never saw a punchdrunk in their lives. It would be very nearly a physical impossibility for a man to become punchdrunk in college boxing where the bouts are short, the gloves large, and every official exercises better than ordinary care that the participants receive no hurt that might prove permanent.

If you ever observed a real punchdrunk you know that you never saw one in a collegiate ring. The true stumblebums are old timers, for punchdrunkenness can be acquired only through repeated hammering over a long period of time. Punches in the throat have made the voices husky whispers; cauliflowered ears have brought on partial deafness; the eyes, often permanently injured in ring encounters, are vague and expressionless; the memory is either sadly inaccurate or totally blank; the reflexes are uncertain.

College pugs have very little in common with the professional game's punchdrunks, or for that matter, with the average, mentally normal fighter. Ballyhoo to the contrary, the men who make their living from boxing are a pretty tough lot, figured from any angle. Higher education has yet to develop a champion, and with the exception of Steve Hamas, there is not a single prominent fighter today who can boast even so much as a taste of university life. Tunney acquired a passion for Shakespeare, but when he was a kid Gene was just a good tough little Irish brat who grew up to be a freight handler on the docks, joined the Marines and gradually blossomed as a fighter. Your average professional fighter started life in poverty or thereabouts. He lived in a tough section and had to fight for what he got; he reached a point where fighting became as natural to him, sometimes more natural, than eating. Seeking employment, he found that of all the ways of earning a living boxing was more fun and less trouble than most—and besides he knew something about fighting. Environment has made him tough, and he therefore fits easily into the hard-boiled atmosphere of the prize ring, with its crooks, grafters and sharks.

The typical college student has had none of the professional fighter's early life of hardness. This isn't to imply that all college kids are wallowing in luxury, but they generally come from a fairly respectable, culturally ambitious line of folks who do pretty well toward keeping them out of the streets and gutters. The "tough guys" in a town are generally not of the type who aspire to higher education.

The college boxer is by birth and raising, then, a somewhat tame individual by comparison with the professional battler. But if you think there's still some doubt, just compare the two sports and you'll not be long in deciding which is the tougher racket. This business of saying "nice going, pal," as some of the collegians do when their antagonists thump them with a beauty of a sock; of touching gloves after a low blow has been accidentally landed; of friendly traffic with opponents before and after the fight; and chiefly, of both fighters rushing to the center of the ring to embrace one another fondly at the conclusion of a bout would be strictly out of order in the professional's code of ethics, where one is to win by any means whatsoever (except, of course, in cases where some little financial agreement has been made whereby one of the lads is to go into the tank, take a dive or what-do-you-want-to-call-it.)

College coaches frequently allow opposition battlers to weigh in at a little over the weight limit; but if you can picture a professional manager letting his charge's opponent get by the scales with a fraction of a pound to spare you have a better imagination than I have. The professional manager would rant mightily, claim the forfeit money, if any had been put up, and still insist that every excess ounce must come off or

(*Continued on page thirty*)

Red, White and Black in Robeson

by J. McNeill Smith

An island of red men lies half submerged in Robeson county. A race of primitive Indians lives there alone, surrounded by a sea of alien culture. With their lives little touched by the fifty thousand other inhabitants of Robeson, thirteen thousand Indians are living today with the same ideals dominating their lives that ruled the proud and strained red man of 1492. The present-day Indian of Robeson occupies a unique position there. He considers himself above the level of the Negro and yet he is unable to secure equality with the white man. Clinging to the middle position, he has resigned himself to a segregated station in life. He lives alone, fights and kills alone, and dies alone. Though he exhibits neither antagonism nor a cooperative spirit toward his surrounding fellows, he has been largely responsible for Robeson's acquiring its reputation as the nation's most lawless county.

This remaining thread of the original American is composed of those Indians who live on the government reservation at Pembroke and those who are scattered in little family groups on the tenant farms of Robeson county in the southeastern section of North Carolina. The Indians have their own schools, placed there by the government, and their teachers are white in most cases, particularly in the large normal school at Pembroke. With the advantage over the Negro of being able to exercise his voting privilege, he has become the prey of Robeson county politicians.

As a working man the red man of Robeson has developed into an excellent farmer with the ability to carry on a first-class bootlegging establishment on the side. But he will never make a hired man. Either because of custom or fear of being closely associated with the Indians, the white people of the county always hire for their cooks, their gardeners, their janitors, or their men-about-the-place, Negro women and Negro men. The Indian there works as a laborer only when he considers himself a craftsman: a plumber, a carpenter, or the like. Usually he pays his doctor bills with cash and in all of his business matters he probably "gets out of debt" when the affairs of the year are settled in the fall, after the tobacco has been sold and the cotton ginned. Unlike most of the Negro tenants, from year to year he stays out of debt to his farm owner. Present and past, the Robeson Indian has been characterized by a stubborn independence. Legend and lie have served only to make him a colorful, if uncontrollable, figure of North Carolina.

II.

The Robeson Indians are called Croatans and for a number of years it was widely believed that they were the descendants of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony. Among the Oxendines, Chavises, Johnsons, and Hunts of Robeson whose names were so similar to those of the lost colonists were Indians who had blue eyes and fairer traits than their neighbor Indians. Historians believed that their ancestors had been the colonists who fled to the Croatan tribe of friendly Indians on Roanoke Island about 1585. Recently, however, the Smithsonian Institute declared that the legend was unfounded and that the Robeson Indians were in reality the remnants of the old Cheraw tribe.

Henry Beery Lowry, whose exploits of fifty years ago have become legendary, stands out as the most heroic Indian of his tribe. His name has come to symbolize an extraordinary career of the Robeson Indian. Strikingly handsome, powerfully built, he led his notorious "Lowry gang" in an uprising for what he considered Indian justice. He dug a network of fifteen-foot ditches across Robeson, and his followers, using these as escape tunnels, succeeded in terrorizing the land with their killings and robberies. Lowry set ablaze the county with his bloody deeds. Guerrilla warfare, with the dashing Indian phenomenally victorious, made the land unsafe for human life in general. Though Lowry never led an attack against the poor or the helpless, the primitive American was banned as an outlaw, and a liberal reward was offered for the gang leader, dead or alive. With his life in jeopardy, Lowry did not surrender his cause. For days he was sought after by numerous posses, but he always managed to elude his pursuers. Treachery on the part of certain of his followers finally gave the white man a chance to destroy the famous Indian. A

single gunman from the Maxton district hid himself under the Lowry hut in "Scuffletown" (the little village has disappeared) and waited for the return of the gang leader. Lowry entered his hut that night, believing his followers who had announced that the "coast was clear." The white man below gave the outlaw three minutes to talk to his men, then he raised his gun and aimed through the floor. His shot killed Henry Beery, and with his death the band of "Scuffletown Outlaws" lost its leader. The members of the gang attempted to continue their rebellion but the law, made bold by the removal of Lowry, soon captured and tried them for their numerous killings. Purdy Jacobs was hanged at the courthouse in Lumberton forty years ago, and with Jacobs died the last of the Indians who had followed Lowry's reckless gang of murderers and robbers.

III.

The Indians in Robeson have continued the bloody spirit of Lowry since the time of the outlaw, but there have been no more rebellions against the white men. Instead, they have directed their crimes against each other. Today they are constantly quarreling over matters of small consequence, women, liquor, gambling, wrestling matches, etc. Their quarrels lead to fights and then to killings. They slash each other with razors, pound each other with blunt weapons, and fire at each other with rifles, shotguns, and pistols. Sometimes the participants in the battle are only battered in the head or perhaps their necks are laid gaped open, cut to a hair of their jugular veins by each other's knives. More often than not, they recover, and within a few weeks they are strong and healthy, ready for another cavil. Peculiar as it might seem, the Indian brawls in Robeson always show marked increase in number just prior to a session of the Superior court. The red man senses the coming trial and, under the influence of his corn, deems it necessary to have a case of his own in the next court session. A fight is the easiest ticket to a Robeson county courtroom, and consequently the Indian gives little opposition to the police who are sent to arrest him after his debauchery.

In 1915 North Carolina received the startling news that her largest county, Robeson, had led all the counties in the United States in the average number of homicides over a period of four years (1910-14). Since that time, when the dateline on a murder story reads "Robeson county," every state play plays up the story. A negro man creeps up to the church window at Montpelier, a rural Negro church near Rowland. The window slides up and a gun barrel is aimed across the heads of the congregation while they continue to listen to their white-bearded parson. A shot is heard and there is a stir in the corner of the church opposite the now open window; a Negro woman has been killed and another wounded. The killer is a half-mad Negro, husband of the murdered woman. "Another black mark for Robeson" is the comment of the papers as they give the story a big lead. This and other homicides that might happen anywhere are pointed to as typical Robeson crimes. The publicity hounds gloat over the stories and point to the Robesonian stigma. Natives of the county are greeted with grins and questions when they announce that they are from Robeson. With wild fire rapidity, the opinion that the Indians, along with the other inhabitants of Robeson, have let their "corn" turn them into murder fiends has rapidly spread over the two Carolinas. Allowing one exception, Robeson has become known as the most lawless county in the state.

Last year North Carolina lead all other states in the average rate for homicide manslaughter by negligence and was second to Alabama in the average rate for criminal murder. Yet Robeson (according to figures compiled at Christmas) did not rank among the leaders in North Carolina. Statistics from the state health department show that actually Robeson's rate has fallen in the last four years. In 1931 at least nine other counties reported more homicides than Robeson.

Superior Court Judge W. C. Harris of Raleigh who recently presided over a Superior Court session in Lumberton, county seat of Robeson, made a statement concerning law enforcement in the county to the effect that it is not good, but that it is no worse than in other counties where he has gone. "Robeson and Wake get more publicity, though," he said.

According to S. H. Hobbs, of the University department of Rural Social Economics, the presence of the Indians in the county might account for the large number of killings. The Indians have consistently led the whites and the Negroes in the number of murders. Hobbs suggested that the combination of the three races might be the cause of the bad feeling, but the record of the killings in Robeson show that the Indians never

kill persons of the other two races. In defense of the present inter-racial condition in Robeson is the fact that in 1933 only one case was reported where a person of one race killed a person of another (the one instance was a Negro killing an Indian).

Reports from the various trials show that the causes of most of the killings are minor. The differences which the court records have listed as the causes for the Robeson county homicides include jealousy over women, drinking, gambling, disputes over religion, disputes over Christmas shopping money, arguments over wrestling matches, etc. These same differences might easily have caused murders in other counties and consequently cannot be labeled particularly Robesonian in character. The high Indian homicide rate aligns itself with their highly sensitive natures. They are easily aroused to a furious passion, but after they have committed their act of violence, primitive instinct restrains them from attempting an escape.

Decidedly weak in the record of murder trials in Robeson is the fact that only one Indian (whose case is now pending appeal) has been convicted of first degree murder in the last forty years. The county prosecution has continually failed to squeeze a testimony from an Indian against another Indian who is on trial for murder. The red man refuses to testify for his dead brother, if the killer is still alive. Evidently Robeson county juries require this first-hand testimony which the Indians withhold, for in trial after trial, often when the guilt is evident, the jury fails to convict the defendant of first degree murder.

Not since Purdy Jacobs of the "Lowry gang" was hanged at Lumberton has an Indian died for murder. Still, they are the portion of the county's population who report the largest number of homicides. As blocking its program of removing herself from the catagory of "the most lawless county in the state," Robeson must account for this fact that no Indian has been hanged for murder in the last forty years.

The matter of the homicide rate further illustrates the segregated position of the Robeson Indian. In no case in the last several decades (and in few cases before that time) has an Indian been known to kill a Negro or a white man. Even though Negroes have killed Indians, the Indian has not violated his code and retaliated. He apparently ignores the black man and at the same time to exhibit silent resignation to the supremacy of the white.

IV.

The fact that the Indian situation in Robeson is essentially different from that in the western part of North Carolina or even in Oklahoma is peculiar. In the latter mentioned places, the tribes are living together, closely unified. No white men or Negroes filter among those Indians to separate them from each other. No clamor is constantly being raised around them to disturb their tranquillity, and their little civilization is able to function well balanced. Clinging to the same traditions of pride, honor and social high standing, the Oklahoma tribes do not meet the difficulties that face the Robeson Indians in holding themselves to those traditions. Separated into little family groups (which arrangement does not allow them to develop a spirit of brotherhood), the Robeson Indians must resign themselves to upholding their "original-American" ideals, not as a whole, but individually and mutely. Attempting to do this they have become isolated from the two races of men that surround them.

A hundred years from today, the situation of the Robeson Indian will doubtless be unchanged. He will still be an outsider among the whites and the Negroes. On the other hand, the Robeson Negro will change. His contact with the white man and the white man's efforts to educate him will, in the end, enable him to rise above the Indian in the Robeson scale of culture. The mute red man, however, will never admit the fact and always the Negro will be to him the black man—the slave transplanted to the Indian's own soil, the Indian's own native America. Toward the white man the Indian has become numb. A hundred years will not change his policy of silent resignation to the encroachment of the white.

Viewed from the standpoint of a native of Robeson, the vanishing American there has concealed himself behind a film of submission and pride. He has severed intimate contact with the greedy white and the grinning black. Behind his film he will remain an Indian for another century—a man who has been forced to accept a silent "under-dog" position by the white man and, at the same time, a man whose proud spirit will never relinquish his feeling of superiority over a cloud of black that threatens to steal again his America.

Shipped for Cheating

by CHARLES A. POE

THE BULL SESSION was interrupted by the entrance of Jim.

"Hi, Jim," greeted the three boys.

Walt started to go on with the bull session, but stopped when he noted the expression on Jim's face. Jim looked worried about something.

"Would you all mind scramming?" asked Jim. "There's something I want to talk to Archie about."

"Whatsa matter, Jim?" asked George, as he and Walt slowly rose. "A heart affair troubling you, and you want a private conference with Archie, who knows all about how to get women and how to forget 'em?"

Jim smiled for a brief moment, but his face quickly resumed its serious mien.

"No, this has nothing to do with women: it's something important. So I'll be seeing you later."

When George and Walt had left, Archie looked at Jim questioningly. Jim walked slowly over and sat on the bed, putting his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. After a few seconds, he looked up at Archie, who had been regarding him intently, then looked down again.

"Archie—Henry has been reported to the student council."

Archie gripped the arms of his chair and sat up.

"Henry—Henry Judd?"

"Yes, Henry Judd. Reported to the student council—reported for cheating."

"But—"

"I know just how you feel," said Jim, smiling bitterly. "I couldn't believe it at first."

"But there's bound to be a mistake somewhere!"

"I'm afraid there's no mistake. He used his text-book on a quiz, when there wasn't any possible excuse for his looking in the book. There were two witnesses—members of the council themselves."

"Jim!" cried Archie, alarmed. "You didn't vote to ship him, did you?"

"We postponed a decision on the case until tomorrow."

"Which way will you vote?" demanded Archie.

"I don't know. That's the problem that's going to drive me crazy before tomorrow."

"How can you vote to expel him? He's your fraternity brother—he's one of your best friends! Why, you used to room with him your freshman year, didn't you?"

"Yep. We used to have some good times together," said Jim, reminiscently. "I used to feel so proud of myself when Henry would say that he'd rather have me along with him when he was drinking than anybody else because I could take care of him better and talk to the cops better and sober him up better than anybody else."

"Yeah, he had a lot of respect for you. I remember once he said to me, 'You know, Jim's most always right about everything. The only thing wrong with him is, he won't get drunk often enough."

"God, we had fun together! And he was the best-natured drunk you ever saw. You couldn't help liking him. And now I've got to—." Jim stopped as if he hated to say the words.

"But can't you give him a second chance? Anybody's liable to slip up once. Why, I heard an important student leader admit that he cheated once during his freshman year. If you give Henry another chance, he'll never cheat again."

"I suppose you're right, Archie. But only last month we expelled four boys for cheating. They were pretty sorry boys, and nobody liked 'em much. I don't suppose we felt too bad about shipping them. And now here's a boy we all like—and he's done exactly what we shipped those other four for doing. Have we got a right to expel the others and not expel him?"

"Sure you have, Jim. Just like you say—nobody particularly wanted the other boys in school, and everybody wants Henry. Henry's got character, and those other boys haven't. You know, a judge always deals more harshly with a hardened criminal than with somebody of good character who just happened to slip up once."

"But a judge has to stay within the law," replied Jim. "The rules don't leave us much choice."

"Aw, to hell with the rules! You can't always live by rules. You've got to look at this from a

practical point of view. If you kick Henry out of school, it'll ruin his whole life."

"Maybe so and maybe not. Maybe it's just what he needs to make a man out of him. All he does now is to get pie-eyed all the time and go over to Durham too much and make his week-ends last from Thursday till Tuesday so that he doesn't have time to study and has to cheat to pass his work."

"You're right, there," admitted Archie. "But the only thing wrong with him is, he likes to have a good time too much."

"There's nothing wrong in his getting drunk and having a good time, except that he does it so much that he never does any work and has to cheat to get by."

"He doesn't realize there's anything wrong in cheating—he just looks on it as a sort of game between him and the professor."

"It's about time he was learning," said Jim.

Archie was thinking hard. Henry was too good a fellow to be shipped from school—and Archie felt sure that Jim could keep Henry from being shipped. The trouble was that Jim was too much of an idealist, and would not listen to reason.

Suddenly Archie's eyes hapened to light on a photograph on the table.

"Jim," he said, "You know what people will say if you kick Henry out?"

"I hadn't thought about that. It doesn't really matter so very much. I suppose a lot of superficial people will think it's a sorry way to treat a friend."

"I didn't mean that; I was thinking about *her*," said Archie, pointing to the photograph.

"O my God!" cried Jim, dismayed. "I hadn't thought about Helen!"

"It'll look like a crummy trick to play on your rival. It looks like hitting him when he's down. And if you kick Henry out and Helen found out about it, she'd think a lot less of you than of Henry."

"And if I save him I'll pull a Damon and Pythias?" Jim asked himself. "I'll be the big hero, huh?" But the tone of his voice gave Archie little hope.

"It's a swell chance to show your good sportsmanship," argued Archie. "Don't friendship and fair play mean more to you than a silly, idealistic, moral code?"

"I'm not sure," answered Jim, thoughtfully. "I feel like I wish they did. It's a helluva world, isn't it, when you can't do the thing that you ought to do."

"But you *can* do it, Jim!" pleaded Archie, standing up. "If you get up before the council and speak for Henry, there's not a one of them who won't side with you. They don't want to kick Henry out—they know what it'll mean to him and to his parents. But none of them has the courage to get up and say what he really thinks. It'll take courage, all right, but you can do it, Jim. You've got the guts to get up there and say what you honestly think."

"I wish I knew what I *do* honestly think," said Jim in despair. "If I knew exactly what ought to be done, I wouldn't mind doing it. But the trouble is, I'm in a helluva thick fog, and the more I try to find my way out, the deeper I get in. I wish—" Jim was interrupted by a knocking at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened and in walked a boy about the same size as Jim, with a roundish, friendly face.

"Come in, Henry."

"Jim," said Henry, "I want to talk to you a minute."

"I was just getting ready to go to the library," said Archie. "I've got a little work to do there." He took a notebook and pencil from the table and opened the door. "See you later, Henry."

Henry sat down and said, "Haven't been seeing you much lately, Jim."

"Nope, I haven't been able to get around to the house much. I've been pretty busy this year."

An awkward pause followed, Henry not knowing how to begin.

"Room's almost as sloppy as when I used to room with you."

"Yep," Jim said, "I wouldn't feel at ease in a neat room."

"I miss the beautiful women we used to paste on the walls," said Henry after another slight pause.

"I had to take 'em down. They distracted my attention from my work."

"We used to have a lot of fun when we roomed together, Jim," said Henry, beating all around the bush. "If you hadn't made me work a little now and then, I'd probably have flunked out of school."

"Not hardly."

"You certainly were an ace caretaker, Jim. One of the best."

"Yes," admitted Jim, "I had some little talent along that line. You see, I come from a long line of drunkards, and I used to get good practice putting my father and grandfather to bed after a night of revelry. You were nothing compared to Grandpa."

They laughed rather self-consciously.

"Seriously, Jim—it looks like I've gone back to the good old days and need you to help me out of trouble again. You know what I've come to see you about?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"I came to see you," said Henry, "because I knew I could count on you to help me out. I knew you'd understand how it was. You'll help me, won't you? You've always got me out of scrapes before."

"I'd like to keep that record a hundred per cent, Henry."

"You will, won't you? I—I don't want to ask you to do this just for friendship's sake, but because you know me—you know I'm not just a common, ordinary cheat. If you give me a second chance, you know I'll make good."

For a few seconds Jid did not reply.

"You did cheat on the quiz, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Henry, looking at his shoes.

"And you've cheated several times before?"

"Yes, several times. But everybody in the classes cheats, Jim. I didn't cheat near as much as some of them. I just happened to be the one that got caught. And it's not fair to single me out and punish me when I've done nothing more than the others have done."

"I'm sorry for you, Henry."

"Then you mean you won't help me?" demanded Henry, sitting forward in his chair.

"I mean that I *can't* help you. God knows I *want* to bad enough."

"Why can't you? If you'll argue before the council in my favor, they'll give me another chance."

"They might. But there's something—I don't know how to explain it to you—but there's something—inside me—that won't let me do it."

"You and your damned idealism!" shouted Henry, exasperated. "For God's sake, is that the best excuse you can give?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand," said Jim quietly.

"No, I certainly don't understand! Why—" Henry stopped as his glance fell on the photograph. He stood up. "Or maybe I *do* understand. A nice girl wouldn't think very much of a boy kicked out of school for cheating, would she?"

"Shut up, Henry!"

"If a fellow was kicked out of school for cheating, it would make him sort of ineligible, wouldn't it? Sort of eliminate him from the picture?"

"You know damned will I wouldn't—"

"Oh no," interrupted Henry, sarcastically, "of course you wouldn't do anything so dirty to an old friend. That would be decidedly against your high ideals. But maybe your moral code includes the rule, 'All's fair in love'."

Jim rose, angry.

"Why, you damned skunk—if I thought you meant that—"

"No, of course I don't mean it. Why, the very idea of a saint like you being so hypocritical, so dirty, so low-down—"

"You lousy—"

Before Jim could finish his epithet, Henry swung at Jim's chin and connected. It knocked Jim across his chair and sent him sprawling on the floor. He got up slowly and kicked the chair behind him.

"It's been a long time since we've had a good fight," said Jim, his eyes lighting up.

He swung and hit Henry over the heart. Henry started swinging wildly, with all his strength; Jim warded off most of the blows and landed a few himself. Finally Jim's right caught Henry off-balance and knocked him to the floor. Henry got up quickly and rushed at Jim, swinging a haymaker. Jim dodged and shot his left at Henry's chin. Henry hit the floor.

Jim was over him quickly, helped him to his feet. Henry was still pretty dazed from the blow, and shook his head several times to clear his mind. He stood with his arm around Jim's shoulder, rubbing his jaw.

"You O. K.?" asked Jim anxiously.

Henry did not answer. Jim helped him to a chair, where he sat in silence for some time. Finally Henry spoke:

"That was a pretty good fight while it lasted."

"Yep, but you led with your chin, and I just couldn't refuse the invitation."

"That was a damn good sock. It almost knocked me cuckoo—but it knocked a little sense into my head."

They sat for some time without speaking.

"You shouldn't have come to me and tried to persuade me to help you out," said Jim. "Before you came, I didn't know how to vote; but when you walked in that door I knew I couldn't vote to keep you in school just because you were a friend of mine."

"And the moment you told me you couldn't help me, I knew I was wrong. I wanted to admit it, but instead I got mad and hit you—much to my sorrow." Henry rubbed his jaw significantly.

"Jim, you aren't a human being. You're just a damned idealist. And since that's what you are, I guess there wasn't any other way you could act. So I guess there's nothing left for me to do but go out and drown my sorrows in whiskey."

"Sure," said Jim, as they got up. "Go ahead and get drunk. It'll do you a lot of good."

"It'll stop my jaw from hurting. And it might make you a little more human. Better come along with me."

"Not tonight. You oughta be alone for a while."

"Well—well—" Henry could not figure how to make a graceful exit, could not think of anything to say which would sound carefree. So he half-waved his hand, awkwardly, and went out the door.

Jim walked over slowly and sat down. After a short time the door opened. Jim looked up. Henry was standing in the door.

"Say—how—how are chances of my finding a job in New York?" asked Henry.

"Pretty fair, I'd say, with your dad's influence."

After a moment, Henry said, "Er—thanks," and went out. Jim told himself that everything had turned out well, considering. Soon the door opened again, and there stood Henry once more.

"Say—they have legal whiskey in New York, don't they?"

"Yes."

Henry seemed to be thinking thoughts, not altogether unpleasant ones. The door closed behind him again, but for an even briefer moment than before. As he once more appeared in the door, he seemed to be more self-confident.

"By the way," said Henry, with the suggestion of a smile, "what's the address of that school in New York that Helen goes to?"

Jim took a little time to answer.

"1619 Riverside Drive."

"Thanks," said Henry, going over and grabbing him by the hand. "Thanks for kicking me out of school, you damned idealist!"

Chapel Hill is Not North Carolina

by NELSON LANSDALE

FOREIGN NOVELISTS who come to the United States for a visit of from a week to six months and return to their native haunts to write books about our country often need to be reminded that New York is not America. They have their counterpart in out-of-state students who come to Chapel Hill for their education. *They* need to be reminded that Chapel Hill is not North Carolina.

Oddly enough, a full realization of this fact would come as a definite surprise to many out-of-state students even on the platform on Commencement Day. Four years in Chapel Hill may or may not have taught them that Chapel Hill is not North Carolina. The chances are all against it, for on the surface Chapel Hill is the state in miniature.

Put an out-of-state student at the top of the steps of the Inn the night of his arrival in Chapel Hill, at a time when his mind is probably most open to fresh impression and suggestion. For a moment watch the scene below him through his friendless and lonely eyes. The Inn is crowded to capacity, and in the lobby jovial chaos reigns. Flashing white and grey flannels melt into island after island of people talking, old friends and new alike. Shrill cries of hearty greeting split the smoke-filled air with familiarity. "Well, by God if it isn't Harry! How's tricks down in New Bern?" "Did you see Ann Carter at Morehead?" "We stopped in on Craig in Rocky Mount, but he'd already left for the Hill." "You remember Sam Gilcrist, don't you Mary?" "I've got some of the original Sanford corn in my suitcase." "Well, if you're from Charlotte you probably

know . . . "Hearing the easy flow of conversation through Goldsboro, Raleigh, Durham, Winston, Asheville—North Caroliniana—the out-of-state freshman first begins to realize that knowing something of North Carolina, grasping a little of the meaning of its overwhelming self-consciousness as a state, will be a large and almost inescapable part of his college education.

Give him a month or two to become acclimated, settled in his new and—usually—agreeable environment, and listen at the window while his roommate— a North Carolinian—diagnoses in rambling, inaccurate fashion the case of North Carolina. "You say, Larry, that if you don't pay taxes at home, the question of your state is largely a matter of what color your license plates are, or the personality of your governor—that you have to come to North Carolina to realize that you actually do live in a state at all. Well, maybe one reason why North Carolina is, as you say, self-conscious is that everybody here knows everybody else—or nearly everybody, antecedents included. You've realized that here in the dormitory. But maybe you never thought about the variety of things you can do—the kinds of climate and scenery and people there are, all within the state. In the fall you can go to the mountains around Asheville. In the spring, there's Pinehurst—another resort. And in the summer, we've got mile after mile of our own perfectly good ocean. Of course, most North Carolina people don't go to all of these or even to any of them, but if they could, they'd ask nothing more. They don't want summers at Bar Harbor or Newport or Cape Cod, or winters in Miami or Lake Placid—they don't know many folks there, and they'd rather go where they know people. And when the state's naturally—geographically — an entity unto itself—"

From his vivid first recollections of school at its opening through to the end of his last year, Larry sees—crystalized in Chapel Hill—North Carolina as a state of no cities, great families, warm friends and close connections. To him Chapel Hill might well seem typical of the state. Reasonable his assumption may be; it simply isn't true.

II.

The most obvious reason, of course, is the intellectual one. The standard of learning and culture in Chapel Hill is far above that of the rest of North Carolina, as the intellectual standard of any university town is above that of the people as a whole whom it serves. Chapel Hill skims the cream of North Carolina's crop with respect to the intelligence rating per capita. And into Chapel Hill's melting-pot of minds come the great figures in education and culture from all over the world. Certainly no other North Carolina community offers its inhabitants so wide a range of prominent figures on the platform and on the concert stage. Partly because the advent of a celebrity is more of an event in a village than it would be in a city, and partly because a majority of them have a keen and honest interest in what is to be discussed or played, Chapel Hill people turn out. Thus they make of attendance at a concert, lecture or theatrical event a social occasion, but without destroying or distracting attention from the mental pace set for the evening.

Perhaps the stimulation from the world outside gives Chapel Hill people something more profitable to think about than the deficiencies of each other's personalities. At any rate, an almost universal interest in affairs of the mind takes the place of what is elsewhere in the state an almost universal interest in spiteful, unproductive gossip about the neighbors. Not that Chapel Hill, or any community, whatever its standards, is entirely free from cheap, abortive gossip, but it is pitched in a minor key here where there are more important things, those of the intellect, to be cultivated and spread abroad. Easy intercourse and exchange of ideas prevails both within the faculty, young and old, and between faculty and students.

The lessened importance of nasty gossip means much when we come to differentiate Chapel Hill from the rest of North Carolina. It means that the spirit of Chapel Hill is at once more friendly, less malicious and less inquisitive. No two-edged sword of ruin hangs by the fragile thread of ill-founded public suspicion over the heads of Chapel Hill's residents. That terrible weapon of the falsely maintained propriety of the small town everywhere—what people will say—is wanting here, and its absence brings the freedom to do what one will in its wake. Occasionally this freedom carries with it the Bohemianism, or the legend of the Bohemian life, which has done little to contribute to Chapel Hill's popularity in the eyes of the rest of the state.

But more often what has been mistaken for a deliberate attempt to live the Bohemian life is

the financial strain under which a large percentage of the population of Chapel Hill work and play. The repeated salary cuts received by all members of the faculty have in many cases made necessary a mode of living which would, accountably or otherwise, be frowned upon elsewhere. Though they may laughingly make the best of a situation which would be even more trying if it were not shared by them all, the faculty families do not live in unsuitable houses, eat indifferent food, drive disreputable cars and dress badly through choice. They do so through necessity.

Noblesse oblige is nobler and more intelligent in Chapel Hill than the mere maintaining of social and economic distinction for the imitation of the well-to-do and the envy of the poor. Perhaps the theory of plastic, sensitive young men and women looking to their elders as guides and exemplars of lives directed by wisdom and enriched by philosophy endows those elders with a genuinely higher and finer kind of morality than exists elsewhere in the state. It may be that the faculty's sympathy for the idealism of youth restrains them from any actions that might bring disillusionment. Perhaps it is their sense of the responsibility of education, of exemplifying for keen young people—quick to discern hypocrisy—a decent and desirable way of living, which weighs the scales in Chapel Hill toward respectability, or it might be the fear of losing their jobs if they fail conspicuously to teach by deed as well as by word. Probably the truth is a cocktail, with all of these factors for ingredients. Be that as it may, of one thing we can be fairly certain—moral standards in Chapel Hill are high, and they are upheld with less hypocrisy, fewer violations behind closed doors or drawn curtains, than in any other town of its size or larger in North Carolina.

III.

If Chapel Hill morality is to a large extent maintained of itself and stands firmly upon its own feet, so then also is religion at the seat of the University divorced to a surprising extent from the stimulation and hypocrisy attendant upon church-going elsewhere in North Carolina. If he knows anything about North Carolina at all, it is probable that the out-of-state student has heard of the Bible Belt, and knows that North Carolina is contained within its boundaries. But he may or may not know that a great many North Carolinians go to church not because of any particular interest in God and His works, or out of any desire for moral instruction and guidance, but because it is financially or socially expedient—and sometimes imperative—for the business or professional man—and his family—in the small town to have the good will and sanction of the church-going population. The blessing of God upon him in his daily occupation may, like a good cook, be a desirable thing to have, but the approval and patronage of his fellow church-goers, like his food, is indispensable. However, among Chapel Hill people no pressure of public opinion compels anybody to go to church, any more than any University regulation requires its floating population to go through the motions of paying its respects to God once a week.

Yet Chapel Hill churches are well filled with students and townspeople alike of a Sunday morning. This is all the more remarkable when there is admittedly some justification to the newspaper cry of atheism which has been directed at the University. That the University fosters atheism is ostensibly preposterous, but that among its twenty-seven hundred students and possibly on its faculty there can be numbered atheists is not surprising to anybody of even moderate intelligence. The number of non-church-going agnostics is much higher, probably because the question "What can a man believe?" has not been settled in the minds of many adolescents by their own satisfaction. Nevertheless, the question of who goes to church, and why, is easily answered. There are always a number of deeply religious individuals who would go to church in Hell, whatever the nature of the services, if occasion offered, and there are doubtless a few in whom the church-going instinct has been so deeply bred that nothing short of a serious illness or a major calamity could interrupt the routine of Sunday morning attendance. But by far the largest number are those who go to church in the hope of finding something static to cling to in a changing world. Open to conviction, they are looking for the help and guidance that only an intelligent presentation of Christian principles can give them. These people do not go back if the sermon is tritely obvious, if the shepherd of the flock dogmatizes offensively, making Christianity a matter apart from the monotonous business of every-day life.

And the answer to the crowds in Chapel Hill churches is that the presentation of Christianity is both sensible and attractive. Just as in the days when attendance at all classes in the University undoubtedly made for better teaching than now, when attendance is required whether the lecturer is worth hearing or not, so it is true that the calibre of preaching in Chapel Hill, where church-going is entirely voluntary, is far and away above the average of the rest of North Carolina, where absence is censurable and measurable in terms of ultimate monetary loss.

The esteem and popularity of the Church in Chapel Hill has been in no small part due to Dr. Frank Graham, whose influence in securing for enlightened modern churchmen pulpits in Chapel Hill has been considerable. It was Dr. Graham who brought Donald Stewart, the liberal young Englishman, to the Presbyterian church of Chapel Hill, over the protests of some of the more orthodox-minded elders. Stewart's unpretentiousness about religion, his complete lack of bombast and dogmatism, and his skill in giving to old truths a modern application is filling the Presbyterian church with increasingly larger audiences all the time.

IV.

And it is of course not only in the churches of Chapel Hill that Dr. Graham's liberal influence has been felt. However vague the out-of-state student's preconception of the University may have been, he is almost certain to have heard the label of "liberalism" applied to Chapel Hill and the University. He has not been in Chapel Hill long before he realizes that the whole question of liberalism which has made the University a storm centre of controversy, both within the state and beyond it, has for the past four years been inextricably bound up with the dynamic personality of Chapel Hill's first citizen—"Dr. Frank." Time after time the question raised by President Graham's dramatic championing of what he in unquestionable sincerity believed to be liberalism has brought Chapel Hill to grips with a social, economic or political problem. If, for our purposes, we define liberalism as an attempt to present both sides of a question fairly, Chapel Hill becomes the one place in North Carolina where a liberal attitude can be achieved. The out-of-state student may not realize this, but it is none the less true, true because Chapel Hill is the one place in the state where both sides of a question can be—and are—presented intelligently, where its terms may be completely understood, where a sufficiently large population is intellectually competent to discuss a controversial matter.

While *The Charlotte Observer* sees red at the mere mention of the work of the sociology department toward birth control, sterilization of the unfit, or adequate social planning, while other influences misrepresent the work of the psychology department (trying conscientiously to lead its students in the path of the ancient Greek precept, "Know thyself") as the development of unhealthy tendencies in the youth of North Carolina, such questions can be discussed—when there is any basis at all for argument—freely, with competent grasp of theory and detail, and be given a hearing pro and con in Chapel Hill. The true liberal attitude, an openness of mind, is thus achieved in Chapel Hill to an extent impossible elsewhere in a laggard, narrow state.

The liberal attitude in Chapel Hill alone of all places in North Carolina is not made possible solely because of the superior calibre of intellect which is attracted to a university town. Capitalistic muzzles and moneyed mufflers of the press augment agrarian North Carolina's natural distrust of change in the *status quo* toward social improvement when it is to their interest to do so. Thus the editorial stand of papers like *The Charlotte Observer* and *The Southern Textile Bulletin* make virtually impossible a fair hearing of any labor question in the territories they serve.

It is largely through the firmly prejudiced attitude of the North Carolina press as contrasted with the open-minded, judically inquisitive attitude of Chapel Hill that the out-of-state student may realize that Chapel Hill is not North Carolina. The native North Carolinian who spends four years in Chapel Hill cannot but realize that the spirit of Chapel Hill is easier, freer, less hypocritical, more enlightened and more stimulating mentally than that of his home. But the chances are that a North Carolinian will not go out of his way to clarify these differences to the out-of-state student at the University. Loyalty to the community in which he was born and bred forbids the true North Carolinian to compare that community unfavorably with even Chapel Hill. If the out-of-state student is to realize that Chapel Hill is unique in North Carolina

he must let North Carolina speak for itself through its press and unfold itself before his eyes.

V.

Any complete realization through these mediums is unlikely for the average out-of-state student. Unless he plans to live here, he does not come to the University of North Carolina to learn anything about the state, and the information he acquires—even in four years—on the subject he considers incidental to his education. For North Carolina has far less to teach him than has Chapel Hill, and a growing realization of the difference between Chapel Hill and the rest of the state cannot but lessen his respect for the Commonwealth of North Carolina while it proportionately increases his love and admiration for Chapel Hill itself. What he sees of the state through the antics of its legislature and the fiction of its aristocracy does nothing to encourage him to make his home here. On the contrary, it leads him to the conviction that the friendly miracle of Chapel Hill is all the more remarkable in its setting of provincialism and dogged, obstinate conversatism.

And no small part of the miracle of Chapel Hill lies in the fact that Chapel Hill *is* the University in a very real sense. Among the universities on the Atlantic seaboard of approximately equal standing known to the writer, Princeton alone of the ranking ten or twelve—Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Brown, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Hopkins, Georgetown, Virginia — shares with Chapel Hill the distinction that town and university are one with an indivisible unity. And for those who know and love North Carolina one can only hope that what is union in Chapel Hill may some day become union in North Carolina.

Saga of Youth

Yesterday . . . . . the youth
I must educate myself.
The world needs building:
needs civilizing.
I must continue my father's work,
for the world depends on me.
I am a corpuscle in its veins.
I am its life.

Today . . . . . the youth
The world has been builded:
has been civilized.
The inheritance sweated down to me
leaves me comfort.
I need no great ambition,
for a hale world needs me not.
I shall not startle with reform
the smooth running blood
in its veins.

Tomorrow . . . . . the youth
I must rebuild the world:
recivilize the world
my dotard parents have endowed me.
Now of necessity I rise,
to banish forever
soulless chaos . . . my inheritance,
for the world depends on me.
Its clotted blood must flow free again.

—Ed Goldenthal

Bells and Bayonets

Grim Blackbeard, ruthless wolf
Of Carolina seas—
He must have seen the bells,
White clustered yucca bells,
When on a moonlit night,
A soft midsummer night,
He'd call a halt to death
And step ashore upon
The Carolina banks,
The sandy guardians
Of shallow hidden sounds—
And step ashore to stretch
His legs and ease his mind
Of dreams of Hell and ghosts
Of men whose blood was on
His hands.

He saw the bells but had
No consciousness of them.
Nor heard the tiny tune
They tinkled forth. He failed
To understand the way
One homesick pirate's eyes
Were dancing to their song.
No—the thing that caught
His restless eyes and made
Him stop and ponder was
The cruel sharpness of
The Spanish bayonets.

—Bill Hudson

Your Editor to You

The New Old North State

Only in the last quarter of a century has North Carolina ceased to live in the past. In that short period, however, the state has in many respects shown itself the most vigorous, purposeful commonwealth in the South. By a gradual process of eschewing both extreme provincialism and complete outside domination, North Carolina has achieved a personality—that of a political and social unit working toward self-development. Willingness to follow the example of other progressive states, the ability to interpret its problems in national terms when necessary, and a devotion, sometimes confused, to the interest of the individual, account for faith in the state. The next quarter of a century should witness the work fully established. To achieve its destiny North Carolina must solve the problem of peaceably overcoming malevolent political, industrial and clerical control of its natural, healthy evolution. Such an evolution, however, should merit the state the leadership of other Southern states, which already look within its borders for advice and example.

N. S. F. A. Upsets the Apple Cart

Despite the ominous shadow of Huey Long at the 1934 N.S.F.A. Congress, the Federation displayed a remarkable energy and a worthy intelligence in much of its activity. It thumbed its nose squarely at the previous Congress and came out significantly on student problems. The Congress voted against faculty censorship of publications and for open subsidization of college athletes. It left unmistakable in the minds of a number of delegates a deep conviction that N.S.F.A. can ultimately lead American college youth in a movement which will realize the possibilities of youth in academic and public affairs. Especially heartening was the Federation's interest in national and international affairs. From a group which last year had refused to discuss anything but minor student problems, the Federation developed into a body capable of debating intelligently many of the world's vital questions. Not a few of the bills passed outstripped The New Deal in broad social vision. That the Conference was as active and liberal as it was is largely the work of John Lang, North Carolina alumnus, whose own ideas and interests in many instances dominated an otherwise undecided group. N.S.F.A., be it active or inert, liberal or reactionary, represents the greatest portion of American college youth. Now that the Federation has cut its teeth it is for the vast body of university men and women to keep them sharp.

Boston Secedes From the Union

For the second time in a decade the cultivated ward-heelers who operate the city of Boston have made it a joke of the civilized portion of the nation. The politicians squinted at Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates*, hearkened to the hysterical shouts of the Catholics, and pronounced the play immoral, irreligious, and indecent. People had quarreled before over the play; they had split as to its merit as a piece of dramatic construction. But no one expected a touchy clergy to call O'Casey, the only gloriously singing idealist in the modern theatre, dirty. The combination of stupid political control and bigoted ministry has labeled this play of magnificent faith in life unfit to be seen. And not far from the theatre where it was to open were playing Miss Joan Crawford and Miss Frances Drake—who, we presume, are Art.

A Bureau for Crazy People

What this University needs is a bureau to keep people from going insane. For a relatively small sum there could be established an office which would eliminate the interminable, vexing duplication of programs, speakers, and general amusement attractions. It would also solve the problem of publicity and information for many worthwhile programs which come to the campus and are poorly attended because so little is known of them. At present the Y. M. C. A. goes somewhat mad attempting to fill such a need; obviously that organization cannot act without University authority, nor has it the facilities for efficient handling of the problem. The necessity for such a bureau is certainly evident to those who remember the disastrous evening when Bill Tilden and Norman Thomas clawed each other for student support. To prevent the mad scramble for speakers, for the students' attention, and to insure worthy events of popular support the University should set up a Program Bureau which could serve doubly as a clearing house and a publicity nexus.

Uncle Dred Wimberly—Slave Senator

by PETE IVEY

UNCLE DRED WIMBERLY, sole surviving slave-born member of the North Carolina General Assembly, is quietly marking time before joining Uncle Ned "where the good darkies go."

After having been twice a member of the house and once a member of the state Senate, he bids fair to come through Recovery, as he did through Reconstruction, with the respect and affection of all his neighbors, white and black, and that without assistance from AAA, TVA, FERA or any sort of alphabetical complication. Uncle Dred's family, which he reared in accordance with plantation traditions, is self-sufficient and well able to provide for him.

Current political problems concern him slightly, but he recalls vividly—though perhaps not more accurately than others given to reminiscence—a time when his vote was cheerfully given in support of a North Carolina recovery program. His *claim* that he broke a tie vote on the first appropriation made by an impoverished commonwealth to the re-opened University of North Carolina, the first state university of them all, is supported, if not by official records, at least by members of the family which once owned him and who are as proud of the connection as he.

His woolly white hair and sparse beard, his drooping eye-lids, his wrinkled countenance, stooped shoulders and feebleness that prevents him from moving around much betray his eighty-six years. He speaks slowly, in a quavering voice, but in a rich and deep tone. He speaks correctly, without the slurring dialect peculiar to the average Southern Negro. In spite of his age, he still has most of his teeth, and although he is hard of hearing, he makes up for it by volubility of speech.

Sitting before an open hearth fire Uncle Dred suggests Joel Chandler Harris' Uncle Remus as he recalls his slavery days on the Battle plantations and his experience as a statesman.

He has been married twice, the first time in 1869, and has had eighteen children. He has seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. His posterity lives in various parts of North Carolina, in Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Two sons, Kemp who is named for Dr. Kemp Plummer Battle and Dred Jr., run a pressing club in Rocky Mount and are well off. Uncle Dred, with his second wife, his two sons and a sister, lives in a comfortable home just within the city limits of Rocky Mount. Uncle Dred's wife is not much younger than he, but she is spry enough to wait on him and take in washing for white people.

II.

The whole family gathered around the patriarch to aid him in refreshing his memory for the interview. Uncle Dred, slightly deaf, would not be hurried and would not answer additional questions until he had completely exhausted what he knew about those already put. "I'm coming to that, I'm coming to that," he said in his slow bass voice when an attempt was made to hurry his story.

Because he was too feeble to leave his fire to have himself photographed, the accompanying ink sketch was made of him as he sat and politely talked for publication.

"I was born in 1849," said Uncle Dred. "I was married in 1869. I went to the North Carolina House of Representatives in 1879 where I served two terms. I went to the North Carolina Senate in 1889. I had nine children by my first and nine by my second. In 1900 I went to Philadelphia to the Republican National Convention and helped nominate Theodore Roosevelt for President of the United States."

Following the Republican Convention he went to Washington where he was appointed one of the janitors in the House of Representatives. In this capacity he served two years before returning to North Carolina.

Asked about the general belief that he had broken a tie vote in favor of the University of North Carolina Wimberly answered, "Yes, I cast the deciding vote. Dr. Kemp Battle came down to Raleigh from Chapel Hill and made a speech to the Legislature. He asked an appropriation of $15,000 for the University. I saw the vote was going to be close. My name starts with a W, and I was the last one to vote. I saw how the vote was going and when it got to me the vote was tied. I voted for Dr. Battle's appropriation."

Answering the query if Dr. Battle had spoken

to him before the vote was taken, his former slave said, "No, Dr. Battle didn't say anything to me before or after the vote. I voted for the appropriation because Dr. Battle had said voting for the University would help everybody. It might somehow help the colored folks too. We wanted some schooling, and we might want somebody to vote for us sometime."

He added that Thomas H. Battle, son of Dr. Kemp P. Battle, had approached him several years later and told him of the good deed he had done the University. "He told me they gave Dr. Battle a gold-headed cane for my breaking the tie vote. Mr. Battle said he would take me to Chapel Hill sometime to see the University, but I've been feeling too po'ly lately to go." (The "po'ly" was the only time Uncle Dred lapsed into dialect).

Asked why he had run for the General Assembly, he answered, "I got into it when I wasn't looking. I was asked if I wanted to run for the House, and I said 'no.' I didn't think I was qualified to hold the job. They nominated me anyhow, and I was elected. When we nominated them, they was as good as elected every time. The Democrat candidate was Archer Braswell (white)."

There is a discrepancy attending the supposition that Dred Wimberly decided a tie vote in favor of University appropriations. Kemp Plummer Battle's *History of the University of North Carolina* states as do the House records that the first appropriation of $5,000 and the second appropriation of $15,000 were granted in 1881 and 1885 respectively. At neither time was Dred Wimberly in the General Assembly. *The North Carolina Manual* lists him as a member of the House in 1879 and again in 1887; he is listed as a Senator in 1889. Wimberly insists he broke a tie vote, but there is no record of a one-vote margin in the votes on University appropriations. Still *The Battle Book*, a genealogy of the Battle family in America, has a picture of Uncle Dred along with several other family servants, and beneath Dred's photo is the caption: "Dred Wimberly, Slave inherited by Mrs. Kemp Plummer Battle from her father, James S. Battle. Later a member of the General Assembly and a staunch supporter of President Kemp P. Battle's University measures."

In the light of all this testimony it is evident somebody is wrong—Dred Wimberly, *The Battle Book, The North Carolina Manual*, the House records or the history books.

III.

Such contradictions, however, do not detract from Uncle Dred's local repute as a Negro who, though hoisted into the governmental saddle by carpetbaggers, never attempted to ride down his former master. As his later actions showed, if the opportunity had presented itself, he would have voted for anything Kemp P. Battle wanted. Hear what Uncle Dred has to say about his emancipation:

"Dr. Battle came down to the Walnut Creek Plantation in Edgecombe County about 1865, and he came out to the fields where we was working. He said we was free. He said any time we wanted to quit, we could leave. He said that from then on he would pay us for the work we did. None of us quit work."

Dr. Battle made his home, during and after the Civil War, in Raleigh. From time to time supplies for the table were brought from the Edgecombe county plantations, Walnut Creek and Flag Marsh farms, to the Capitol City. Dred Wimberly was the man entrusted with the job of delivering products of the plantations to Dr. Battle. Uncle Dred elucidated upon his duties; "After emancipation Dr. Battle gave me the job of delivering things we growed to Raleigh. About twice a month I took chickens, turkeys, cows, milk, eggs and anything else we had to Dr. Battle. It took me two days to make the trip by horse and wagon. I would camp at night on Moccasin Creek (about half way between Rocky Mount and Raleigh)."

He was not a member of the legislature at the time so much of the graft and debauchery was prevalent in North Carolina government immediately after the close of the War when most of the white people were disenfranchised. By 1879, when he became a member, the Democrats were again in power, and the Negro members were well-behaved. Upon adjournment of the House of Representatives in 1879 Representative J. L. Brown of Mecklenburg County offered "a resolution of thanks to the colored members of the House for their gentlemanly bearing and faithful and impartial discharge of their duties." The resolution was unanimously adopted.

During the 1879 legislature one of the most

important bills was for the improvement of roads and highways in North Carolina. Dred Wimberly's name is listed among the ayes. In 1887 he voted to establish the North Carolina College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts, now the State College of the University of North Carolina.

Uncle Dred is not much interested in present problems of the General Assembly. He prefers to talk of the time he voted for the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad. His chief topic of conversation is of his respect and loyalty to his "white folks." When his interviewers sought to bring the discussion around to legislative questions of the Recovery era and asked him what he thought of North Carolina's general sales tax, Uncle Dred didn't know at first what was meant. Kemp Wimberly joined in to help, "You know, the sales tax—when you have to pay a penny on every dime and three cents on every dollar." Uncle Dred looked puzzled for a moment as the wrinkles of his forehead became thicker. Finally he answered in his best politician's manner: "I don't know about that. I'd have to study over it awhile first."

Huey's Long Hand at the N. S. F. A. Congress

by JOE SUGARMAN

IF THERE WAS one topic the liberals at the National Student Federation Congress, held at Boston Dec. 28-Jan. 1, were interested in, it was the attitude of the Louisiana State University delegates toward Huey Long. And if there was one thing the L.S.U. delegation did not want to discuss, it was Huey Long. Yet Huey reached out from Louisiana, destroyed the congress's chance to make its incipient liberalism specific and significant, and left the convention with only meaningless generalities of liberalism. So powerful was the covert influence of Long that by the fifth day the delegates had elected as president for next year Tom Neblett of L.S.U. He rode into the chair over an opposition candidate who had run against him on an outspokenly anti-Long, anti-L.S.U. program. With the prospect of the N.S.F.A. being directed in the manner of the Louisiana legislature, the liberal delegates entrained homeward, convinced that Huey Long today is potentially one of the major menaces to academic freedom and student progressivism in American universities.

The five gentlemen from L.S.U. heard a great deal about academic freedom during the convention. They squirmed on the first day when DeWitt White, of West Virginia University, who later was to betray his own brainchild, rose to suggest that a committee be appointed to investigate abridgements of academic freedom during the past year. White's resolution drew only a reddening from L.S.U. It remained for their allies, the delegates from California, Southern California, and Stanford to cast the only three "nays."

The committee on academic freedom proved to be the pivotal division of the entire Boston convention. William Randolph Hearst immediately recognized its news value by having his Boston *Advertiser* run a box on the front page of the Sunday issue stating that the committee had been set up to study Communist activities among students in American universities. The lies and misrepresentation spread to the second page where a large picture of Chairman White was captioned, "Professors Are Dupes." Below was an alleged statement from him to the effect that Communist and Socialist professors were deluding American students and must be stamped out. In addition the paper ran a two column story alongside the picture, the general tenor of which was the vigor of N. S. F. A. in opposing radical and subversive propaganda among students. President John Lang, an earnest liberal, was quoted as condemning the National Students' League. All in all, the Hearst paper simply rewrote the work of the convention on academic freedom in terms of the Anti-Red editorials which have littered the back pages of Hearst papers for the last month.

The precise truth of the matter will never be known. It is safe to assume however, that little of what was printed was grounded in statements by Lang or White. Probably both hedged to the Hearst reporters on the convention's stand toward Communism. White later stated that he told the reporter that the convention "would be for democracy." The story was probably written before

Lang and White were interviewed. The falsification of the aim of the committee on academic freedom drew fire from conservatives and liberals alike and eventually resulted in the congress' condemning Hearst. President Lang's tactful denial of the Hearst allegation, however, was published as usual in an obscure portion of the paper.

It was before this committee, already placed in the spotlight by Hearst, that the L.S.U. delegates finally stated their case and laid the groundwork for gaining control of the federation. The group, selected more or less at random by Lang, fortunately represented practically every liberal delegation at the N.S.F.A. Members of the committee were from Princeton, Mt. Holyoke, North Carolina, Hunter College, West Virginia, Woman's College of Florida, and Vassar. Barnard and Smith were virtually the only outspoken liberal delegations not represented. This happy accident of grouping the real liberals of the convention on the committee was to play havoc later on with the committee's work. Since it had been formed without conscious design, it proceeded to assume that it represented a cross-section of the convention i.e., that the convention as a whole was genuinely liberal. Its mistake was not apparent until Huey Long entered upon the scene.

II.

From the outset of the committee's work a group insisted that the L.S.U. matter be thrashed out thoroughly. A second group, which somehow wanted to please everyone, argued that it was dangerous to anger L.S.U. and that the federation's action was inexpedient. The former group won out and made arrangements to interview the L. S. U. delegates in an effort to obtain their account of the resignation of Jesse Cutrer, editor of *The Reveille*, and the suspension of the students who signed the petition attacking Long's censorship of the student newspaper.

Obviously the L.S.U. delegates were not eager to appear before the committee. James Lobdell, president of the student body at Huey's university, summed up the attitude of the delegation when he pleaded to the writer on the first night of the convention, "Please let's not discuss Huey Long or President Smith or Cutrer. I've come 3,000 miles to get away from all that talk." Nevertheless the committee worked hard from Saturday night to Monday afternoon to bring the L.S.U. representatives before it. Always there were excuses, appointments unavoidably broken, etc. Amazing to the committee was the attitude of the Tulane representation. Despite their well-known bitter rivalry on every front with L.S.U., the Tulane delegates were equally clammish about conditions in Louisiana. They sought to quash the investigation. Could they have been just the least bit afraid that if they spoke they might tell the truth, and then down would come Huey? They did not answer when a delegate put this question to them, but their talk throughout the convention implied it.

By Monday afternoon the committee had finished its work, except for the investigation of the L.S.U. tangle. Among its prepared resolutions were a condemnation of Hearst's baiting student-Communists, a demand for the unconditional reinstatement of the C. C. N. Y. students dismissed by umbrella-fetching President Robinson, and a condemnation of the Atlanta American Legion Post which attempted to thwart Brenau College in its move to establish a Chair of Peace.

With that record it set its teeth to listen to the story of events at L.S.U. It was not told by the Louisiana State delegates themselves; they were patently loath to give a full account. They did agree, however, to have an "impartial observer" (who must remain anonymous) set forth the events. As he told the story of Long's despatching Miss Gilkerson to censor the letter condemning him for attempting to make Mickal a state senator, of the subsequent dismissal of the signers of the student petition, the suspension of the editors who refused to retract their affidavits regarding belligerent statements made by President Smith, and of Cutrer's resignation when Smith insisted that he submit to "reasonable faculty supervision," the L.S.U. delegates made no corrections. When he had finished Lobdell went over the same material briefly, grudgingly permitting his story to show clearly that there had been censorship. He sustained President Smith in his absurd charge that the signers of the petition had acted "discourteously" in releasing the petition to the press before they showed it to him, and so had merited suspension. He also referred crudely to leader of the students as a radical and a publicity-hound; he attempted to invalidate this student's stand on the grounds that he was personally not popular with the student body. He concluded with a grandiloquent invitation for the

committee to come to Louisiana to study the case. For, he said, the committee could not make an accurate judgment in Boston. Yet he agreed that the "impartial observer" had given an accurate, adequate account of the events. He nodded gratefully to Arthur Reeve of Princeton when he suggested that perhaps Lobdell meant that the committee needed the "psychological atmosphere of L.S.U." to reach a valid decision.

From such joint testimony two things were clear to the committee. There had been flagrant violation of students' rights at L.S.U.; even Lobdell's halting story had indicated that. Secondly, L.S.U. did not want the matter discussed before the entire convention. Lobdell had pleaded with the committee to ignore the entire case on the grounds that L.S.U. had had enough "unfavorable publicity." With this in mind the committee voted 7 to 3 to offer to the convention a resolution demanding the immediate and unconditional reinstatement of the students still suspended from the University and the resumption by Cutrer of his activities as editor.

An indication of what was to come, however, showed itself when the committee defeated, 7 to 3, a resolution from the member of the University of North Carolina to condemn Huey Long for interference with academic freedom at L.S.U. Several members shrank from the motion, chiefly because Huey seemed too big a shot to shoot at. A few objected that it was overloading the docket with L. S. U.-baiting and might result in that school's withdrawing from the Federation. The advocates of the motion, North Carolina, Florida, and Hunter, insisted that the passing of such measure was merely the logical and necessary conclusion to the work of the committee. Chairman White was virtually the deciding factor in swaying the group, and he clearly opposed the motion on the feeble grounds of expedience. That was to become a favorite refuge for fence-sitter White as events developed. It is interesting to note that the Hearst-financed conference of student editors, which was in session at the same time did condemn Long.

III.

At this juncture, White as chairman of the committee became the key figure in the battle over academic freedom at L.S.U. which was to develop into the only show-down between the liberals and conservatives at the convention. It was to strip away the moss from the liberal generalities which the convention had been voting up until Long appeared on the scene. In presenting his resolution for the committee, White brazenly injured the resolution and the group he had worked with by stating, "of course these are not my personal convictions." He thus used his prestige as chairman of the committee to upset the work of a group which had labored for three days to concretize the liberalism of the convention. He used his position to kill the vitality of the committee which he himself had given rise to. To the convention he presented substantially the testimony of the "impartial observer" with certain important shifts of emphasis and deletions.

The affair grew farcical when Lobdell rose in a fit of Louisiana anger to protest to White's mild charges of restraint of academic freedom at L.S.U. He cried that the convention had not heard the facts. When a member of the committee hotly reminded him that he had approved the facts as presented by the "impartial observer," Lobdell side-stepped by charging that the committee had not tried to contact him. Another member of the committee, Miss Robertson of Florida, leaped to her feet and flatly accused Lobdell of lying before the convention. From all corners of the room came sharp demands that Lobdell either cease his protest or tell his story. He hedged again by venturing in a smart-aleck tone that "if the convention wanted to listed to a four-hour story—." He had apparently forgotten that that afternoon he had pronounced adequate an account which took at the outside, half an hour. At length Lobdell reluctantly walked before the convention to present the facts.

A dictographic report of Lobdell's statement to the convention compared with the account he had endorsed two hours before would show the most skillful twisting and deletion to make out a case for the administration at L.S.U. and for Huey Long. He advanced all the arguments for them which he had previously presented to the committee. He carefully avoided mentioning the role of Miss Gilkerson, Long's emissary to Cutrer; he omitted to state that the editors of *The Reveille* would have printed a boxed statement denouncing the censorship under which they were forced to operate; in general he managed to choose words carefully to place all the proponents of the resolution in complete error.

His peroration, however, was his masterpiece—a masterpiece of sentimental slop and cowardice. He pleaded for the convention to defeat the resolution (1) because L.S.U. could only be damaged by the publicity, (2) because the convention like the committee was not the beneficiary of the proper "psychological atmosphere," (3) because the facts had still not been presented, (4) and because L.S.U. was working the affair out successfully and satisfactorily in her own way. (i.e., Long, as Miss Robertson charged, was censoring what and whom he pleased). Lobdell even extended a blanket invitation for the convention to investigate the matter down at L.S.U. As a caustic gentleman from Boston observed, that was the last straw on this southern hospitality business. Huey's university's president of the student body hit hard again and again the plea not to damage the good name of L.S.U. and repeatedly referred to those 5,000 good students who had not authorized him to bring the matter up before the convention. Not a few liberals muttered then and there that the 5,000 could be easily construed as Huey Long.

His choky presentation and melodramatic plea carried the convention. He utterly ignored a question from the floor demanding to know whether "reasonable supervision" did not mean censorship since Cutrer had known all along that a faculty-student supervisory board existed. He ignored all other questions which attempted to fill in his edited story. He winced but did not speak when Miss Jean Ford, of Hunter College, spiritedly appealed to the convention that to ignore the L.S.U. affair was to insure the continuance of the state of conditions down there and that if Lobdell and his colleagues did not want academic freedom, nevertheless it was the Federation's right to offer it to them. The convention was as stony to this appeal as Lobdell himself.

Particularly interesting throughout the long discussion over L.S.U. was the marked silence of most of the delegates from Tulane. The only member who was vocal was Julian Bartlett, editor of the student paper, who defended Lobdell passionately. At one point his rejoinder to Miss Ford was so crude that the chair reprimanded him severely. All the other Tulane delegates who must have known the truth of the matter and must have realized even more than the outspoken liberals the significance of defeating the resolution were tacit. They blinked now and then—but that was all.

If there was still any hope that the logic and fire of the liberals would defeat the falsification and sentimentality of Lobdell, Chairman White stepped in to be the deciding factor. Although he spoke as head of a committee which had repeatedly in its session disapproved of arguing that expediency should govern N.S.F.A. resolutions, he deliberately betrayed the spirit of the committee. He broke in upon the discussion to strike a responsive chord in the wishy-washy delegates by insisting that even though there might have been an abridgement of student rights at L.S.U., the school was settling things in its own way and after all, what good would it do to demand the reinstatement—in brief, the resolution was not expedient. That from the delegate whose resolution on the first day of the convention had been responsible for the existence of the committee on academic freedom.

White's forsaking the committee all but crushed the liberals. They rose once more to remind the convention that it had but an hour before passed a general resolution condemning censorship of student publications by academic or non-academic forces; that voting such a gorgeous generality was futile if the convention backed water when a specific violation of its own resolution was presented for action. The convention did not listen. It was still purring away to Lobdell's references to L.S.U.'s pride, to Lobdell's assurance that L.S.U. was working the matter out, to all the camouflage and chicanery resorted to by the L.S.U. and Tulane delegations to preserve the good reputation of Huey Long, to their muteness and falsification obviously induced by a fear of what Huey Long might do if they opposed him at a national gathering. The convention listened to all this. Then it voted to strike the matter from the minutes of the meeting.

Obviously Lobdell and his group had won a distinct victory for Huey Long. They preserved his good name to the extent that the Hearst papers blared on the next day that the convention had endorsed Long's policy at L.S.U. The role of the L.S.U. delegates at the convention had been made clear—they came to whitewash Huey by exonerating their university. In neither were they disappointed. That American students could fall for so despicable a gag, that they could permit Huey

Long to upset their liberalism, which until the moment the L.S.U. matter was introduced, had flown high, is a bitter commentary on intelligence and backbone in American colleges. The L.S.U. triumph indicated clearly how shallow and hypocritical the liberalism of the convention was. The delegates were willing to support a liberal resolution, so long as it was vague or so vast in scope that it did not touch the collegiate sphere. But presented with the opportunity to fasten their liberalism by condemning Long and Smith, they voted the matter from the minutes.

IV.

Beaten on one front, the liberals immediately reorganized to thwart the candidacy of Neblett, of L.S.U. They recognized that L.S.U. would be riding the wave after its afternoon victory and that it would take Trojan effort to elect Charles S. Wise, of West Virginia. He was not of the liberals, but was sponsored by President Lang and on other counts was acceptable. He was definitely the only candidate who could be conceded a chance to defeat Neblett who had been campaigning since his defeat for the office in 1933. The L.S.U. supporters did not hesitate to use base methods to attain their end; not a few delegates admitted that they had been approached by Neblett supporters, seeking their vote on the grounds that Wise was Jewish, and thus hardly fit to be president. Wise, a Gentile, was being defeated by that worst of political devices, race prejudice.

Despite desperate work by his supporters, all of whom recognized in him the Federation's last chance to avoid going under the domination of L.S.U., the convention voted Neblett into the presidency 42-39. It cannot be argued, of course, that everyone who supported Neblett was of necessity supporting Long. There were doubtless all kinds of political hook-ups and vote-trading to gain Neblett the chair. It is undeniable, however, that many of those who voted for the L.S.U. candidate had had pointed out to them the spectre of Long influence in the N.S.F.A. of the future.

Of course the most damning bit of evidence regarding the future is Neblett's association with the administration of L.S.U. He is more than a student; his work connects intimately with L.S.U. Thus one may expect him to present the administration's viewpoint in his work for N.S.F.A.—and for the present at least that viewpoint is Huey Long's. Further, throughout the entire convention Neblett did not utter a single word from the floor. He was practically silent before the academic freedom committee. His whole record and attitude suggest that even without Long influence he would have been a conservative of the first water. With the possibility of Huey's cracking down on him, Neblett will certainly lead the convention further backward to conservatism. Long may never actually step in and direct the N.S.F.A. (altho it would not be inconsistent with his performance), but until Neblett and L.S.U. are cast off, there will always be that danger. Certainly there will be no investigations of restraints of academic freedom under the administration of Tom Neblett—delegate from Huey's university.

Old Woman

Her form is like a long-bent bow;
Her head leans to her sunken breast.
Her feet are wide and shapeless, though
Her shoes deny their painful best.

No sentiment redeems her face,
A deep-worn tangle of wide lines.
No marks of thought or passion grace
Its close dark maze of life's designs.

Does memory lift its crumpled wings,
Recalling her rich-passioned hours?
How in her youth she plucked her flowers
And found beneath the thorn that stings?

Or moves life like a tranquil tide
Of minutes each one twin to each?
Upon such dream now does she glide
As half already seems death's beach?

So would I wish, when I grow old,
To float upon my quiet mind.
That dying might not be unkind,
So would I gently strand in gold.

—John Coulter

Creative Writing Courses Audited

by JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER

THE COURSES in Creative Writing in the University are, to put it frankly, mediocre. They lack vitality and are divorced from brilliance. To the serious student of normal intelligence equipped with the minimum of information that is to be expected of a sophomore the courses seem extremely thin stuff. There is little life in them. Each of them is described in the common campus parlance, as "just another crip course."

At the present time such a condition is of no small importance. Recently a considerable number of 'English undergraduates' considered and discussed the possibility of establishing a School of Creative Writing in the University. That there is such a need can be doubted by few thinking people. The importance of the creative has been attested in that an M.A. degree in Drama may now be attained upon the completion of a required amount of work and the submission of a play in place of the thesis. It seems hardly just that such an importance should be attributed to the dramatic and not to the other forms of literary expression. However, the possibility of establishing a school in Creative Writing is directly dependent upon the faclities of teaching the subject and their efficiency. And it is obvious that a group of courses that are mediocre in appeal and presentation and insignificant if judged by observable results can afford but flimsy foundation for such a project. Yet, entirely aside from this viewpoint the courses merit an investigation and a criticism. Just what is their importance as a part of the curriculum, and just what can they offer to a student as a unit in his education? It is important to know, not only at the present time, but also at *any* time, the significance that such courses may have for an undergraduate.

The two courses in Creative Writing are now taught by Mr. Phillips Russell, novelist, short-story writer, newspaper man on two continents, and one-time publicity agent for Jack Dempsey. Mr. Russell came to the University in the latter part of the school-year 1931-32. In the following year he was appointed to the faculty as a professor with the stipulation that he devote half-time to his professorial duties. One half of his time was to be reserved for his own creative work.

II.

Creative Writing, as a part of the University curriculum, did not have it inception with the coming of Phillips Russell. Courses in Advanced Composition and in the Short Story had been offered for many years—long enough for Creative Writing to have become a tradition. Names of the great and the near-great had constantly been associated with the subject: Edward Kidder Graham from 1911-14, Edwin Greenlaw in 1918-19, Addison Hibbard from 1923-26, Howard Mumford Jones from 1926-30—these were a few. During these years, naturally, as different men took up the work, the method of presentation differed. Yet the aims of the course were constant: to familiarize the student with the forms of literature, to direct him to the material for his own composition, and to stimulate his urge for expression.

When Mr. Russell took over the courses in Creative Writing in 1931 he adopted these aims. He describes his courses as a "study of and practice in various forms of original and imaginative writing, including verse, the short story and the novel —paying special attention to modern, experimental, and regional writing." The courses are designed as a series of laboratory experiments in writing. Fundamentals such as origins, sounds, word-building, pronunciation, spelling, grammar, synonyms and homonyms, punctuation, sentence construction, paragraph writing, and rhetoric are dwelt upon. These are the tools of expression, and the units of form.

It is obviously as impossible to *teach* one to write as it is to *teach* one to think. But as one may be shown the outlines of the process of thought one may also be shown the outlines of the process of writing—the act of expressing thought. In all worthwhile writing certain fundamental principles are ever to be found. They are an inherent part of all intelligible writing that has and will be written. Mr. Russell's stated purpose is to bring the student to a consciousness of these principles—to a consciousness of form. Good form, he defines, is that arrangement of words and thoughts which give most force to the ideas to be conveyed. The discovery of form in writing is attempted by means of an analysis of

the various types of writing, from the short poem to the longer prose mediums. The keystone of the course is to be found in the attempt to impress these principles upon the student's mind by having him write, using all mediums.

Aside from this major purpose, Mr. Russell makes a not insignificant contribution in his attempt to point out to the student the material most congenial to his expression. He is insistent that the aspiring writer write about his own surroundings. Undoubtedly one's own experience and one's own environment are the best materials one can use in the pursuit of conveying ideas. These things are real, are concrete; they are a definite picture, not a hazy outline. And no matter how denuded of romance they may be to the writer, they are the things he knows best and the things that he can best relate.

III.

Thus officially described, Creative Writing and its present method of presentation seems to be a fragment of a perfect curriculum from some Utopian educational scheme. Strictly speaking, this is far from true. Considered seriously as a unit in one's education the course has a number of flaws. With an eye to its aims the course should contribute to the student the ability to discern form in literature. This, if accomplished, would certainly be a contribution whether the student desired to be a creator or merely an appreciator of fine writing. However, many factors intervene to thwart the accomplishments of this purpose.

The most apparent fault lies in the selection of the class. The privilege is reserved to the instructor to choose his pupils. He attempts to choose them upon the grounds of ability and interest. He is, perhaps, guided by past performance and a personal statement. The method appears to be satisfactory. The nature of the work and the importance of a personal contact between student and instructor make necessary and desirable a limited and a select group. Yet, in recent times, such a group has seldom been chosen. Not only has the class grown too large in numbers, but also it has grown too lax in interest and too insufficient in ability. To speak frankly, the more recent groups have hardly been above the level of a sophomore literary class; indeed, very often dominated by pupils who lack the training designed to be given them by freshman English courses. This is a fault that threatens to render the course meaningless. The inclusion of such pupils necessitates that a maximum of time be given to fundamentals and the broader purpose of the course is neglected. Consequently, those students who are fitted to receive all that the course purposes to offer become disgusted and quickly lose interest. The class should be chosen carefully, even ruthlessly; the incompetent should be weeded out mercilessly. Those who exhibit as few potentialities as many have in the past should be barred. Upon such strict entrance requirements the course would have an opportunity to accomplish its purpose, and in no other way.

Although the present criteria for choosing pupils appear satisfactory, it is, as has been intimated, appallingly inadequate. Yet the fact that incompetent students find their way into the course is but half the story. Quite often competent students with considerable potentialities have been turned away from the course. That such a paradox between intentions and results exists should prove conclusively that some new and more efficient means of choice should be employed.

The majority of the faults to be found in the present course are dependent upon this larger problem. As has already been stated, too much time is consumed in an effort to find the "intellectual common-denominator" of the class. If the course is to be valuable as advanced composition is should cease to be a course in freshman English. Less stress should be placed upon fundamentals. A knowledge of the tools of composition should be presupposed. The whole idea should be WRITE, WRITE, WRITE.

There has been criticism of Mr. Russell's inclusion of certain features which, when their purpose is understood, seem definitely above criticism. Among these particulars are the *Hokku*, the *Trivia*, and the class magazine, *Bud*. The *Hokku* is an oriental form of literature that has become, in its native setting, a very highly developed form of expression, having a definite movement from the particular to the general and the very admirable characteristic of brevity. The *Hokku* is a poem in seventeen syllables. Now, aside from the fact that this course presents the only opportunity for a student in the University to get a glimpse of modern oriental literature, the inclusion of the *Hokku* is justified in that it illustrates at least two of the most important characteristics in fine writing. And, for this reason Mr. Russell has included it. The *Trivia* is another

specialized form of expression. Invented by Logan Pearsall Smith, scholar and writer, it is a short sketch, usually describing an incident, with a definite movement from the particular to the general. Its utility is the same as that of the *Hokku*.

The importance of *Bud*, the annual publication of the class, is a harder matter to decide. Judging from the content of the past two issues the importance seems negligible. Yet it is hardly fair to judge the intention by the result. The inconsequential showing of *Bud* is directly traceable to a class largely incompetent and almost entirely disinterested. The fault goes back to the fundamental error of choosing the group. One of the major difficulties in instruction has been in stimulating the students to more serious work. *Bud*, it seems, was brought into existence, at least partially, for this purpose. A small editorial board was selected by the group to edit the work of the group and publish the magazine. This plan placed a burden upon a few of the class members and, at the same time, deprived the rest of the group of the stimulating and helpful activity that editing furnishes. It seems that a system of extending this participation in the editorial work of a publication would set each member seriously upon a consideration of editorial standards of composition and thus help him to be not only a better critic of the work of others but also a more competent critic of himself.

Viewing the course in retrospect a number of faults can be discovered that can and should be corrected. The course seems to be peculiarly unorganized. Despite the catalogue statement, just what is attempted and just what is to be accomplished is not always clear. A guide-post would often be of service to a perplexed student and a road-map in the form of a syllabus would be of immeasurable benefit. Personal conferences with the instructor, too, would be desirable. But most needed of all reforms is a more severe editing of the student's work by the instructor. The present practice of requiring the class itself to criticize the papers is obviously unsatisfactory. Too often a student goes through his entire undergraduate career without giving birth to even one idea. This should certainly not be allowed in a course in Creative Writing. Yet many have taken the course and passed through it without once exercising their mental muscles. A severe editing by the instructor and a personal association with him would do much toward divorcing the minds of pupils from the hum-drum and the trivial.

IV.

To say that the instructor is entirely to blame for these evils is to speak inaccurately and most unjustly. Mr. Russell is handicapped by a number of conditions some of which are thoroughly beyond his control. The failure of our secondary institutions to give competent training in self-expression is all too apparent. The inadequacy of a large number of our undergraduates to express themselves, their ignorance of English grammar and rhetoric is notorious. Such conditions naturally restrict the field for choice of classes. And it is most unfortunate that the educational system in North Carolina is so poor that Mr. Russell has to teach the meaning of words to his classes instead of how to use them. It is hardly conceivable that any undergraduate should be ignorant of such names as Buddha, Copernicus, Socrates and Plato. Yet it is a matter of evidence that few who take Creative Writing are at all familiar with them. Yet, it seems, that even with such a restricted field, a more satisfactory choice could be made—that is, if sufficient care were taken. An aid to selection, and no insignificant one, would be a requirement that the student, before being allowed to enter Creative Writing, shall have taken and passed with comparatively good showing an advanced course in expository writing.

There is a serious handicap in the time restriction of presentation. To be really worthwhile such a course should extend throughout the full school year. The amount of the work to be done is vast and requires time, which, when unavailable, necessitates telescoping. And in such a subject as self-expression the act of telescoping is dangerous and destructive.

Creative Writing is larger than a course. It is an idea. And ideas have a way of developing in spite of handicaps. That there is a value in teaching it, few thinking people will deny. It is a subject that is intimately bound up with the imaginative and the aesthetic. And are not both worth consideration in any scheme of education? In the crowded hours of the average literature course there is little time that can be devoted to an appreciation of the aesthetic. There is too much to be done in too short time. But such a course as Creative Writing can fill in this gap.

The modern scholar has adopted the scientific method. The true scholar has adopted it *in toto*. But there are a few who have forgotten a part of it. An eminent educator, our own great Greenlaw, once said that the man with the facts would lead in the coming century. But one is almost sure that he meant more than he said. For, after all, the facts are not the most important thing. The important thing is what one does with facts. The first step, collection of data, is important; but transcending that is the second step, the work of the imagination upon the data, the creative at work. And so, such a course as Creative Writing stands as a symbol of the significance of the imaginative and the creative in scholarship.

That Mr. Russell is capable of directing the development of Creative Writing one can well be confident. He has a rich background and the gift of practicality. When he came to the University, literary expression was at its lowest ebb. *The Carolina Magazine* was more insignificant than it would have been in non-existence. Those who know credit Mr. Russell with a real share in the magazine's renaissance. That he has not accomplished more already is, perhaps, excusable. This is only his third year on the faculty. And these three years have been twilight years for the University. We have not had the temerity to question what we have been taught or how. We have been more concerned about the probability of being taught at all. The time to question, however, has now come.

Doubteless, anyone with intelligence will certainly profit from the course that Mr. Russell teaches. It is a laboratory course—it is a development course—and one gets from it chiefly what one is willing to put into it. To the student interested in writing the course can offer tremendous opportunity, in spite of all its disadvantages and defects. If he will work seriously he will find an opportunity to develop his style and to discover criteria for intelligent criticism. And to those pitiful materialistic souls that cannot see the purpose in any course unless its immediate practical value is apparent—yes, even to them the course should have appeal. If the course changes and grows much as it expects students to, ever maintaining an emphasis on the person seriously interested in writing, it may yet be the basis of a local School of Creative Writing.

The War Lord

A War song of the Three Kingdoms

I will bring you the heads of a hundred men.
I will bring you the heads of a thousand men.
I will raise before you, my glory prize.
I will raise before your very eyes
The head of the dastardly king of Wei,
Who dares to oppose king Liu Bei,

I shall please you well my honored sire.
I shall please you well my august sire.
Look you now on your armored son.
You readily see that the battle is won.
With a fiery glance I will win the day.
I will win the war for Liu Bei.

And now to the war-god's temple I go.
And now to the fire-god's temple I go.
And up through the night the incense will curl.
And up through the night the incense will swirl.
The soldiers of Shu shall be on their way.
At the august command of Liu Bei.

On the morrow I ride the water dragon.
On the morrow I ride the thunder dragon
And to-night in the temple with flashing lance,
We will dance the mighty thunder dance.
He will reward me well with handsome pay,
This greatest of kings, king Liu Bei.

The foe shall flee at my slightest glance.
The foe shall flee at my fearsome glance.
At the rattle and flash of my terrible sword,
The foe shall kneel at my very word.
Of the things I will do, they tremble to say.
They dare to oppose king Liu Bei.

—William Wheat

Reviewing the Books

THIS WAS IVOR TRENT. *Claude Houghton. Doubleday Doran & Co. New York. 303 pp. $2.50.*

Claude Houghton's reputation as a leading English novelist and a romantic mystic will undoubtedly be more firmly established by his latest work *This was Ivor Trent.* Houghton gained distinction when he wrote *I am Jonathan Scrivener* and has wisely retained his successful formula. A modified version of the superman of *I am Jonathan Scrivener* is immediately recognizable in the person of Ivor Trent who, though not as miraculously talented as his predecessor, possesses the compensating attraction of personifying the link between the man of the present civilization and the mysterious "Man of the Future." Excepting this difference in characterization and a few other adjustments *This was Ivor Trent* is only a mature repetition of *I am Jonathan Scrivener.*

The methods of character revelation in the two novels are identical. Corresponding to Mr. Wrexham of Houghton's first mystic novel, the amiable and idle Mr. Rendell, who is fascinated by Ivor Trent's books, learns that Trent is ill in a Chelsea rooming house, and acting on impulse takes a room for himself in the same establishment. Trent will see no one and Rendell is forced to satiate his curiosity through information furnished him by Trent's friends. It is by means of this indirect exposition, which Houghton does superbly, that the reader knows Trent. The author makes no pretense at creating more than one character, Trent, whose strange, tortured genius dominates the book. The other figures are little more than competent mirrors reflecting various aspects of Trent's myriad personality to a common focal point, Rendell. To salvage his novel from the objectivity of a psychological experiment, Houghton injects his opinions of contemporary problems into Rendell's conversations with Trent's friends and contrives that Rendell himself develop a passion for one of the superman's former mistresses.

The appeal of the novel, in the reviewer's opinion, lies not in the author's occult vapourings nor in his hardly comprehensible "Man of the Future," but in Houghton's cheerful post-war disillusionment and in his ability to create pulse-quickening moments of suspense without murdering one of his characters.—WALKER PERCY.

JESUS. *Edmond Fleg. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 336 pages. $3.00.*

Your reviewer approaches his task of telling you about this new book of Edmond Fleg with great reluctance and humility. Edmond Fleg has been acclaimed by critics of this country and by the Continent as one of the outstanding religious writers of today. Your reviewer feels that this new book will fully justify this acclaim.

In *Jesus,* Fleg has prepared a story told by the Wandering Jew to Fleg of the Jew's life with Jesus. It is an amazing narration filled with all the sorrow and bewilderment of the man who saw Him die. Theology and history war in the narrative; creeds are put aside as of no value, and advanced as of primary value. It is confusion of mind that has been common to the followers of the Christ since his arrival on earth. The Wandering Jew who saw most of Jesus' life in no way diminishes that confusion for his is the greatest of all.

Fleg has produced a completely fresh approach to the same subject that has attracted hundreds of writers, but he has done it with reverence and beauty. There is a wealth of research, and no little care in the development of the background which is so well done that the reader may easily think the Twentieth Century out-done by the First. And yet the background is a foundation for contemplation of the *future.*

In this book we appreciate the miracle that gave us the Old Testament, and understand the soil whence sprang the New. The philosophy, the humor and the neurotic gloom weave a pattern of sorrow and humility that should be worth the effort to investigate in this era of pogroms, war scares and atheism. This book will be a profound experience, intellectually and emotionally for those who think.—PHILIP PARKER.

THE DARK ISLAND. *Victoria Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. New York. 308 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewers lead unfortunate lives. Their dream is to hail a good book by an unknown author. Their worst reality is to meet with a second-rater from the hands of a well-known writer. *The Dark Island* by Miss Sackville-West proves to be one of the realities of a reviewer's life. The story of Shirlin (pronounced Sheereen) and her love for the island of Storn is a peculiar one at best. At its worst it sinks into O'Neillian pathology and sadism. Shirin is a strangely lovely and self-contained young woman who marries Sir Venn le Breton, heir to the estate of Storn, purely, or impurely, for the sake of being mistress of the island. On their wedding night Venn tells her that Storn is his, and that she will never bt its owner or mistress, only its guest. This, Miss Sackville-West lets us know in an italicized aside, kills Shirin's soul as surely as a knife thrust would have killed her body, and she becomes a lovely and charming automaton, attending to her wifely duties and the village charities. Venn, seeing that he can never win her love, becomes more and more cruel in an effort to dominate her by fear.

At last Shirin asks a friend to come and live with them as her secretary, and for this friend, Cristina, she comes to feel more affection than she has ever felt for any living person. After some years Venn can no longer restrain his jealously of Cristina, and drowns her, while sailing, in such a way that it appears accidental. Venn is becoming consumptive and is in very weak health when Shirin contracts diptheria. Knowing that the slightest illness would be fatal, Shirin gives him the kiss he has longed for, and he dies as a result. Shirin recovers from her diptheria, but having come into possession of Storn at last she realizes that anticipation is preferable to fulfillment, and allows herself to die.

Miss Sackville-West's style is always pleasant, and the book is not bad reading, but the story strikes one as extremely fantastic and divorced from reality as known today. As the main characters move in their nightmarish existence the reader's interest slackens, and turns more to the incidental characters, who are, by the way, ex-

tremely well done. Perhaps it is because of this lack of conviction that the last of the book loses interest. To the reviewer's mind the first hundred pages were easily the best as they dealt with more or less normal life and situations. After Shirin arrives on the island it weakens visibly, and the ending does not leave a satisfactory sensation with the reader, except, perhaps, a feeling of relief that Shirin will not be allowed to kiss anyone else. As a whole it is far from the standard established by Miss Sackville-West in *The Edwardians* or in *All Passion Spent*, where every character and every situation was as convincing as fiction can well be. It is in choice of plot and character that the author has fallen down, not in the actual writing, which, with its beautiful phrases, is as pleasant to read as any modern prose we know.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

MODERN FICTION. *Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell. Columbia University Press. New York. 442 pp. $2.75.*

Since the publication of I. A. Richards' *Principles of Literary Criticism* in 1924 there has been an increasing interest in the psychological approach to literary criticism. Psychological criticism, especially of the kind involving a Freudian background, seems to be assuming a good deal of importance as the stigma surrounding Freud's name diminishes, and academic circles finally arrive at a point where a scientific approach to cultural matters does not seem too radical and far-fetched to be tolerated. Mr. Max Eastman, in his recent collection of essays, *The Literary Mind*, maintains that the present instability of literary criticism would be greatly mitigated if critics were trained in psychology as well as literature. Such an interest on the part of the critics is only natural since, to quote Houston Peterson, "Any survey of the significant literature of the past twenty years shows a preoccupation, intense, profound, and often monotonous, with the intricacies of mental life."

The authors of *Modern Fiction* evidently have a thorough background in those aspects of current psychological theory which pertain to literature. And they have succeeded in evolving a notable critical approach to the materials under their consideration, which should enable the discerning reader to evaluate the works discussed for himself as an individual. It is assumed that an author, in writing a work of fiction, is expressing certain peculiarities of his own experience. By familiarizing himself with these peculiarities the reader may become aware of the author's perspective and thus be able to relate it to his own. Then, since he understands his own relation to the work in question, and something of the causes of his particular reaction to it, he should be able, ultimately, to evaluate it.

Miss Brewster and Mr. Burrell succeed only partially in carrying out their technique, but they demonstrate very well, I think, that such a method is practical and exceedingly useful. Their work is, to say the least, extraordinarily stimulating, even though a great deal of it consists in mere summarization of the books considered. There are two chapters on theory, a useful but not too thorough bibliography, and extended discussions of some twenty-five modern writers, including Dostoevsky, Conrad, Mann, Joyce, and Proust.—D. W. ROBERTSON.

MURDER IN THE OPERA HOUSE. *Queena Mario. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 286 pp. $2.00.*

Queena Mario, a famed soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has written her first book. Oddly enough, instead of the usual autobiography or "searching for the heart and soul" novel which seems to be common in the books written by artists, Mme. Mario has presented us with a diverting mystery story. It is a good puzzler because it contains sufficient logic and unfailing suspense, an unusual setting and splendid character sketches.

The book, as the title indicates, concerns the murder of a prima donna, called "The Blonde Peril," during a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. The orchestra is playing the final strains of Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci* when Canio, played by Giulio Guidi, thrusts a knife into the breast of Nedda, acted by Consuelo Elvado, "The Blonde Peril." She sinks to the floor, theatrically "dead." As the curtain falls the audience goes wild with enthusiasm. It calls for the prima donna insistently. But she cannot make her curtain-calls. She is dead—mortally wounded by a gun-shot.

And so the mystery begins. Van Dine has his Philo Vance; Ellery Queen has his Ellery Queen; and so in this story Mme. Mario has her Carey Van Horn, a famed criminologist who knows the District Attorney and who has the unfailing perception of noticing those facts which the police do not heed. The method by which Van Horn solves the mystery is novel and reasonable, unlike many other mystery stories.

It is good light reading and the reader will not have an easy time deciphering the mystery. In fact, he will be, more than once, tempted to cheat by glancing at the last pages.—MORTON FELDMAN.

THE EVE OF CONFLICT. *George Fort Milton. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston. 570 pp. $5.00.*

George Fort Milton has done a notable piece of work in his biography of Stephen A. Douglas. *The Eve of Conflict*, however, is a great deal more than pure biography. It is a remarkable political history of the twenty years prior to the outbreak of the Civil War. The result is a monumental volume which reflects careful study and research in a field never before properly handled by historians. The work does infinite credit to Mr. Milton as a scholar into whose hands thousands of important, though hitherto unknown, documents of the period were placed for careful treatment. Nowhere else in any general historical work can so much valuable information on the politics of the Fifties be found.

The chief character, Stephen A. Douglas, is presented by the author so that we must realize the true grandeur of the Little Giant. Douglas was one of the most brilliant, extraordinary, dramatic, and tragic figures in the entire political history of the United States. Mr. Milton has made this truth stand out sharply. The author is himself so ardent a champion of Douglas' policy of compromise that he ventures that the Civil War would never have occurred had Douglas been elected to the Presidency. It is fascinating to speculate on the question of what he would have accomplished in the White House. He, however, was one of those who exalted party above everything else, and in his loyalty was told his final

defeat. Even in failure, Douglas was magnificent.

His policy was moderation, but the Golden Mean in such a period was quite forgotten. The passions of the hour were much too strong, and the various elements too far apart. Douglas could not see that any moral or human issue was involved in the struggle, and consequently his path lay straight before him. Moderation and common sense were his watchwords, but he failed to bring the Ultras of North and South to accept them. After his break with the antagonistic Buchanan administration, Douglas made it clear that his chief purpose was to keep the Union intact. The split convention of the Democratic party at Charleston indicated to him that the Southern politicians would have disunion at any cost. Douglas should have been acceptable to the "Southerns." He constantly reaffirmed his belief that "be slavery right or wrong the people of every state have a right to choose." Popular sovereignity was his idol, his pre-possessing love, and yet the South would not accept him. Finally when Douglas saw that there was no chance of compromise between Lincoln and his aides and the South, he allied himself with the President and the Union.

Interwoven with the story of Douglas' life is Mr. Milton's thesis. To use his own words: "Uncle Tom's Cabin, Bleeding Kansas, 'Bully' Brook's assault on Sumner, the Dred Scott case, and James Buchanan's hatred of the Little Giant—but for these there might have been no Civil War." We cannot say that Mr. Milton has shown definitely that the Civil War was not inevitable. When a nation is torn between two powerful, diametrically opposed political, social, and economic philosophies, conflict is always the foregone conclusion.

The book is a remarkably accurate and compelling biography of one of the truly great statesmen in our history. Douglas' was a personality of extraordinary magnetism, and Mr. Milton has preserved that quality in *The Eve of Conflict*. Perhaps the inherent dramatic and tragic qualities of Douglas' life are not fully realized, and are yet to be adequately portrayed. Mr. Milton has a rather unfortunate style which alone might account for his failure to rise to the greatness of his subject. We can not however quarrel with the author's treatment of the subject as a whole, for the book is a tremendous achievement in the field of political history as well as a notable contribution to American biography.—FRANCES HARRELL.

ARE CAROLINA BOXERS PUGS?

(*Continued from page four*)

no fight. Billy Nolan, manager of Battling Nelson, was so insistent that Joe Gans make a specially agreed poundage when the Baltimore Negro first defended his lightweight crown againt Nelson, that Joe lost his strength, contracted tuberculosis and died a few years later. Yet the professional game has never blamed Nolan; he was called a smart manager for the part he played.

The difference is that college boxing is a sport; the professional game is a racket. Charley Short, who has refereed many bouts in Chapel Hill, once said just before a fight in the Tin Can (after several month's handling of professional bouts), "It's certainly great to referee at a place where you know they won't steal your street clothes while you're in the ring."

You could no more expect such boys as Archie Allen and Noah Goodridge, not to name similar people from other schools, to fit into the squabbling, throat-cutting, suspicious element of professional boxing than you could expect Carnera to execute the Dance of the Nymphs or hear Barney Ross sing "The Wearin' of the Green."

Reviewed In March

ROAD OF AGES, Robert Nathan.
COME AND GET IT, Edna Ferber.
THE HARSH VOICE, Rebecca West.
FASCISM AND CITIZENSHIP, George Norlin.
WE JEWS, George Sokolsky.
WHAT IS AMERICAN LITERATURE?, Carl Van Doren.
BASIC ECONOMICS, J. G. Evans.
THE YOUNG IDEA.
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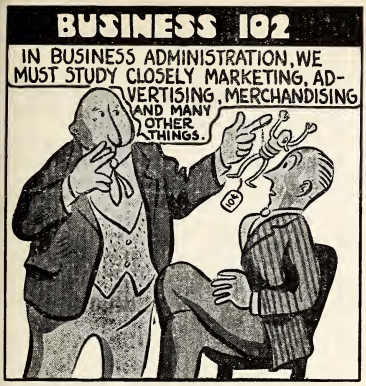
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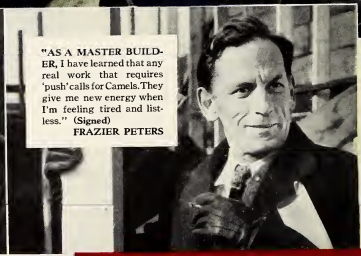

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¶Published eight times a year, November to June inclusive by the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina. ¶Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 108, Graham Memorial. ¶Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶Subscription price $1.50 per year. ¶Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

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Virginia's Don't-Give-a-Damnedness

by MURAT WILLIAMS*

IT'S A UNIVERSITY devoted to personal freedom and the student doesn't give a continental, just as long as he can do what he pleases and others do the same. He is not worried by university activities. If the publications are poor, he's not interested. He isn't bothered by weak football teams until he becomes an alumnus. Intercollegiate debating, dramatics, discussion groups mean nothing to the average Virginia student and never will.

If the football team is not good, he reasons, that's no reflection on him personally—perhaps on the university slightly, but chiefly on the boys who play football. As a member of a free university community, he accepts no responsibility for anyone but himself.

We say "university community," because the only centralizing force at Charlottesville is not membership in the same university, but residence in one large community spread over a good section of the beautiful Albemarle.

Yet there remains a symbol of unity—the Lawn. Jefferson designed it, and around it the university is built. But in spite of "a compact central idea," Virginia, as far as the students are concerned, is completely disorganized.

There are gaps between the various groups of Virginia students that are seldom bridged by genial conversation. There's "Virginia Ltd.," the closed corporation of the 250 members of eight or ten "best" fraternities, who were once politically supreme and who now desire only social preeminence. There's another group from small industrial towns in the North and from New York City, who may or may not have been to New England prep schools, and who come to Virginia for a multiplicity of reasons: finances, College Board exams, new atmosphere, free southern life. There's a group from provincial Virginia, who did not make Virginia Ltd. and are not interested in its political and social machinations, who live in their own little worlds and are scarcely conscious of common interests with any one. They come to get their degrees and return to their local church, bar, school, and business. Then there are other groups less well-defined.

Within these divisions there are cliques and cliques within cliques, all forming the background for the intense snootiness that is a Virginia student's primary expression of his don't-give-a-damnedness, more politely termed his individualism. He says it's individualism which excuses him from speaking to every fellow-student he passes, or even to those to whom he has been introduced only once or twice.

II.

What's the history of this individualism, this personal freedom, this decentralized attitude? A century ago when the Lawn and Ranges could accommodate all the hundred or so students enrolled, there was a strong consciousness of unity, of membership in one organization—and yet even then each student lived his own life and was responsible only to himself for his personal conduct until it went to such wild extremes as the riot on the Lawn when a professor was killed by a masked student. Then fifty or even forty years ago the university was still the focal point of common interests, common loyalties, and common activities. Individual initiative developed into concerted action guided by a common spirit.

Then the university grew to a thousand, fifteen hundred, and finally twenty-three hundred students. Personal freedom has survived the expansion; but the student body has been disintegrated into groups, and the central idea of a unity has gone. The individual feels no responsibility for activities, and it is his "prerogative to scoff at the teams, the publications, the societies."

Good roads, twentieth century transportation, and unrestricted automobiles have contributed to the disintegration. The "mass Tuesday-to-Thursday exodus" has made the week-end "the only local activity participated in by more than fifty of the student body." Outstanding sports events alone can keep Virginia students in Charlottesville on Saturdays. But even then a better game in Richmond, Washington, or New York would be stiff competition for the interests of the student body.

*Mr. Williams is the editor of *College Topics*, the triweekly newspaper of the University of Virginia, and a member of the class of 1935.

III.

College activities suffer naturally from a lack of unity and general responsibility. Changes in systems and coaches have not helped Virginia teams. "Divine supervision of the Celestial couldn't make Virginia athletes win if they don't want to," said an alumnus of '34, and there is much between those lines.

Subtle advantages, however, justify the don't-give-a-damn atmosphere. The blind force of "school spirit" commits no student wholeheartedly to a university activity. The critical approach, bred by freedom of attitude, developes a multiplicity of opinions. These many-sided views prevent Virginia from going to any undue extreme in college organizations and college athletics.

Football isn't over-emphasized because people at Virginia are not so intensely interested in the sport that they will sacrifice for a winning team or make a demi-god out of a grid star. Alumni, shamed as they say by beaten Cavalier elevens, demand such common measures as athletic scholarships to secure victories. A strong minority of students rebels at the idea. For Virginia fosters the growth of a great group of students who see football as a mere incidental to university life, and there are perhaps two hundred who would see football given up as an intercollegiate sport.

Four years ago a coach with a reputation equal almost to that of the great Rockne was engaged to produce a winner at Virginia. Only one season of failure convinced him that student attitude, the Virginia atmosphere, was the cause of football failure. He set to work to revive interest in one activity after another. He conducted campaigns in support of the dramatic club, the paper, and became president of the music league —all to get Virginia students interested in common enterprises, to bring them out of their narrow shells, hoping to stir up the old centralized spirit that is essential to a winning team as well as to a successful drama or music club. Unfortunate gentleman! He found student attitude fixed and unchangeable. From the students he could not get coöperation, the prerequisite of victory.

If high-powered football continues to sweep the continent, it will never make any great impression upon Virginia, where the students don't particularly care—and maybe never will.

Fraternities run many a campus. Often non-fraternity men are campus outcasts—"barbarians." At Virginia there is nothing of that distinction. Perhaps only a fourth of the student body are Greek-letter men. Of these many are as contemptuous of their fraternal organizations as those who don't belong. A Virginia fraternity is often a handicap to a student's advancement, sometimes a help.

IV.

"Virginia is a great country club," say some of its critics. "Not a country club," say others, "but like a German university." A German university, we suppose, where students enjoy complete personal freedom and feel no call to stand by the set forms of an educational curriculum and are not subjected to a centralized student opinion.

Of the German university student, Dr. Abraham Flexner says, "He selects his own teachers; he wanders from one university to another. He may waste his time in fencing or in drinking; he may forego vacations to work as a *Famulus* in a laboratory or clinic . . . He is treated like a man from the day he matriculates." Nobody makes the German student work, and nobody cares if the Virginia student works or does not work. We know of one who studied at Charlottesville for three years and passed only one course—three hours. Yet he got much out of his university life, little perhaps on the educational side, but much perhaps on the social or cultivation side.

When he graduates, the Virginia student naturally feels a definite loyalty to his university. Many express their loyalty through the sports pages, but a great number remember the Virginia life and attitude rather than the Virginia athletics. Not from high honors gained by athletic teams does Virginia claim her graduate's affections, but from the social development she has offered him. He is more at ease than the graduate of the provincial college or the military school. To be blunt—he can hold his liquor, can converse, and not always on sports, women, cars, and movies. He has been around during his college years.

But what of the poor adolescent who is thrown into the disorganized student body to make or break himself unaided? Isn't the unguided seventeen-year-old ruined by forces of corruption or the forces of inertia? True it is that many a youngster, the routine of whose life is not shaped for him by authorities, wanders about in a fog, stupefied by the new environment. Fortunately for him, however, his life is not cast into the mold

of a machine age college. The shaping of his life is his own business, and his future development may be *because of* or *in spite of* the Virginia university atmosphere. Virginia considers him a man and like a man he must care for himself.

For four years the student may remain in his fog. There may not even be a Dean's List mention for any one term to distinguish his career. He may never have participated in a college activity and may never have joined a university fraternity, society, or club. Yet he may be better prepared for the life after college than any of his big-shot contemporaries. He may never have engaged in college "politics," but may become a leader in state and nation. No line of his writings may have appeared in a college publication, but he may become a distinguished journalist. The Virginia student realizes the emptiness of college honors and college distinctions. His failure or his success in winning them mean nothing to him, for he has learned in college that his brilliant record cuts no ice with his fellow-students, who are more inclined to condemn than to worship their heroes.

V.

What is it that the decentralized, individualistic, self-centered Virginia life gives to a man? What's the excuse for the snootiness, the lack of central interest, the lack of responsibility?

Put on his own unguided feet, the Virginia student is likely to develop his own critical attitude. He has his own sense of values. Occasionally he may hate Virginia. But usually he loves it, not with the love of a boasting sport fan who judges his college always in terms of games won and lost, not with the love of the intellectual pride in the scholastic output of his institution, but with the adoration of one who has reveled in freedom. In freedom the Virginia student developes his tastes, his spiritual sensitiveness, his intellectual *savoir-faire*, his artistic appreciation. Or perhaps *in freedom* he overlooks these. In any event *he is not led to them like a baby nor trained like an animal.* His æsthetic and social attitudes are not molded by his elders and given to him in tablet form. Whatever he has he wins for himself. He may dissipate his time and energies during his college days, but when he leaves he is a self-developed man with a character molded in freedom and individual responsibility. He's an individualist—sometimes a strong one, sometimes a weak one, sometimes a good one, sometimes bad.

The Movie Magazine: A Low «Slick»

by WALKER PERCY

THE MAGAZINE PHASE of America's own kaleidescope of literature has divided itself by a natural evolution into two classes. They are, as their writers and publishers have so aptly dubbed them, "pulps" and "slicks." This general classification naturally omits such magazines as *Harpers* and *The Atlantic Monthly*, which, though their interiors are of a refined pulpy nature, represent the other extreme in magazine literature. Published largely by Street and Smith, the "pulps" differ little either in dimension or content, concern the activities of every imaginable sort of adventurer, and exist solely to provide amusement for persons incapable of understanding more pretentious literature. "Slicks," however, are characterized by no such uniformity, their only common trait being the glossy quality of their pages. In appearance they range from the angular *Popular Mechanics* to the sprawling *Saturday Evening Post*, in content from *Contract Bridge* to *Popular Aviation* with more general type magazines, such as *Liberty*, in between, in price from five to fifty cents, and in literary value from A to Z. Somewhere near the bottom in literary value, near the top in popularity, appears that highly specialized, yet numerously represented specie of "slick," the movie magazines.

Movie magazines represent a unique class of specialty "slicks." Unlike other arts and sciences, the movie industry enjoys so many devotees that a large number of magazines may be supported. The constant appearance of new magazines in the competitive field and the sustained existence of the most inferior publication indicates a large, easily satisfied patronage.

It is in the quality and nature of its readers that the movie magazines differ so curiously from other "slicks" dealing with particular subjects. Readers of *Contract Bridge* undoubtedly constitute the intelligent minority of bridge players.

But the per cent of movie-goers who read movie magazines certainly do not represent the intelligent minority interested in movie making as a fine art. The reader of *Scientific American* is in a small way an explorer in the field of science. But the steady reader of *Silver Screen* knows very little about the production of movies and cares less. *She*, for *he* is outnumbered three to one, is incapable of distinguishing a projector from an extra; yet she buys her copy or copies of Hollywood magazines and reads them till they fall apart. She is to be found only in America and is possessed with a neurotic curiosity which demands knowledge of every intimate detail of her idol's life. She does not know acting from arm-waving, yet she writes countless letters of praise and criticism to both actor and magazine. She is not satisfied with seeing a Hollywood actor perform; she must know his love life and his spinach recipe. Careful research has unearthed as possible steady movie magazine readers, lovelorn old maids, high school boys and girls, romantic working girls, and fanatical movie scrap-book keepers. College students may be included as a possible type, but their motives in reading are entirely healthy and transient.

The emotional unbalance of these types is admirably exploited by the movie magazines. The romantic yearnings of the female class and the hero worship and sex consciousness of the males are granted blissful satisfaction. The first movie magazine so successfully met the demands of its readers that its formula has been retained to the present day. There have been only slight changes in the methods of formula application, and with the exception of two quite different and almost independent movie publications, the comic movie magazine and the fiction movie magazine, the growth of this magazine has been a profuse but unprogressive multiplication.

The usual motion picture magazine, typified by such publications as *Hollywood*, *Movie Mirror*, and *Screenland*, follows well-defined conventions in its make-up. All are products of a program providing for various departments which, though they studiously masquerade under many titles, differ but little in content. The ever-present gossip column may be called Hollywood Keyhole by *Screenland* and Movie Detective by *Silver Screen*, but both contain the inevitable alternating light and dark print paragraphs parading the idiosyncrasies and domestic infelicities of the stars. Equally institutional are the interviews and features, the confidential editorial comment, the letter boxes, and the movie reviews.

Scores of movie magazines appear monthly, and in each copy these prescribed departments follow each other in relentless succession, varying little in content or arrangement. This sameness is undoubtedly due to the method of production. A few large publishing companies such as MacFadden, Fawcett, and Street and Smith, publish the large majority of the numerous magazines, so numerous that the ingenuity of the title-makers appears now to be completely exhausted. Each house is responsible for several magazines and each group seems to be turned out by one huge staff. Such conditions prohibit originality and necessitate the production of a practically mechanized article.

The only variety provided for by formula and mode of production is that of time and circumstance. Time passes and circumstances change to the great delight of the movie magazine readers. They can perceive the differenc between a 1929 *Silver Screen* and a 1935 *Picture Play;* they know that Ruth Chatterton got her first divorce in the former and that Bing Crosby's wife had twins in the latter. But to the casual observer, one is precisely like another. He is equally agreeable to reading an old magazine as he is to a new one, for he desires only to look at the pictures and read the fan letters which, if anything, improve with age.

II.

The bulk of the screen magazine is composed of interviews and feature articles. These two departments differ in name and form only; for, although the "interviews" claim to be authentic and contain quoted matter in the first person, great doubt has arisen in the minds of American fans as to whether a Hollywood star was ever interviewed.

Every movie interview and feature embodies one or all of three motives: to reconcile the peculiarities and weaknesses of a movie star to the ideal held by the fans, to trace the star from his honky-tonk days to his Hollywood pinnacle, and to give the world the star's philosophy of life. The first device is unadulterated hooey, the second is a dramatized rise-to-fame yarn with a small element of truth, and the third is a stock series of common sense platitudes which apparently guide the lives of all the stars. Strangely enough, many articles give a star's advice for a

successful married life, the premise supposedly being that practice makes perfect.

All features and interviews are prefaced by bold-print explanatory paragraphs summing up the article's contents. Typical as an explanatory paragraph is this heading to a feature in a recent *Screenbook:* "Bob Montgomery is one of the few who have zoomed swiftly and suddenly to stardom and kept his perspective." Desultory inspection of screen magazines will prove this "few" to be practically all of Hollywood. It is evidently unwritten law among interviewers to invest all stars with a naive modesty and to disavow all rumors to the contrary. This excerpt from last month's *Hollywood* illustrates the general nature of "disavowers": "Has Janet Gaynor changed? Is she different off the screen? You have read that Janet Gaynor has gone difficult, a genteel word for high-hat. Is it only a legend, a myth?" And like thousands of its predecessors, it turned out to be a malicious myth.

The life story type of article appears under titles like these: "When I Had a Dime between Me and the Breadline," "Franchot Tone Once Did Not Have an Easy Time Eating Three Meals a Day." More specific are these episodic experiences from the life history of a star: " John Boles Once Served as a Spy in the World War," Frederick March's Diary in the South Seas," "Victor McGlaglen Once Fought Jack Johnson."

Articles dealing with screen villains invariably aver that the villain is in real life a generous and sweet person far removed from the evil character he portrays. C. Henry Gordon, the lamp-headed gentleman who looks like Hitler in a convex mirror, is "not at all like the villain he plays" according to *Silver Screen.* And with the feature writer it does not go without saying that Bette Davis, in real life, is nothing like the slut of *Bordertown* and *Of Human Bondage.* Her genuine sweetness of character must be re-established by claiming that she sends money to a second cousin in Shanghai.

In their well-meant intention to salve over inconsistencies in the lives of movie stars with their bland ballyhoo, feature writers are liable to commit ridiculous contradictions in the course of time. A few years ago when the tough hero came into vogue, one magazine wrote, "James Cagney is mean to everybody. He even threw a grapefruit at his butler for not putting sugar on it." Last month the same magazine ran a feature beginning: "Despite his rough exterior James Cagney is one of the most refined personalities in Hollywood." Such inconsistencies can only lead one to believe that ballyhoo is the byword and that the interviewer of "Clark Gable at Home" no more saw Clark than the feature writer of "Clark Gable Bear Hunting."

III.

Probably somewhat responsible for that impulse which prompts even the mature and intelligent to pick up a movie magazine and glance through its contents, is that most diverting department, the letter box. In this section of the movie magazine are to be found the soul utterances of a curious people. The most inferior magazine contains the most diverting letter box; for the gushing extravagance of the letters combine with the earnest manner with which they are set forth by the magazine to produce a delightful conglomeration of incredibly bad taste. *Photoplay,* however, specializes in scintillating constructive criticism, a principle which this fan letter doubtless embodies in a burst of originality: "An idea has occurred to me. I think the private life of the screen stars are *(sic!)* their own business, not the public's." Another *Photoplay* fan relates an experience which the college student should find helpful: "I used to feel tired and blue whenever I had a test facing me the next day at college, until I finally went to a movie the night before one. The next day I made the highest mark I have ever made. No more do I dread test days."

The best fan letters are awarded cash prizes, ranging usually from $1.00 to $25.00. Many letters go unrewarded and after comparing these with the prize-winning letters, we still find it impossible to conjecture what the judges consider prize-winning material. It is indeed a pity that all letters cannot receive $10.00 as did this one, written by a sixteen-year-old Mae West admirer: "I just saw *Belle of the Nineties* and I enjoyed it immensely, but it is a shame they had to cut out so many good scenes. In spite of that I saw the picture twice."

The sentiments of the University of North Carolina are succinctly expressed by this $10.00 letter which begins: "Janet Gaynor's sugar-coated sweetness is beginning to cause nausea."

A typical prize-winning letter of praise is this restrained message from a Black Water, Kansas maid: "I will just say that Bing is just the handsomest, dearest, sweetest, most charm-

ing actor I have ever laid my eyes on." Why this letter should win $5.00 while letters like the following go unrewarded will forever remain a mystery: "Any doctor will tell you that Garbo's grunting and fluttering of the eye-lids denote a bilious condition."

The prosaic thirties have contributed little poetry to the letter boxes of motion picture magazines, but ten years ago as much space was devoted to poems as to letters. In an old copy of *Film Favorites* is to be found this choice bit:

"Some like Barrymore
But I like Gary more."

Certainly Ogden Nash must have been a movie magazine fan.

Movie magazines often draw from a stock repertory of "special features" in an attempt to break the monotony of the prescribed make-up. These "special features" are calculated to awaken interest by their personal application or opportunity for personal gain. A common specie of "special features" is the prize contest which since it must be cinematic, appears usually in the form of a page-full of unnamed star pictures with cash prizes offered him who can identify them. *Picture-Play* introduced a variation when it presented in a recent edition back-view "stills" of several popular movie actors. *Screenland*, last month, ran a series of cartoons each of which embodied the title of a famous movie. *Covered Wagon*, for example, was represented by a fat lady sitting atop a baby carriage.

Appearing only occasionally now are the once very popular contests, the winners of which got a free ticket to Hollywood and a promised contract from one of the studios. These contests with their irresistible terms have been obliterated by the justified and highly publicized accusations brought against them. Since lurid pictures of a Hollywood overflowing with starving contest winners were conjured up in American minds, the Hollywood contests have lost caste. The only current contests comparable to the old sensations are occasional offers of magazines to reproduce the best pictures submitted and to send them for approval to the casting directors of several studios.

Another variety of "special feature" which is constantly employed occurs in the form of fashion hints, beauty advice, and cooking secrets of the stars, typified by such recent *Screenbook* "scoops" as, "What Sue Morris feeds Chester for Sunday night supper," "Lili Damita's new spring frock," "Ginger Rogers' facial work-out."

Probably the most characteristic and revealing of the magazine institutions is the movie review department. Although the reviews are supposed to be competent guides to current movies, their comments sound remarkably like the advertising previews of the movies themselves. It is difficult to conjecture whether the unflagging praise which is heaped on most of the movies is due to some great fidelity felt by the movie magazines toward their mother art or to substantial sums paid the magazines for advertising by the studios. Whatever may be the case, all movies are accorded ratings from fair on up, whether the standards of judgment by stars, checks and double checks, or thermometers with the 100 degree mark representing perfect. The reviewers' vocabulary includes such qualifying epithets as "interesting," "thrilling," "exciting," "entertaining," and "sweet." Their rare judgment is illustrated by the high mark awarded *Gridiron Flash* which was said to be a "fair picture of college life." Chapel Hill movie-goers will recall that the same picture nearly caused the destruction of the local theatre.

IV.

With the growth of the motion picture magazine industry from the unnoticed appearance of a few copies twenty years ago to the regular vomiting of prodigious quantities and varieties of magazines which it amounts to today, certain outgrowths and divisions have occurred. In predepression days the price of all movie magazines was fixed at twenty-five cents. But 1929 brought an end to this Utopian, several hundred per cent profit, existence, and with the general fall in prices all the magazines except *Photoplay* promptly dropped to ten or fifteen cents.

Among the large group of movie magazines class distinctions have arisen, dictated by the three price divisions, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents. The great majority of the magazines, such as *Silver Screen, Screen Play, Movie Mirror, Hollywood,* and *Screenbook* lie in the cheapest classes; some few like *Picture-Play* belong to the intermediate group, while only one, *Photoplay*, continues to maintain its pre-depression price of twenty-five cents.

Although all movie magazine readers agree that *Picture-Play* is a better magazine than *Silver Screen*, the five-cent price distinction in the lower classes is difficult to account for. In dimension,

content, and quality of paper, no difference is noticeable between *Picture-Play* and the dime magazines. Unless the two prices are arbitrary actions of the publishing companies involving no real difference in quality, practically the only justification of the nickel difference is the slightly more lurid appearance of the covers of the fifteen cent magazines, the more sensational nature of their interviews, and their superior skill in blotting out double chins and affixing eyelashes in the photographs of the stars.

But in the case of the aristocrat of the large family, class distinction is immediately visible. *Photoplay* justifies its sub-title, "The Aristocrat of the Motion Picture Magazines," by presenting a higher grade of photography and a greater variety in arrangement. Its photographic technique is predominately *Vanity Fairesque*. In the profile view of Clark Gable, for instance, bold shadows are made use of to obscure the oddly foreshortened ear which appears so disconcertingly in cheaper magazines. The make-up formula is disregarded to the extent of including some fiction and occasionally a Montgomery Flagg drawing—anything to provide variety and to elevate itself above the bourgeoisie whose attempts at originality are illustrated by *Screenbook's* crossword puzzle superimposed on the broad face of Joan Crawford. But despite all these demonstrations *Photoplay* hardly escapes the fundamental hooey which stamps all members of its specie. Its editorial comment and interviews are just as ridiculous as the rest and often more so because of their pretentiousness.

Besides this large class and its internal class distinctions, there exist two outgrowing types of motion picture magazines, the comic movie magazine and the fiction movie magazine, of which the most popular are *Film Fun* and *Screen Romance* respectively. Neither of these two types attempts to give intimate glimpses in a screen star's life. Both rather adopt the attractions of other common and more general "slicks."

Film Fun is a combination of a sex magazine and a comic magazine saturated with a Hollywood atmosphere. "Stills" are shown with feeble jests printed below them; full-length photographs of scantily dressed chorus girls are reproduced with dismally punned epigrams appending. The 90 per cent nudity of *Film Fun* is responsible for its popularity in university towns, or perhaps it is the magnificent wit that college students can't resist.

Screen Romance and its imitators combine with considerable subtlety the short story magazine with the glamour of Hollywood. The plots of recent movies are given in short fictional form, illustrated with "stills" from the movie version. The prose of *Screen Romance* is the slushy idiom of its non-cinematic brother "slicks," *True Story* and *True Romance*, and is tirelessly applied to all movie themes irrespective of the type of plot. Its stereotyped, sex-conscious style undoubtedly suits a large number of movies, but when it is applied to *David Copperfield* and *The Little Minister*, the effect is odd to say the least.

V.

Movie magazines, with their interviews, letters, and reviews, will go down in history as an eloquent manifestation of a particularly crude Americanism. That the situation is peculiarly American is demonstrated by the amazement and chagrin of foreign actors, who, upon entering this country, find that they are required not only to perform before a camera but to stage a continuous three-ring circus. Many return to their native Hollywoods, but some conform to these peculiar demands and obediently live strange and abnormal lives which occasion endless speculation from the delighted fans. Among the most successful conformists is Garbo who has conspired with her press agents so cunningly that most Americans consider her one of the world's major mysteries.

The *raison d'etre* of the movie magazine is the abnormal curiosity of its readers about the private life of the movie stars. It has no justifiable existence, for none of the large group of magazines offers intelligent criticism or information pertaining to the movie world. The "yes" reviews can hardly pass for criticism, nor can the Hollywood news items claim to be informative. The inquisitive movie-goer, who is naturally interested in the gigantic art of movie making, can find intelligent magazine comment only in the movie reviews of non-cinematic periodicals. If the relatively small theatrical and literary worlds can support such magazines as *The Stage* and *The Saturday Review of Literature*, which have successfully disregarded the sex life of actors and authors, a similar periodical can certainly be supported by the movie industry.

Naturally the average movie-goer is not the intellectual equal of the theatre-goer or the reader of first class books, but he is certainly far su-

perior to the movie magazine fan. Unfortunately, however, the latter type has been mobilized by movie magazines into a loud, influential voice, booming effectually at Hollywood. This class of movie-goer has deluged Hollywood with letters of approval and disapproval and has undoubtedly been partly responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the movies. The more valuable comments of higher class movie devotees number far less than the notorious "fan letters" and lack the influential publicity of the movie magazines.

The appearance of an increasing number of good movies and the mounting discontent against the poor majority indicate shifting trends in the fan public. A few years ago Jean Harlow kept America in a constant turmoil while a picture like *Disraeli* was a box-office failure. Today even Mae West productions are abdicating in favor of such films as *David Copperfield*, *Gay Divorcee*, and *The Little Minister*. Such improvement indicates either the cultural advance of movie fans or the adoption of a militant attitude by an intelligent, brave minority. Whatever may be the case, good movies have proven to be profitable undertakings. The necessity of a superior movie magazine, offering an intelligent appraisal of the Hollywood scene, is becoming increasingly apparent. And with its advent one may hope for a decline in popularity of that masquerading "pulp," the current movie magazine, and a corresponding conservation of large quantities of paper and ink.

The Rise of a Threefold Dramatist

by NELSON LANSDALE

He is the one modern American dramatist who has successfully used criticism of government and current sociological conditions, fine blank verse, and historical material for the bases of his plays. Essentially a romantic dramatist, he has been keen enough to realize the needs of the theatre and the theatre-going public, and to supply them on time. Without sacrificing his integrity as an artist, he has managed to pack in his audiences for play after play. With a romantic's fundamental respect for most of his characters, with the courage to pound home his message in sweeping blank verse, with skill enough to say what people wanted to hear said without sacrificing either his sociological convictions or his romantic viewpoint, he has carved for himself a high place in the ranks of writers for the American theatre. His name, of course, is Maxwell Anderson.

In 1924, with Laurence Stallings, then book critic of the New York *World*, he had given the American public what it wanted—a realistic bunkless war play which showed them that the boys were not heroes, and that they were fighting an ugly war purposelessly. By 1924, to ask "Who won the war" was like asking who won the San Francisco earthquake, and the myth of making the world safe for democracy was well on its way to explosion. In bold relief against a background of grim and useless death, Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg shocked their audiences with the vulgarity of their language, and confused them by their lack of idealism about the war, but the audiences flocked to *What Price Glory* because it was saying something they instinctively wanted to hear. Before the appearance of *What Price Glory* not many of them realized completely that the war's splendor was largely hokum, but when they heard Anderson and Stallings say it, they knew it to be true, and applauded it accordingly.

Three unsuccessful plays, *First Flight*, *The Buccaneer*, and *Outside Looking In*, the last-named Anderson's first dramatic venture alone, an adaptation of Jim Tully's *Beggars of Life*, were followed in 1927 by *Saturday's Children*, a smash hit. Dramatists rarely pack them in on Broadway unless they are saying something the audiences want to hear, and the theatre-going public was again ready for the fare Mr. Anderson provided—a play on the domestic problems of the lost generation. By far the most conventional of his plays, *Saturday's Children* treats a theme — that of young people who marry in haste and repent in the little leisure left them by their jobs as wage-earners—which is by now definitely old hat. At the time of the production of *Saturday's Children*, however, Anderson had the unquestionable advantage of being the first playwright in his own dramatic generation to deal with the problem of young people disillusioned with their attempt to live happily in the city on a hundred and sixty dollars a month; and

he combines his freshness of theme with sympathy for his two leading figures, more the victims of the sociological conditions of their time than of their own idealism.

The year 1928 saw the production of *Gods of the Lightning*, a bitter, prejudiced dramatic version of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. *Gods of the Lightning* sacrifices anything of permanence or universality implicit in an attack on justice to the passion of the hour. A courageous preachment, it offered little of dramatic significance to the play-goer who was not interested in the trial, and it marshalled nothing in the way of new evidence for the inspection of those who cared. In *Gods of the Lightning* what had heretofore been Anderson's strongest point was his greatest weakness. The play was too timely. It failed, deservedly.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine finds Anderson writing his closest approach to a potboiler, *Gypsy*. Perhaps he realized that a large proportion of the theatre-going public of the time consisted of wealthy, unoccupied women, or perhaps he set out in all sincerity to draw an honest portrait of a woman incapable of fidelity to one man. Whatever his aim, his achievement was a carefully written play with an evasive, artificial ending, and a leading character who never quite comes to life. Compared to Nina Leeds in O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, *Gypsy* comes off a very bad second. But a woman's attempt at justification of infidelity was what the women of 1929 were willing to pay to see, and the play had a successful run, and was considered worthy of inclusion in Burns Mantle's *Best Plays* of that year.

II.

In the long interval between 1929 and 1933 the dramatic audience shifted its attention from psychological study of highly special individuals to problems of finance. Maxwell Anderson won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1933 with *Both Your Houses*, a penetrating play on the problem of graft and corruption in our national House and Senate. The hero—and it is a distinguishing quality of Anderson's plays that most of them have heroes—is an idealistic young congressman who comes to realize that the juggling of government funds by politicians is inevitable under a democracy.

This season's Anderson production, *Valley Forge*, is a timely enough warning to a wavering government that the American dream of liberty is slipping away. The term American dream of liberty is used advisedly, because the existence of such a dream is one of the tenets of Anderson's political philosophy.

"This liberty will look easy by and by when nobody dies to get it," declares Washington a minute or two before the curtain is rung down on the last act.

If we except the bitter indictment of American justice in *Gods of the Lightning*, Anderson's career as a critic of the government writing for the stage began with a less timely—and less successful—play than *Both Your Houses*. 1932 saw the clumsy (from all accounts) production—and failure—of *Night Over Taos*, a dramatization of the last stand of a lost Spanish city on the border of the rising republic of the United States. *Night Over Taos* is Anderson's proclamation of belief in democracy as a form of government. The essence of the historical play's modern interpretation is to be found in these lines:

"Our race is done.
The Spanish blood runs thin. Spain has gone down,
And Taos, a little island of things that were,
Sinks among things that are. The north will win.
Taos is dead . . .
It's right
Because what wins is right. It won't win forever.
The kings will come back, and they'll be right again
When they win again. Not now. The gods are weary
Of men who give orders, playing at God."

In *Both Your Houses* he continues his thesis, with these comments on congressional graft: "Brigands built up this nation from the beginning . . . They stole billions and gutted whole states and empires, but they dug our oil wells, built our railroads, and invented prosperity as they went along." Thus, says Mr. Anderson in effect, however corrupt our government is, it is the kind of government worthy of, and deserved by, the governed.

In *Valley Forge*, the playwright brings us to the realization that the American people prefer, or have until now preferred, self-government to good government. Says Washington:

"The spirit of earth moves over earth like flame and finds fresh home when the old's burned out. It stands over this my country in this dark year, and stands like a pillar of fire to show us an uncouth clan, unread, harsh-spoken, but fol-

lowers of a dream, a dream that men shall bear no burdens save of their own choosing, shall walk upright, masterless, doff a hat to none and choose their gods! It's destined to win, this dream, weak though we are."

Clearly, Anderson believes that liberty is not an heritage, but an achievement with each successive generation. He has many followers on the path which he has recommended for his contemporaries.

III.

It cannot but be obvious from two of the three quotations above that Maxwell Anderson is more than a timely dramatist and a keen critic of government. He is a playwright who has dared, through the mediums of historical setting and background, to attempt to bring poetry onto the modern stage, and he is to be respected for his courage as much as for his achievement.

The one interview he ever gave, and that unintentionally, justifies his attempt: "All great plays I can remember were in verse. If we are going to have a great theatre in this country somebody has to write verse, even if it is written badly."

Four of his plays, all of them historical, have been written at least partly in blank verse. As a romantic conception of the rise of America through Spanish eyes, *Night Over Taos* invites comparison with Eugene O'Neill's forgotten play of the Spanish part in the discovery and colonization of America, *The Fountain*. Studies in gold and crimson, both plays are keen in their instinct for portrayal of the haughty Spanish temperament, and both succeed admirably in capturing the semi-tropical enchantment of their rich and colorful backgrounds. But because the atmosphere runs away with them, both plays are better adapted for the library shelf than for the boards. However, it is the writer's opinion that both are well worth reading, not for their dubious dramatic qualities, but for the richness and charm they possess as poetic conceptions of an age and an atmosphere.

Elizabeth The Queen narrowly escapes the same pitfall that makes *Night Over Taos* good reading but mediocre drama. Anderson has taken a playwright's liberties with the facts, but the spirit of Renaissance England is there. In fact, it is too much there. The splendid pageantry of the first two acts barely conceals their dearth of real dramatic struggle. Anderson treats the old story of Elizabeth and Essex as the love of two stubborn people trapped by circumstances to which they are unwilling to yield. The character of Elizabeth, who embodies the tragedy of a middle-aged woman in love with a younger man, and a brilliant, moving third act, carry *Elizabeth The Queen* through to a point very near the heights of high tragedy to which it aspires. Overburdened with atmosphere in the first two acts, it does not completely achieve its aim partly because it is too slow in getting started, and partly because of Anderson's own limitations as a poet.

Mary of Scotland is a better play than *Elizabeth The Queen* because the drama begins in the first act, and because, as in *Elizabeth The Queen*, Anderson takes a hackneyed situation from a phase of English history which has been written virtually to death, and by sheer strength of characterization and a sure dramatic instinct builds up a play that towers head and shoulders over the previous versions of the legend. It, too, is written largely in blank verse, but for this writer at least, it lacks the splendid fire throughout which sweeps *Elizabeth The Queen* to its powerful third-act climax. Though it is in no sense a pot-boiler, *Mary of Scotland* was undoubtedly trading upon the success of *Elizabeth The Queen*, and the lack of sheer poetic inspiration is obvious from a comparison of the two plays. In the box-office sense of the word, *Mary of Scotland* is a sequel to *Elizabeth The Queen*, and it has the characteristics which have marked sequels through the range of English literature.

Maxwell Anderson's blank verse is one of the outstanding qualities which distinguishes him as a playwright in the modern theatre. Blank verse can be one of the most effective instruments in the hands of a competent dramatist. Anderson has realized that in believing blank verse died with Shakespeare, Marlowe and the classic themes, the modern dramatist deprives himself of a medium capable of sustaining infinite variations. Its windiness, its empty swagger when it does not express a worthy idea, its patent artificiality if overdone are all potential snares in which Anderson has from time to time been caught up.

As a dramatist standing alone in his use of blank verse, Anderson has two weapons with which to give it that air of naturalness and reality which is good writing for the theatre. He writes his plays to the limitations and for the special talents of contemporary actors and actresses. *Valley Forge*, for instance, was written

for Phillip Merivale, who played it with magnificent understanding, and who extracted from a different role the last drop of significance and beauty with a brilliance which could have been equaled by no other actor on our stage with whom the writer is familiar. The other weapon with which Anderson has armed himself against apparent pomposity is the expansion of his form to fit his theme. That is, none of his plays opens with dialogue in blank verse. The lines are at first prose, adapted to prosaic material, and the transition from prose to poetry is worked in so naturally with the development of the theme that it does not alarm, or set itself apart from, a modern audience.

According to this writer's somewhat arbitrary classification at least, *Valley Forge* represents the culmination of the three principal facets of the talents of Maxwell Anderson—his timeliness, his discerning criticisms of our government, and his ability to clothe an historical conception in terms that are at once rich with poetic beauty and modern application. The legend of Washington's Golgotha at Valley Forge in the days when the Continental army starved while an indecisive congress delayed its food supplies, quibbled and played politics over its commander, and engaged in secret treaty with British Lord Howe in nearby Philadelphia, brings the historical play home. Despite a mechanical love interest which interferes with the principal theme, an occasional windiness of line, and an insufficiently pointed last act, *Valley Forge* makes of the legend of Washington a memorable character struggling for an ideal worthy of America.

Because it is American in spirit and essence, *Valley Forge* is a more significant contribution to the American theatre as such than any of Anderson's other three historical plays we have already considered. Having replaced the George M. Cohan flag-waving type of patriotism with a finer, more thoughtful, and hence more constructive kind of faith, Maxwell Anderson contributes something to our theatre that is as indigenous to the soil from which it springs as *Main Street, Spoon River Anthology,* and *Huckleberry Finn. Valley Forge* is more than a thoughtfully patriotic contribution to contemporary dramatic writing in the United States. It is a piece of literature capable of aiding the American to realize more fully the true greatness of the soil he calls his own.

When Maxwell Anderson began writing for the American theatre the disenchanting disillusion of *The Green Hat,* the hopeless idealism of O'Neill's protagonists, the failure of the theatre as an art form to invest the life it reflects with meaning or design all were making for a theatre of despair and degeneration, or the opposite extreme of silly, falsely romantic escape-from-it-all. The romanticism Anderson has brought to the theatre is in no way akin to the ten-cent-store-clerk-marries-millionaire variety. It grew out of facing life squarely and finding much in it that is fine. It grew out of seeing people in terms of their achievements rather than as personifications of their complexes. It springs up from a foundation of faith in the destiny of America. Its success leaves much hope for the future of the native theatre.

Gypsy Answer

Asked what assembled pine trees do at night
In dark mysterious council with the moon,
A certain eminent authority,
Declaring moons have no concern with pines,
Rolled forth organic chemistry at length
As it applied, he said, to trees by night.

. . . . . .

A nameless gypsy answered thus:—
"At night pines stand, with shaggy arms uplift,
In council with the moon, sifting her beams
Through silvered needles. Thus they stand each night
And plot with her to fill the empty wind
With silver lullabies."

—Bill Hudson

«Of Infinite Jest, Of Most Excellent Fancy»

by JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER

I can say truthfully, as Kipling does in his "Phantom Rickshaw," that I do not believe this. Yet, there is every reason that I should. Henry Mayne swears to his part in it. And, for that matter, I will swear to my part too. Yet, the whole business was simply impossible. And, although the evidence is altogether in favor of its having happened, I still can and do not believe it.

* * * * * *

HENRY MAYNE had promised to meet me at the Capitol Restaurant on Martin street at seven o'clock. We were to eat then and go together to the theatre. I had reserved two tickets by telephone a week before. I waited for Henry until seven-thirty. Then I ordered a sandwich and coffee. At seven-fifty Henry still had not arrived. I left word for him to follow me, payed my check, and hurried outside to a taxi.

"The Globe," I said, "and hurry. I've only ten minutes to catch the show."

"They've sold out," the driver told me as he jammed in the gears.

A little later the cab swung to a stop beneath the brilliantly lighted marquee of the theatre. I jumped out, handed the driver a bill, and wriggled my way through the mob to the box office.

"I have two tickets reserved," I said. "I want one of them now. My friend, Henry Mayne, will call for the other."

"What name?" asked the clerk.

"Howard Stone," I said. I reached in my pocket and pulled out my bill-fold. "Mezzanine, A, center, seven and nine," I informed him, reading from a memorandum.

The clerk handed me a ticket, "Shall I sell the other if it is not called for?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "after the first scene." I paid him, took my receipt for Henry's ticket and hurried into the theatre.

In the lounge I met a friend and stopped a moment to exchange commonplaces. Then I went up the stair. An usher took my stub and led me toward my seat. I took my stub from the usher at row A, moved side-ways, crab-like toward my seat, and sat down. I glanced around me to take stock of the audience. The house was packed. Then, suddenly, I noticed that both seats beside me were taken. I reached in my pocket and produced my stub. It was A, center, seven. I turned to the lady on my right.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but would you tell me your stub number?"

She opened her purse and looked.

"A, center, five," she said, and closed her purse.

I turned then to the man on my left. Evidently he anticipated my action.

"You are surprised by something?" he asked, with an inquiring smile.

"I am," I answered. "I bought two tickets, one is at the box-office and yet you are . . ."

"Don't worry about that," he interposed, his smile broadening. "It was impossible for your friend, Mr. Mayne, to come. I have taken his seat."

This answer astounded me. How, I asked myself, could this man know that Henry could not come when I knew nothing? I was on the point of asking him when he spoke again.

"My name's Parham," he said. "I was fortunate to get this seat. As you see, the house is filled."

I nodded. "Stone," I said, and shook his hand. "How—" I began.

"I notice, Mr. Stone," he said, "that you have failed to get a program. For that matter, so have I. But, fortunately, I know this play well and the company that is doing it even better. I was once a member of this company—a stage-man. If I can be of any assistance, I should be glad—"

"I'm sure you will," I said tersely, leaving him little choice to guess to which phrase I meant my answer to apply.

Before he could reply the lights dimmed and the curtain rose on the first scene of *Hamlet.*

II.

As the curtain came down on the first scene there was a confusion of voices from back-stage. Parham turned to me as the lights came up.

"That's terrible," he said. "It destroys the illusion. Langdon's no good as a stage manager."

I nodded.

That was all that passed between us until the first act had ended. When the curtain came down on the fifth scene Parham again turned my way.

"There is an interval of five minutes," he said. "Shall we smoke?"

"Certainly," I answered, and led the way.

In the lounge we found an empty divan and sat down.

"You are fond of Shakespeare, Mr. Stone?" Parham asked when we had lighted our cigarettes.

"Very," I answered, "although I've seen very little of it done."

"That's unfortunate," he said, puffing the smoke from his lungs. "Shakespeare's an obsession of mine," he continued. "I've seen it all done at one time or another."

"You have?" I asked, not finding a more logical question.

"Yes," he declared. "And I've been connected with Shakespearean companies off and on for over twenty years. You see, I've always wanted to be an actor—a Shakespearean actor. I've always held the portrayal of Hamlet as my highest ambition. But, somehow, I've missed that altogether. I've merely been a ne'er-do-well of the theatre. The highest spot I have reached up to tonight has been stage manager for this company. I held that job for two years—till three weeks ago tonight."

I looked at him. I think there was a trace of sadness on his face.

"You're through with the theatre now?" I asked.

He smiled at me benignly. "Oh, no!" he declared. "One is never through with the theatre, although the theatre is quite often through with one. For my part, I've just begun." He paused a moment and drew deeply at his cigarette. "Tonight," he said, finally, "is my first appearance on a stage as an actor."

"Tonight?" I demanded. "What do you mean?"

He laughed briskly.

"I'm serious," he said. "I appear tonight. I'll tell you when." He smudged his cigarette in a nearby ash-tray and arose. "Wait," he said, "you'll see." The lights blinked for the first curtain call. "Come," said Parham, "we'll be late for the curtain."

I followed him from the lounge, my mind in a whirl. The fellow seemed to be crazy. What in the world could he mean? I asked myself. He walked on and I followed, pondering upon his strange statements—this last one most of all. And so the second act of *Hamlet* began.

III.

I suggested to Parham, at the end of the second act, that we go for a smoke. I was anxious to get him to explain his strange statement.

"I don't believe I care to smoke now," he said.

It seemed to me that he was deliberately avoiding explanation. This made me a little angry.

"How about a drink?" I offered.

"No, I thank you," he answered. "I believe I'll remain inside this intermission."

Thwarted, I went alone to the lobby and thought of Parham's words as I smoked. When I returned a few minutes later Parham was not in his seat. It was a minute or two before he returned. The first curtain call had been given. He moved in hurriedly and took his seat.

"I went back-stage a moment," he explained. "I wanted to see what was going on."

I nodded sullenly. "When do you come on?" I demanded, with something of a sneer in my voice.

He turned toward me as the lights dimmed, and a peculiar smile darkened more than it lit his features.

"Soon," he said. "In this first scene."

My eyes shot toward the stage. My thoughts were jumbled. What could these vagaries of Parham's mean? The man seemed serious enough. Yet his words were meaningless. How could he appear on the stage while sitting in the audience. People were all around me—hundreds of people—yet it seemed that I was alone—alone with a madman.

And then the curtain came up on the churchyard scene of *Hamlet*.

I shall never forget that scene. The two clowns anticing in the first part of it tended to drive, momentarily, Parham from my mind. But then Hamlet and Horatio entered and my thoughts flew back to him and his peculiar declaration. I turned toward him. He was bent forward in his seat, intently watching the stage. An exit light on the wall opposite cast its red glare directly upon him, and its rays, reflecting upon his broad forehead gave him a definitely satanic appearance.

As I watched him, from somewhere far off, it seemed, I heard someone declare:

"Let me see it.—Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—"

At that moment Parham turned toward me, that same peculiar smile upon his face.

"Stone," he whispered, "do you notice the resemblance?—Look quickly!"

My eyes reluctantly left his face. I cannot explain the curious attraction that his features, silhouetted in the dim light by the red exit lamp, had for me. But finally my eyes found the stage. I looked at each player intently, but in vain.

"Resemblance?" I asked in a whisper, looking back to Parham.

"Yes," he said, "the skull."

I looked toward the stage, trying to gather what he meant, and my eyes fastened upon the white object in the hands of Hamlet.

"Don't you notice the resemblance?" asked Parham, whispering. "The forehead gives it away."

I was completely perplexed.

"The skull?" I demanded. "What do you mean?"

"Mean?" queried Parham, his voice rising. "Can't you see it? — Why, the skull — it's my skull!"

It is impossible to tell of my reaction to that statement. I sat and watched Parham, frozen with a strange new emotion—part fear, part awe, part disbelief. I do not know how I suppressed myself. Obviously, the man was mad—insane. Or else—It was unthinkable. In the twentieth century, in a theatre filled to capacity, a man, or thing, sitting beside me in the first row mezzanine announcing that it is his skull in the hands of Hamlet! How absolutely absurd! How preposterous! I could not let myself show any sign of credence to that, or I would prove myself as mad as he. But his words had disturbed me greatly, and my mind busied itself in an attempt to rationalize. How could he have known about Henry's inability to come? That question and the strangeness of his conduct all evening came flying into my thought. In spite of my efforts, I could not think the matter through. And so, in mental discomfort and a certain physical uneasiness, I watched the play and Parham—shifting my gaze alternately from one to the other.

IV.

I do not know how I remained calmly seated through the two scenes that followed. Doubtless the swiftness of their presentation and the proximity of my fellows must have enabled me to do so. Many times I almost yielded to the desire to leave the theatre. Finally, however, something akin to reason triumphed. Before the curtain came down on the last scene I had decided what I would do. I would demand an explanation. If the man were jesting I would leave him and forget him. If he were serious I would turn him over to the police. I owed that much to society, I told myself. A man as mad as he should not be left to menace others.

And so, paying scant attention to the stage, thinking constantly of Parham and his extraordinary remarks, I sat through the last two scenes. When the final curtain call was over and the lights came up, I turned toward Parham. To my utter amazement he was gone. The seat beside me was vacant. And yet no one else in the whole row had moved. How could he have departed so suddenly? That question hammered on my brain. The whole evening took on the aspect of a dream then, and suddenly, I felt myself cut off from all those people about me, cut off from reality and cast into a world of bizarre and terrible. A morbid curiosity took possession of me. I reached over and placed my hand on the seat so lately occupied by Parham. It was cold. Somehow or other, I had known it would be. Yet a man had just sat upon it for at least forty-five successive minutes. I reached down then and touched the seat I had just arisen from. It was warm to my hand.

I waited no longer. Rudely, I pushed my way to the lobby. The box-office, of course, was closed. I found an usher, however, and asked for the manager. The usher took me to his office.

"I am very anxious," I said, when the manager had offered me a chair, "to know if A, center, nine in the mezzanine was taken tonight."

"I'll see," he said, and left me momentarily.

When he returned he held an envelope in his hand.

"A, center, nine was not taken," he said, handing me the envelope. "It was our only vacancy tonight.—It was reserved, I believe, for—"

"Howard Stone," I cut in. "I am Howard Stone."

I thanked him and left his office. Outside, I paused a moment to consider this strange business. But, it seemed, no amount of consideration could help me. I was either crazy or the world was—that seemed the only solution. I could not doubt what had happened. I had seen, heard, felt the presence of Parham. I had ample proof that he had sat beside me all evening. And, too, I had what seemed ample proof that he had not. Then, suddenly a thought occurred to me. Hurriedly I made my way back-stage.

(*Continued on page Thirty-two*)

Your Editor to You

William Randolph Coughlin-Patriot

The power of the Hearst pen and the Coughlin tongue in robbing the dead turnip, the World Court, of the resurrection is appalling. If such demagogic forces can excite the country as they did over an issue apparently "on ice," it is terrifying to speculate what they might do on a vital question. Hearst is utterly without principle or conviction; Coughlin is equally without information or basis of any kind for his wild radio talks. Only recently, this man of peace advocated in an interview a plane for every mile of national coast line. Both are convinced that "Americanism," "National Honor" must be preserved at the expense of those who wish to think independently and intelligently. The potentiality of another combination between the priest and the publisher is menacing. Hearst has always played ball with the bankers. Coughlin thinks Mr. Morgan "is a nice man." Suppose, just suppose, because it is so fantastic, that this patriotic duo should decide Americanism could be preserved only by a dictator. General Butler is not unused to such propositions. But suppose it anyway.

A Mooney Case For North Carolina?

Six Burlington men have been convicted of dynamiting the E. M. Holt plaid mill last fall. Investigation of the events leading up to the trial, of the personalities involved and of the trial itself has caused a small, but intelligent group of North Carolina citizens to question the guilt and the method of procedure. Although rendered penniless by the trial, John Anderson and his colleagues are fighting for an appeal to the Supreme Court. The supporters of the Burlington men believe that in an atmosphere less prejudiced by the bitterness of labor-capital dispute the men may receive a more just hearing. They hope to show the flimsiness of the testimony of the three workers in the case who turned state's evidence, testimony which was the basis of the conviction. The case has been peculiar throughout and has shown that it involves more than the fate of the six men. For example, the court in Burlington demands $400 for a typed account of the trial, a job which authorities estimate should not cost over $300. The Burlington men were not apprehended by properly constituted officials but by rough Pennsylvanians who were deputized 24 hours after reaching North Carolina for the purpose of "getting someone for the dynamiting." The convicted men suffered under inhuman living conditions in a filthy, inefficient Hillsboro jail. Those who have studied the case from the available material declare that many of the features therein conform with alarming accuracy to type cases in which individuals have been falsely convicted in labor-capital disputes. It is not for the people of North Carolina to judge the innocence of these men. But, when citizens whose guilt is questionable, and around whose case so many mysterious factors revolve, lack resources to gain an appeal which daily becomes more expensive, it is civic virtue and civic protection to aid them. The Mooney case showed not only the innocence of Tom Mooney; it also indicated the failure of California law to function properly. Such a miscarriage of justice in North Carolina is not unthinkable.

To Avoid A.B. Breadlines

Working its way toward the approval of Secretary Ickes is a constructive proposal to establish a Federal Youth Service. Such a measure would set up an organization which would co-ordinate the activities of the countless groups now striving to help American youth adjust itself socially and economically. Operating on the theory that government is ever coming into closer contact with industry and commerce, backers of the plan point out that the Service would be the link between the Dean of Students' office and the personnel division. Largely conceived by John Lang, president of N.S.F.A., as a means of the government's ascertaining the problems of youth, the Federal Youth Service deserves consideration from every legislator.

Not Just Another Organization

One way by which the Carolina Political Union can avoid duplicating the countless other hot-air groups on the campus would be to evolve political consciousness. Altogether too little is now known by the student of the fundamental differences in philosophy between Conservatism, Liberalism, and Radicalism in American politics. If the group could be organized to represent these three divisions, have speakers authoritatively attack and defend public questions from their viewpoint, rather than from purely personal conviction, a unique campus group would develop.

The Public Writes Its Own Comics

by CHARLES A. POE

"JOHN DILLINGER murdered only those who resisted or opposed. Whiskey murders its best friends. John Dillinger kidnaped and held for ransom and generally released with little, other than financial harm, but whiskey wraps its tenaceous, habit-forming coils around the weakened wills of its unfortunate victims, and carries them down to disgrace and ruin . . . Whiskey should be branded 'Public Enemy Number One'."

This excerpt from a letter to the editor of the Charlotte *Observer* was printed Feb. 1, 1935, and is typical of its kind. Although the similes, metaphors and adjectives used to describe whiskey are not quite as picturesque, perhaps, as in some of the other letters, nevertheless it is possible to feel the undercurrent of emotion which gripped the author as he chewed the end of his pen while trying to think of a good polysyllable to include.

It is a real struggle to get order or sense out of some of the formless, ungrammatical efforts which pass for literature in the free speech columns of North Carolina newspapers. But the poorly written letter, with its misplaced commas, misspelled words and mixed-up ideas, is not so pitiful—or so humorous, according to which way one looks at it—as the ornate letter with its flowery phrases and indignant tone, replete with trite remarks. The high-sounding style of these letters makes ludicrous a sensible idea.

Most of the letters have nothing new or original to say, and have to depend on truisms, over-worked phrases, and Biblical quotations. In over half the letters the writer backs up his argument with one or more quotations from the Bible; or he may even use them as his only argument. Neither the pro's nor the con's on any question experience any difficulty in finding Holy Writ which proves their case beyond doubt.

Most of the writers seem to believe so strongly in the absolute and undeniable truths which they are uttering that they would consider any evidence to the contrary simply as heresy and hence to be discarded with a sniff of contempt. Bias makes their reasoning superficial, and their ideas are miserably lacking in logic; just how biased some of the letters are is shown by the fact that occasionally someone will give arguments against his side of the case while believing they are points *in favor of* his stand.

A characteristic of many letters is humor—and in many more there is an attempt at it. Some of the letters seem to have been written simply because the writer had just heard a good joke and had to tell it. In one letter on the sales tax, for example, the author merely tells a story about a family by the name of Penny who already had ten children, so when the eleventh came along they called it "Sales Tax." The rest of the letter is simply padding.

Undoubtedly much of the humor of these letters is unintentional; many of the letters are amusing because of their very seriousness. The frequent mistakes in grammar, in rhetoric, in choice of words—e.g., "during the years that have eloped"—cause the intelligent reader to look over letters to the editor for the laughs he can get out of them rather than for any valuable ideas or suggestions. And the laughs are there in plenty, whether the writers of the letters realize it or not.

Although matters relating to State politics predominate (this probably being in large part due to the fact that the legislature is now in session), any topic whatsoever, from birth control to the child labor amendment, is eligible for an open forum letter. Sometimes the writer discusses four or five different topics, sometimes there is no topic.

The columns in the different papers vary in several ways. The Charlotte *News* takes a frankly sarcastic attitude, as its headings for the letters show: "We Ought to Charge the Regular Advertising Rates for This, But Won't." The Charlotte *Observer* letters seem to be of a slightly higher grade than those in the Raleigh *News & Observer*, which may possibly be accounted for by the fact that the latter has a larger number—about forty per cent—of female contributors. As a rule, the feminine letter-writers are more emotional, more Bible-quoting, and use more hackneyed terms and elegant diction.

Nearly all the contributors are from North Carolina, though some are from Washington, New Orleans, and even as far away as Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. These latter are usually chronic letter-to-the-editor writers, cranks who devote the better

(or worse) part of their lives writing letters to editors everywhere. A North Carolina newspaper office for some time regularly received two letters weekly from Burbank, Calif., hand-written and unsigned. Many of the letters appearing in one paper are in five or six others.

Sometimes several of the contributors will stage a race to see who will get the most letters published. The *News & Observer* champion for the past month hailed from Southport, and spurted at the finish to send in two letters in the last week and nose out Raleigh's leading representative by one in a thrilling, hard-fought battle. To make his victory more complete, he had three of his masterpieces printed in other state papers as well.

Not all letters to the editor are of poor quality by any means. There are a few which contain good ideas well presented; there are a large number which are decently written and which show a good bit of intelligence. But one has to read so many inane letters before coming to one really worth reading that his time is poorly spent; that is, if the reader is serious-minded. To one with a sense of humor, this unconsciously comic section is at times the most entertaining part of the paper.

II.

Of the countless subjects discussed, the one which inspires the most effusive rhetoric and which causes the most bitter, impassioned controversy is the prohibition question. One letter presenting the points favoring repeal of the Turlington Act will call forth six or seven in opposition. In refutation of a letter in the Jan. 22 Greensboro *Daily News* claiming that there is not a word of Holy Writ against alcohol, a writer strikes back with thirteen scriptures condemning it. And in answer to the same letter:

"Why, the very thought of God giving his approbation for man to drink the poison which destroys both the body and the soul . . . Mr. B. cites you to Christ turning water into wine. I want to know if he can prove if there was a drop of alcohol in that wine. If he can, then I'll be through . . . The only difference between alcohol and strychnine is that strychnine kills almost instantly."

For thinly veiled sarcasm, read the following, in the Raleigh *News & Observer*, Feb. 13. "To the editor: Why we don't want the Turlington Act interfered with:

"First, it will be so inconvenient for us to go to the whiskey store or saloon to get our whiskey when at the present time we can step to the phone, call our pet bootlegger and get it delivered to our door in just a few moments; second, if we legalize whiskey it will centralize it in just one place. Now we have untold numbers of saloons in our community and you can get your whiskey at all times and at any price to fit all pocketbooks . . ."

From the same paper, but from the other side of the fence, are these excited pleas: "Will our representatives walk into this spider's parlor and sell the manhood and the womanhood and even the childhood of the state into the insatiable maw of rum?"

"Revenue from the sale of alcohol is blood from the fallen, the weak, the helpless, unsuspecting youth! Little do the youthful minds suspect the subtle influence concealed in the cup . . . Let people, who will, go to Virginia, but never dot this good old state with public places of sale for revenue. God's frown will be upon such a hypocritical expediency and so will 183 thousand, and more of North Carolina's clearest thinkers."

"I used to drink beer when I soldiered on the Rhine—not because I liked beer but because it was better to risk it than the water sometimes . . . Who ever truly prospered in barter that crazes the brain, blights the soul . . .?"

"Alcohol has been anglicized from the Arabic word *El Gohot*—the definition of which is 'The Great Evil Spirit.' "

The Wilmington *Morning Star*, Jan. 24, presents a new slant on the Adam and Eve story: "Permit me to call your attention to the fact that Jehovah gave a prohibition law to the first husband and wife, Adam and Eve, viz: 'For in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' They both transgressed, both were driven out of the garden, and both paid the penalty — death. But, mark you, God never repealed his law."

In the Asheville *Citizen*, Feb. 10, the State Liquor Store bill is the victim of a *reductio ad absurdum*. "The passage of the State Liquor Store bill would outlaw sobriety, for the inference is that only those citizens could contribute to 'sweet charity' who became patrons of the liquor stores."

"This liquor store bill sounds to me like it might have been conceived in a brothel," states one indignant dry, while another says that trying to control liquor by licensing it is "just like giving everybody the itch and then passing a law to control the scratching."

But the repealists are not without supporters, although they are not quite as numerous nor as deadly serious. For example, one describes bootleg whiskey as being "so bad and so mean it will

make a jack rabbit stand on his hind legs and spit in a bulldog's face."

Excellent to close the argument for the Turlingtoners is the following agitated, exclamated argument from a woman in the Feb. 10 Asheville *Citizen*:

"The cursed licensed saloons and night clubs are rotten with the repeal whiskey! Terrible! ghastly! frightful! agonizing! staggering along the streets, dying, cursing, lost, at last, in the Pit of Lost Souls! . . . I for one, will starve, proudly, together with my seven children, rather than accept the paltry food that might be the price of my husband's, son's, or father's immortal soul! We, the wives, reduced to starvation, and shabbiness, fear and terror, since our men folks can lawfully buy the liquor at one of the accursed state liquor stores . . . coming home intoxicated, crazy, cursing, with the week's earnings, either lost, or stolen by the vile trailers of both sexes, that lie in wait for those men that lost consciousness of virtue, sanctity, dignity, and moral restraint, after they once abuse their God, their souls and bodies by the Satanic alcohol, that they know will sink them to the very deepest pits of fornication, disease and eternal deaths! Relief! U. S. Damnation! . . . The writer, for one would no longer contribute taxes to a state that had betrayed my legal vote!"

The writer might experience some difficulty if she moved from this state in finding a state to which she could contribute taxes.

III.

The vast majority of letters deal with political issues either directly or indirectly. Those denouncing socialism and communism are perhaps the most verbose and grandiose in style. One fellow who has caught the red scare even thinks that "A pro-Russian should blush in the company of Christian people."

The Charlotte *Observer* seems to be afflicted more than the other dailies with verbal attacks on Communism. On Jan. 1, in arguing against Communism, a writer preaches: "There was a time in my own life when I was so poor that I ate with avidity crusts of bread I picked up from the streets, and lived in a den so squalid that I was pitied by the poorest workingmen. Yet I was never happier than I was at that time, for although my pockets were empty, I was rich in a good conscience, and in a soul stored with treasures not of this earth." All of which may be true, but which does not negate the fact that, other things being equal, a little money does help somewhat.

And in the Jan. 18 *Observer*: "Is socialism gradually creeping into the lives of us Americans? Are your colleges becoming the womb of socialism, communism? Is America to become socialist too? Is America doomed to become as Russia, Italy and Germany?

"It seems true that the Reds and the Socialists are trying to get their organizations started here in America in a big and effective way . . . Will they succeed? Lets hope not. From my way of thinking socialism and the Russian plan of living is the bunk, the destroyer of ambition, the curber of talent. I think that it takes the life out of life . . .

"Look at Russia. Look at Germany. Look at Italy. Would you like to live in one of those countries where there is so much red tape that they use it for wrapping paper? . . . In Russia you have to get tickets and eat from the bread cars. You can't buy food. All is under the control of the government."

All public figures come in for praising and panning, with emphasis on the latter. Great delight is taken in playing with the Governor's name: he is very sarcastically called "His Excellency" three times in one letter, while in another he is "Governor Ironhaws." And in the Hickory *Daily Record*, Jan. 12: "When it comes to blundering John Callisthenics Blucher Erringhouse is the limit." The letter goes on to criticize Ehringhaus for availing himself of the absentee ballot law two months previously, and then advocating its abolishment.

John Sprunt Hill's action on the liquor question called forth numerous condemnations. One Charlotte man opines that "John Sprunt Hill could not be elected janitor of the court house in any future election because he has sponsored this wet bill." One letter refers to Louisiana's gift to America as "Huey Hitler," while on the other hand another says that "what North Carolina needs is 100,000 Huey Long's." "Walter Lippmann should have been on the comic page rather than on page ten," says one wit. Another man pictures a certain local politician as having been "sucking the public teat twenty-five years and that's enough for one man." And a snoopy statistician made a detailed check-up on the President revealing that in the past year he spent three months out of Washington, inferring that he is lazy and shirking his job.

But on the whole Roosevelt seems to be popular: "Roosevelt is not going to let us starve to death and then appoint a commission after." And there are still some dirty digs at the Great Engineer: "Most of my friends were Republicans until they

got a foul stomach from eating too much chicken while the Great Hoover was President."

Although most of the criticism is not constructive, there are several plans which are guaranteed to end the depression. This one first appeared in the Charlotte *Observer* on Jan. 13: "The plan I have in mind will end the depression . . . This plan will not require a lot of ballyhoo, a brace of good professors and a lawyer could clothe it in legal terms and rhetorical construction. The two letters of the alphabet that have not so far been used would suffice and there would be no use for any kind of a picture of a crow or hawk or buzzard of any color whatsoever." Her plan, in brief, is to move the unemployed to the country and give them each a mule and a cow and farming equipment. She says, "This plan is probably too simple and easily understood to be taken into consideration by the brain stormers."

Some letter-writers take much pain to present their suggestions in attractive form. Consider the following short story, from Jan. 26 *News & Observer*:

"He came home and limply laid his weary bones upon their rickety lounge junked against one of the corners of the only room in their hut. His thinly-clad, calloused-hand companion nervously pressed a palm against his brow and asked: 'What, my dear, ails you?' After a while he replied: 'I have spent our money and lost our job.' His companion pressed her flat chest with a smothered sigh, dizzily arose to her half-shod feet, and took a searching glance into the paper bag he had dropped beside the lounge. It had a peck of meal in it. The knee-baby pushed its dirty fists into the bag and eagerly drew forth and crammed a small portion to its hungry mouth.

"The day this happened the North Carolina State Legislature in solemn committee voted a recommendation to levy an 'emergency' sales tax upon the baby's meal [pun?], and to let the millionaire off with a maximum of $10 even if he bought his grand wife a $5,000 bracelet . . ."

In many letters such as this, the reader sympathizes with the idea which is expressed (or which is obscured), but the manner of presentation is such that he can only laugh at the writer.

IV.

Of the many miscellaneous topics dilated upon, the following are a few choice selections. The word "crooning" is explained as originally meaning "the cry of a disquiet bull." A statistician states that the wealth of the Mellon family is equal to $8 for every minute since the birth of Christ. Someone is alarmed over hearing that fifty years from now everyone will go nude. A radio fan threatens "the palavering Lady Pester," the "two-bit yodelers," and "every yowling pansy" who tries to croon. The child labor amendment is opposed on the grounds that it takes away state's rights, and that it makes children lazy: "Give our children more work and less play."

Education and teachers' salaries are responsible for many letters. In the first paragraph of one letter the writer thinks that teachers get enough money, while by the end of the letter he has mysteriously convinced himself that "teachers' salaries should be increased some."

One man crudely proposes that "if teachers want more money, let them enter another occupation." And as if in answer to his letter, two weeks later a Fairmont High School teacher applies for a job as the Governor's Housekeeper. She is a graduate of E.C.T.C. with an "A" grade certificate. Her salary is $560, while the Governor's housekeeper receives $1035.

But the prize letter on education appeared in the Dec. 5 *News & Observer*:

"My boy in the fifth grade asked me for 60 cents to buy a book he had to have. On the front it says 'Science,' but I have looked in the book and find it a book of lies . . . It says the earth was made millions of years ago. The sun and stars were made millions of years before the earth. I challenge any living person to prove this. It is no other than the works of the devil . . . The book of Genesis gives a complete description of creation. Read it, please. The earth was made first. Then the sun and stars and man was put in the world 4,004 years B.C., and Christ was born 1,934 years ago. In the beginning—God. Amen."

This is an excellent example of the absolute reliance placed in the Bible which is characteristic of the majority of letters. One painstaking writer cites twenty-four scriptures to prove that peace is an individual matter. And another man says, "What irks me is why should there be so much ado over Sunday movies when the Bible plainly teaches that the seventh is the Sabbath and not the first day, or Sunday!"

Many writers begin by praising the paper or the editor for a recent editorial, perhaps thinking their letters will thus stand a better chance of being printed. "Usually the editorials in the *News & Observer* seem pretty sensible, for, forsooth, they generally agree pretty well with my own thinking." Which is rather doubtful praise, as is also the following: "Your editorial entitled 'Prize for a Miracle' is so well stated and so thoroughly to the point that I wish you to know that there is at least one person in North Carolina who can and does appreciate it."

Certainly under the heading "Attempts at Humor" should come this quotation from a letter in the Jan. 18 *News & Observer*: "I am seeking relief from the relief relieving the relief of that relief which not even the relief has any right to relieve them of." This goes on for three paragraphs.

As if the prose were not bad enough, some contributors see fit to write in poetry, or rather in rhyme. For example, there is a paraphrase of a comparison of one of Beethoven's Symphonies with *You're the Top*. And the poetic beauty of the following sermon on crime is undeniable, though it is written as prose: "The gangsters care not how bad a fix they're in, they are so steeped in crime and sin . . . When these local gangsters are caught in their first offense they realize their foolishness and lack of common sense . . . Wherever you go, or wherever you stay, always remember that crime does not pay. If you want to have a good daughter or son keep them away from the Walkathon." And note the imagery of such phrasing as "Did not my heart leap for joy!" "Wrecked manhood, debauched womanhood, and the ruined souls . . ." "Has the stench of the drink habit's foul breath been sweetened?"

In contrast are essays in familiar style, such as this one: "If a feller drives up in a Model T, an' parks it on the square, an' expects to git somethin' from the legislature to relieve his misery, he's just stopped at the wrong place. John 'lows he'll do well if he gits away without payin' for a lot of stewpidity." It sounds as if the author might be a former writer of folk plays for the Carolina Playmakers.

The Winston-Salem *Journal* where the above letter appeared, undoubtedly has the worst public opinion column in the state. It has been monopolized by a group of seven who have not yet become satiated with the thrill of seeing their names in print, although they apparently disgust some of the other readers.

But a beautiful romance blossomed thru its columns. Two of its outstanding open forumers, admiring each other's contributions, exchanged letters, then photographs, then references—and then Love. The romance started from nothing and no one expected it to result in anything but past time of 'sweet nothings.' But by some inexplicable fate or accident, it surprised us and ended up most agreeably. It seems to have been particularly agreeable to readers of the *Journal*, for it caused them to retire from the column. One long-suffering reader suggested that others of the seven could also retire by falling back on their long terms of service. But this indictment only served to spur on the scribbling septet, as it scorned his "flow of invectives and assortment of billingsgate to paralyze the nerves." Still another reader sends in four questions for writers to ask themselves before submitting a contribution. "If you ask yourself these four questions," he says, "you will probably end up by throwing what you have written in the waste basket and saving three cents."

This is high optimism. More than likely each writer will say that the questions are excellent, but "of course they don't apply to me." Inability to see the beam in one's own eye is almost a universal characteristic of letter-to-the-editor writers.

V.

The Charlotte *Observer* places Edgar Guest's column next to the letters to the editor. The juxtaposition is appropriate.

Public opinion columns in North Carolina newspapers are hardly encouraging. The problem of whom to blame for this wryly comic situation is complicated. In the first place the reader might be scolded for being so foolish as to waste his time reading the letters. But if the editor had not been so mercenary as to print them (mercenary, because he prints them to help his circulation), the reader could not have read them. Or to get to the originator, the perpetrator, one can censure the writers themselves.

But the sleuthing can be carried still further. Who is responsible for the weakness of expression, for the poor reasoning, of the writers?

Certainly the horrible mutilation of the English language characteristic of these columns is a written indictment of education in North Carolina. These public and unashamed exhibits of literary and intellectual disability indicate again and again that there is something rotten in the state of North Carolina's educational system. And in publishing these unwitting supplements to their comic pages, editors so far have served only to aggravate a condition which makes the citizenry appear rather foolish and ineffectual.

Traffic Lights in the New Curriculum

by PHIL HAMMER

CHAPEL HILL'S revised educational curriculum will attempt to justify itself by two means: by sustaining and developing undergraduate interest throughout the four-year college-life span, and by producing men and women more adequately fitted for the new and changing economic and social order.

Youth sometimes knows what it wants, but not always. Hence, University educators, led by a young and spirited faculty element, are re-examining and revising the curriculum to give students what they need, what they are able to do, and what they like.

The first two years at Carolina in the future will offer prescribed fundamental, though not uniform, courses as an introduction of the student "to himself, to his heritage, to his world, and to his special interest and aptitude." There will be five courses, three hours a week for each, running through the entire year. In the freshman year there will be English, a foreign language, a social science, a natural science, and either mathematics or a classical language. In the sophomore year there will be the same subjects continued, except in the case of mathematics or the classical language, where an elective may be substituted.

The last two years is a period of choice and specialization. Six of the undergraduates's courses will be in the field or department of his choice, six in an allied department, and six in electives.

University courses are divided into four major divisions: the humanities, natural science, social science and commerce. This is not a new plan, but each division is now invested with authority and the respectability of an administrative entity, wherein it differs from the paper-plan of the last decade. These are the subjects as they fit into the divisions: Humanities: classics, English, Germanic languages, Romance languages: comparative literature, history, arts and archaeology, theatre arts, music; Natural Sciences: botany, chemistry, physics, psychology, mathematics, zoology; Social Sciences: economics, history and government, sociology, public administration, rural social economics; Commerce: a department within itself. Education and philosophy are included in all divisions. Certain special courses, like pharmacy, engineering, pre-medical and pre-dental work in applied science, and B.S. courses in chemistry and geology, have programs which do not fit in with the plan. Adjustments will be made for them.

The revised curriculum recognizes that students are not alike. There will be a dean of undergraduates and councils for each division which will take care of that. Individual personal contact is emphasized. There is no sense in majoring in things one does not care for, need, or have ability at. On the other hand, the curriculum recognizes certain studies necessary for any educated man. In this respect it is more rigid than the old; that is, all freshmen and sophomores must take those essential courses. But freedom is supposed to appear in the last biennium.

Naturally, some University undergraduate courses must be entirely revised. The social science courses, for instance, will be an historical approach to modern society and government, with a little economics thrown in. The idea is to spread intelligence in all fields. Recognizing that modern students need three things—personality development, foundational vocation testing, and citizenship preparation, the revised curriculum must be at once broad and specialized. Consequently, it *requires* broad study rather than *allows* it.

That is the set-up. Will it justify its revised self in education and in the social and economic order?

II.

This is the fourth great era of educational thought. In mediaeval times it was scholastic, the Renaissance humanistic, and in the pre-depression modernity scientific. In response to the increasing complexity of modern society there has arisen in turn a new group of social sciences. These comprise the field of the new curriculum.

But the fourth era differs from the first three. The curriculum will prepare for society, rather than knowledge. The aim is not learning as such, but provision of information. Teachers are not scholars but instructors. The old order of educators opposes the new curriculum because it sees the scholar's demise. But existing educa-

tional orders have always opposed the militant New Lights. Scholasticism fought humanism, humanism fought science, and all three fight the social sciences. But they have no chance.

The new educational thought must have been instigated by more than a revolution in theory. Educators, who in scientific pride considered that they had mastered the earth, stood baffled in the midst of war and depression. Recurring wars and recurring depressions raised a question as to the quality of their education. So they accordingly turned to rebuilding the curricula. Not only the shaking of their faith but also the pressure of a New Deal in the social and economic order drove them onward.

The result is that the new education is not an isolated process of scholarly learning unrepresentative of the current society. It is instead an informative process aiming at the social and economic and political order rather than at Sweetness and Light. It all boils down to this: the New Deal in educational theory finds the educational and social philosophies virtually identical, with an informed social empyrean as the goal. Therein lies the essence of the new educational process; the Torch of Wisdom is being replaced by the Traffic Light. Civilization must be checked so that there will be fewer accidents at the intersections.

III.

What kind of person does the new curriculum plan and expect to turn out in the hell-bent social stream?

Ostensibly he must be cognizant first of all that there is a condition of economic confusion, social ferment, and far-reaching change. After becoming cognizant, he must obtain spiritual insight and social intelligence such as the current learning and understanding cannot afford. These attributes of insight and intelligence, then, the new curriculum must give him, so that he can "understand himself as a complex personality and the economic order as a human instrument of a complex society." What kind of person, you ask, would that be, and how to get him?

The idea is simple. The curriculum wants to prepare farmers who know economics as well as plants and soils, lawyers who know social pathology as well as criminology, doctors who are philosophers and ministers of the spirit as well as the body. In this way, after testing society's values, the curriculum will contribute to its content and thus guide the direction of the economic-social and intellectual-spiritual changes of the day.

But, for all the general knowledge that is his, will the product of the revised curriculum be able to dodge the bread-lines any more gracefully than the ignorant college graduates of today? That's a difficult question. The Traffic Light will see to that. Civilization will get pinched for speeding and then everyone can catch up. They say there's enough for everyone if civilization, as represented in the modern social and conomic order, will stay under control. That's why the Traffic Light supplants the Torch of Wisdom in the goddess' right hand.

The new student on graduating will not be a scholar. He will be a walking socio-economic dictionary. Whereas under the old scientific philosophy of education one man perhaps out of 600 would bend over a microscope for four years and emerge a thorough scientific specialist while the other 599 evaded the laboratory, now the whole 600 will emerge as pseudo-scientists, pseudo-economists, pseudo-politicians, and pseudo-everythings. They of course will be less "pseudo" in some fields than other, for in the last two years they can generalize in specialization, whereas during the first biennium they had to specialize in generalization.

The old guard, representing the out-going era of educational thought, are reluctantly giving way to the philosophy of social science. When the social philosophy is nearly identical with the educational philosophy, then scholarly learning disappears and the spirit of true education disappears. The products of the mill are fact-pregnant, socially-conscious, but not creative thinkers. So voice the spirits of the third era of curriculum philosophy.

Surely the product of the revised curriculum has a lot to think about. Sociology is food for intense thought. But, just like ice-cream, the flavor might be lost if spread lightly over a huge tablecloth. And the revised curriculum must provide flavor in order to justify itself. Otherwise, it will have the same dissatisfied undergraduate body as there is now. Dissatisfaction is healthy in education only when it results from knowledge or thirst for knowledge, not when it is caused by non-interest.

IV.

Is modern education "selling out" to the social sciences?

The youth does not know. The curriculum does not show that. A rather close scrutiny of the revised curriculum reveals that there have been very few changes in the courses offered except in those general first- and second-year courses which everyone must take. A student can still major in dramatics or philosophy or physics as before. But it is in the expressed purpose of the revision that the question arises.

Educators no longer speak at length on the value of the classics or English literature. Now it is always "better citizens" and "intelligent leaders" and "alert participants." Learning is not stressed, for the gaining of information, skads of facts, is paramount.

But it is not entirely the educator's fault. The prevalent scientific view of education broached in emphatic terms by a doubtful public has been under pressure and heavy pressure, at that. The educators themselves have seen their scientific theories flop and they, too, have become moved to search for utility in running brooks. And the students will not take courses with no "practical value" because their society is an economic and social society built on a bed of gold and paper currency.

So educational theory has no other course except to leap into the fourth era of curriculum philosophy by hooking itself to the current social philosophy, provide for social progress and economic building by turning out socio-economic dictionaries, and turn from laboratories to charts and figures as the new process of educating America's youth.

North Carolina's Laggard Libraries

by W. W. Smiley

Whenever the subject of extending the Library to "The Great Unreached" public in North Carolina is broached to the average librarian he always has a ready answer: "There is no hope of doing anything about the matter now because the budget is not sufficient to maintain the present status." It is of course easy to blame this condition upon the depression—the modern omnibus for all troubles. When the matter is given serious consideration, however, can all the blame be placed upon this overburdened vehicle? Are not the librarians to a larger degree responsible for the present condition of libraries in North Carolina? The coffers of the various governmental agencies in this state have not always been empty. Yet when they were overflowing to every conceivable activity the librarians of the state failed to divert to their use funds for better libraries. Even in the boom years from 1920 to 1929 the number of people that the libraries of this state reached was very small.

The first libraries free to the use of the public in this state were supported by benevolent individuals interested in the development of their communities. Later there developed subscription libraries and only in more recent years, tax supported libraries. North Carolinians may believe that books are essential to intelligent people but they have not come to realize just what support they must give libraries in order to equip and operate them to serve an appreciable reading public. A few years ago many of the citizens of the state banded together in a movement to improve, expand and strengthen the public library service. This, the Citizens' Library Movement, has achieved considerable publicity for the libraries recently, but the individual libraries have not been strong enough in their local communities to make these movements successful. In spite of this progressive step North Carolina still ranks 46th in comparison with all other states in regard to library service.

II.

In glancing over the state, one views a number of creditable libraries which might serve as the nucleus for a fine state library system. Asheville, which had one of the first public libraries in this state, now has an excellent building and a rather good general collection of books. This library, however, as well as many others in this state contains much material that has no place in a small public library, but rather belongs to the collection of some larger research library. The Sondley collection of rare books, and manuscripts is probably the greater part of such material that the Asheville library holds. Such collections are expensive to maintain and are

seldom used in small public libraries. Certainly they are not used enough in such institutions to justify their maintenance at public expense. Other libraries in the state not only burden themselves with such collections but also attempt to maintain museums. A library is not a desirable place for a museum, and library funds should not be expended in maintaining one. Charlotte and Gastonia, both operating on curtailed budgets, give over valuable parts of their buildings to this use.

The Waynesville Library has one advantage over the average North Carolina library. Although the building is small it is one of the most attractive in the state, and its location is practically one hundred per cent, being right in the center of the town where it is easily accessible to the public. It has always been a subscription library and its income and collection have been meagre. Waynesville is a progressive town and has spent large sums of money for civic improvements. The fact that this library dates back before 1900 but has never received real aid from the "City Fathers" tends to show that the librarians have not been on their jobs as they should have been. Although the Waynesville library is conveniently situated poor location is a general characteristic of state libraries. For example, when the public library in Greensboro was built a quiet secluded spot was sought. As a result the library hides away on a narrow side street, where the average citizen never goes unless he is already library-minded. No modern business man would place his business there if he were expecting to cater to the masses. Neither would he locate his business on the second floor of a court house as is the library of Lenoir. The first library in Lenoir was founded about 1870, grew very slowly, and was finally donated to the Davenport College Library several years ago. Recently interest in a public library was revived and the city and county combined to organize a new library which has achieved an amazing record of service. Last year (1933-34) this library ranked among the highest in the state in per capita circulation in spite of its faulty situation. There are a number of other libraries in the state that are handicapped by unwise location. Until recently the High Point library was on the third floor of the city hall. Now the old Post Office building has been acquired and the library moved into it. With adequate remodeling this building can be very well adapted to this use. The Banks Holt Library at Graham is most inconveniently located in the high school building, which is some distance from the center of town. The Fayetteville Public Library, though very small and comparatively inactive until recently, occupies one of the most interesting buildings of any library in the state. It is in the old market building standing in the center of the square. Prior to December 1933 it was run on a subscription basis and in 1930 had only 100 borrowers among the 13,000 inhabitants of that city. During the past year under its new organization it circulated 32,000 volumes, which figures 2.4 volumes per capita.

The latest available information shows that forty-one of the one hundred counties in this state have no libraries within their borders, and only twenty-one counties make any attempt to have county-wide library service. Of these twenty-one counties that nominally pay for county-wide service at least two of them hope that the sum of $100 per year will be adequate. Only ten counties think that the service is worth as much as $1000 and but two spend more than $5000 per year for such service. This county-wide service has been developed more thoroughly in Mecklenburg, Guilford, Durham and Wake. The use of book trucks has been effective in many cases as a means of bringing the library to the people. Unfortunately the book truck in Durham county has been stored, and the truck service discontinued. The Wilmington Public Library serves the whole of New Hanover county and though the library has a rather large collection of books compared with other libraries in the state, in 1930 less than one-third of the people of the county used it.

III.

It is only too true that wherever there has been much activity along the lines of library work in this state there has been private capital behind it. Far too much of our library progress in North Carolina has been of the mission type. Various foundations have been glad to carry on experiments with "non-reading North Carolina," and such funds have been so much easier to obtain than money derived from taxation that librarians have been willing to accept these gifts and not work hard enough for appropriations from public funds. The greater part of the funds for building practically every public library in the state has been obtained through private donations.

Library work has been particularly active under foundations grants in Mecklenburg and Davidson counties. The libraries in Lexington and Charlotte did extend their services widely throughout the counties while the foundations were backing them. But apparently they did not entrench themselves in the everyday lives of the people sufficiently to hold the support of their clientele when the foundation money was gone, and the work in these counties is now far below the standard it was under these private grants.

Both Wake and Durham counties have county-wide library service but the building of the Durham Public Library as well as that of the Olivia Raney Library in Raleigh was erected with private funds. The appropriations to the Durham library have been reasonable enough compared with other cities of the state, but the Olivia Raney in Raleigh has always had to struggle along with a small budget. Though the collection of the Greenville Public Library is small there have been signs of development of library work there in recent years. This has been caused, or at least fostered, by a $50,000 donation for a new building. Though mission library work has reached many North Carolina communities there are still nineteen towns which have a population of more than 2500 people where more can be done if enough interest cannot be aroused.

IV.

There are a number of reasons why North Carolina libraries have not been more useful to the taxpayers. Paramount is the inefficiency of the librarians and their methods. If the libraries of this state had been made more a part of the everyday lives of the taxpayers during time of better economic conditions, those same taxpayers would not have allowed the revenue of the libraries to have been so nearly obliterated. It appears that the force and influence of many librarians have remained too much within the walls of the libraries. The fact that the smaller libraries of the state which were nearer to the public and which could give a more intimate service have had proportionately less cuts in appropriations. During the past year several such libraries have even enjoyed increased appropriations. At the same time some of the larger libraries have had much larger cuts proportionately and have also circulated fewer books. Often the trouble has been that the librarian has not been capable of the work at hand. Many libraries have people handling them because of influential connections rather than because the individual has proven a capable librarian. North Carolina libraries have not been sold to the people. Not a single library that I know anything about in this state is advertised in an up-to-date manner. To begin with most of the library buildings are and have always been inadequate. There is nothing attractive about the imitation Greek Temple library buildings from the outsides, and often the inside atmosphere is even worse. Here librarians might well learn from modern business methods the means of attracting people's interest. How many library buildings in North Carolina have a space where attractive displays may be placed so that the casual passer may see them? With what accuracy does the modern retail store dress its display windows? Why can't librarians adopt this technique?

Many librarians fail because of their own personalities. There are librarians in this state who retard library progress because of the feeling of awe they have instilled in their patrons. They actually hold themselves aloof from their patrons. Not so many years ago I was in a certain town visiting a friend. I had met the librarian of the local library at one of our state meetings and had enjoyed one chat together. My friend and I were passing the public library when I said "Believe I'll go in and see Ruth." "Ruth who?" said my friend. I completed the name and my friend sighed "What do you want to see that old grouch about? Where did you know her well enough to call her Ruth? She's a terror." This friend of mine is an ardent reader and uses the library a great deal, but if she were only a casual reader I doubt whether she would risk bumping into that librarian in order to get a book. Even under these conditions that library has been considered one of the most active libraries in the state.

In spite of many important weaknesses in the state library system there are many enthusiastic and capable librarians who may attack these problems intelligently in the light of modern library methods which have developed tremendously in the past few years. If North Carolina is to be rescued from the bottom of the list in public library use the system must perfect itself within, gain the public interest, and ultimately make itself indispensable to the citizenry.

Seen Last Month

The Young Idea

That this was the most enjoyable production of the Playmaker season the audience attested. That it was the best effort the reviewer avers. Although there was throughout a bitter evidence of the repetitious flimsiness of the Coward formula, Harry Davis' direction strove manfully to make the nothingness of the speeches into significant action. As usual the technical fraternity of the organization captured the day with a consistently brilliant performance. Not more brilliant, however, than Philip Parker's suave, intellectualized playing of the pivotal role. He is an actor who takes possession of the stage two lines before his entry cue and maintains it to the curtain by a domination enviably cultivated and charming. Miss Deppe and Charles Lloyd created little brats out of his children, and it was not their fault that Coward gave them vaudeville rôles. Miss Deppe showed marked ability by avoidance of the over-acting which sometimes rendered her partner ineffectual. Miss Killingsworth should meet Coward just once and giggle for him. Anything might ensue. Although the play arrived nowhere either as comedy or as production, it does indicate the group's ability to do up trifles in brilliantly colored packages.

Gertrude Stein

To the chagrin of many Gertrude Stein's lecture was for the most part thoroughly intelligible. Furthermore, the sensational expatriate displayed a platform personality that was positively masterful and charming. Throughout the performance, even she was talking the greatest amount of nonsense, she had the audience with her. It was her intelligibility, however, which defeated her in the end. So long as she avoided an explanation of her method she inspired the suspicion that she might have some message, some important theory. But her pitiful tale involving discovering absolute truth in writing at 17 knocked this to smithereens. What was left of credence was annihilated by her brash torturing of English literature to make her particular style of writing appear the logical culmination of the centuries. Apparently Miss Stein developed the product first and then cooked up a series of explanations, and these silly ones served as well as any. The question of her being a hoax is scarcely important. If ever she was, she believes in herself so strongly now that the appellation would be misplaced. And she makes money by letting people see just how much she believes in herself.—J.S.

Out of Winter

Oh God, let there be rain and have it done.
  Ye skies, sulk not this long monotonous day.
  Dull clouds, let fall your cargoes; whip and spray
The land with all your fury, till there run
Wild rivers where were ditches; till your ton
  Of grief into the earth shall seep away;
  Your sorrow and your spleen, your pale dismay
Be dissipated, leaving us the sun.

Then heavenwards our reveries will float
  To take their form in fairy cumuli.
  Finespun as lace, gold-spangled will they be,
And all the heavens one warm contralto note—
  Some vibrant tone an angel may have hummed,
  As lightly, listlessly, her harp she strummed.

—John Coulter

Reviewing the Books

MEMORY OF LOVE. *Bessie Breuer. Simon and Schuster. New York. 243 pp. $2.00.*

Bessie Breuer is not a new writer, but this is the first of her work that has received great acclaim. Distinguished critics see in *Memory of Love* a book that will make its author an outstanding literary personality of the day. We are inclined to hope that this will not be true.

Memory of Love is a story of a married man, filled with a passionate glow of living, on the make for a shabby woman who has been deserted by her husband. Alec, the man, has wealth, position, home—quite everything that can possibly make him happy, but he is a dipsomaniac, and one of those persons who has tasted too deeply of the 'cup of sex' to be wholly sane. Julie, the woman, is a drab child who has never thought that she ever had appeal to men. Well; there it is. A pleasant story of liquor burning its way through vitals, and all the pleasant relish of conquest.

There are passages of power that are relative to drink; there are superb moments of characterization; there is a certain plaintive sympathy that is well done; it is excellent writing, but it is not enough to make the reviewer feel that the book is anything but a waste of time.

The reading public has indicated a healthy change from the sexy twenties to a more well-ordered thirties. D. H. Lawrence served his purpose, and at the moment we are not in need of anyone to fill his shoes. That need will come again, and we hope that it will be met with the same grace as it was by "D. H." But we don't need Miss Breuer in that role, and it is to be hoped that it is not her intention to fill it. Her splendid writing can serve us better in another capacity. Anyone who has such a gift for character, and such a good sense of the dramatic is always useful.—PHILIP PARKER.

TECHNIQUE IN DRAMATIC ART. *Halliam Bosworth. (Revised edition). The MacMillan Co. New York. 484 pp. $2.50.*

The revised edition of *Technique in Dramatic Art*, by Halliam Bosworth is a textbook and handbook for amateur actors and directors and beginning students of the drama.

At no time does the author fully develop any definite method of acquiring dramatic technique to its fullest. The chapters are short and clear, dealing with the fundamentals, such as pause, gesture, breathing, reading, body-control and characterization, but at the same time touching on them so briefly, and so skillfully omitting any deep discussion of them, that there is not the slightest danger of confusion or bewilderment in the mind of the young actor who reads the book.

The instructions to the director are simple and helpful, and provide an interesting category of technical terms and backstage devices, such as descriptions of the *apron*, the *flies*, the *gridiron*, and the *paint-bridge*, theatrical expressions for the stage proper.

Although more specialized material would be necessary for older and more experienced actors and directors, the volume would provide an excellent text for beginners in drama study.—ELLEN DEPPE.

FASCISM AND CITIZENSHIP. *George Norlin. University of North Carolina Press. Chapel Hill. 108 pp. $1.00.*

It has not been many months since the brightest caption for a magazine article was considered to be, "Does America Need A Dictator?" Some there are who are still maintaining that this country must choose between chaos and a Fuehrer.

President Norlin's answer to that is an admission that democracy is undergoing a crisis, but that it need not embrace dictatorship if we cultivate a "proper nationalism." This he would do by a reversion to the wealth of heritage which we so seldom realize, he points out, in the virtues of the frontier. America has background, he says, and we must come into a full consciousness of it. We must banish the self-deprecation of the 1920's, the *American Mercury* era and its concomitant period of intellectualism. We must gear industry to agriculture, not vice-versa, and return to the out-of-doors. We must feel pride in the characteristic of Americanism which delights not in the past accomplishments of forbears but in the future deeds of posterity toward betterment. We must have the faith that we progress. We must put our schools, our newspapers, our motion pictures, our radio, in the service of enriching our nationalism. The schools must not merely lay facts on the table; the newspapers and motion pictures and radio must not merely pander to popular taste.

Thus it is that President Norlin presents somewhat of a paradox to the reader. He decries the loss of academic and cultural freedom that results in the country which hops to the tune of a Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment. But he advocates something of the same thing in his idea that the schools, radio, motion pictures, and newspapers should be quasi-regimented in the service of nationalism. "The change . . . is not sufficiently motivated by a change of heart," he says of the New Deal. Shall profiteers, grafters, and money barons become altruistic under the spreading of the blue eagle's wings? No one need read President Norlin's lectures to answer that one; the answer has become even more apparent since the time he delivered them.—LONNIE DILL.

WE JEWS. *George Sokolsky. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Garden City, L. I. 304 pp. $2.50.*

ROAD OF AGES. *Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. New York. 234 pp. $2.50.*

As Mr. Sokolsky points out, Hitlerism has had one positive effect on the Jews. It has aroused their consciousness of being Jewish as nothing else could have. That perhaps accounts for the abundance of books on Jewish themes for the last two years. These two present the problems of the race as intelligently as any which have appeared. Both writers are sensible enough to avoid chauvinism and self-pity, and both feel deeply their heritage as members of a race which has peculiarly withstood attacks which make the Nazis appear bosom-friends of non-Aryans.

Sokolsky studies the relations between the Jew and Gentile comprehensively, laying particular stress on the unfortunate germinating of prejudice among children. He recognizes the futility of calling for an abolition of racial

difference but makes a just plea for understanding and tolerance on purely cultural and historical grounds. He does not grumble at social exclusion of the Jews, but does warn the Gentile of the severe cost of economic discrimination. If carried to their logical extreme, the policies of many companies of not employing Jews, may, he feels, eventually result in the nation's being burdened with a capable pauperized minority.

Particularly valuable is his discussion of the multiple nature of the world's Jews. He demonstrates convincingly that there is no single characteristic, trait, or quality which can be called "Jewish" except by those ignorant of Jews. His running account of the background of prejudice against Jews in this country is fascinating as are his treatments of Jews who are "accepted" by Gentile society and his analysis of the roots of all discrimination.

Road of Ages is a fanciful treatment of a danger which Sokolsky intimates. Nathan pictures the Jews excluded from every country in the world except China which will permit them to settle in the Gobi desert. His theme is the journey across Europe and Asia, the suffering of the old, the quarreling of the economists, the bickerings of the clergy, the international love affairs, and the defiant unity, indefinable as it is, which rushes the Jews on into a new land.

Literary grace and charm pervade the volume. As in *One More Spring* the author displays a sensitive, tender pen, capable of wringing ineffable pity from the reader. But the delicacy of his method is hardly suited to the

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lumbering, sweating, battling theme of the entire Jewry of the world being herded together across a continent. Nathan achieves a number of admirable vignettes of the trip, one or two faint reproductions of the group pain and hope, but never the essential meat of the subject. It is too vast for one whose talents rests chiefly in spidery fantasy. Nathan has conceived a terrible reality in *Road of Ages*, too terrible for one accustomed to trifling with the unreal.—J. S.

NOT IN A DAY. *George Albee. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 300 pp. $2.50.*

Not in a Day concerns itself with the meteoric rise in the world of one Claudine Witter. Claudine, as the squib on the cover says, is the book; she is all its characters, all its plots, all its scene and background. But in spite of these defects, the story as a whole is amusing satire, although in numerous places the satire becomes almost too extravagant to be funny.

Claudine was the almost illegitimate daughter of a Jewish Kentucky Colonel and a Caucasian princess of Mtzkhet, Naidia by name. Naidia is an even more unusual character than Claudine, leaving her husband soon after the birth of Claudine and traveling about the world having one affair after another in rapid succession. As a good example of Albee's style: "In Berlin, for want of a more entertaining offer, Naidia permitted herself to be set up as the 'friend' of a German general who resembled a Wilhelmstrasse equestrian monument observed from the rear and was so excessively moral that he forced Claudine to attend church with him on Sunday."

In boarding school Claudine learns from a friend's social register that Jeremy Witter's family is one of the fifty richest in the country. She seduces him on page 20. They are married on page 21.

It is not long before it is apparent to the reader that Claudine is determined to wear the pants and the drawers in the Witter family. She begins by remodeling the house, follows this up by instituting more efficiency in the Witter factories, and finally erects and operates on her own hook a safety-razor factory. Before she ends her glorious career she has remodeled the lives of everyone in Witterville, wrecked not a few of them. In the end Jeremy leaves her, the final straw being added when he returns from Europe to find that she has torn down the old house and built a "Roman villa with sixteen columns and a hundred rooms," to which she protests that it has only fifty rooms. At the close we find Claudine without "anything much in mind, although I may run for Governor," and the possibility that she will run for President in 1940 if she can jam through the necessary Constitutional amendment."—CHARLES A. POE.

THE HARSH VOICE. *Rebecca West. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc. Garden City, L. I. 294 pp. $2.50.*

Miss West is an Englishwoman and an essayist. She admits that. She also admits that she dislikes Galsworthy. But in spite of these admissions she comes forth with a volume of four "long short" stories which are American in setting and remarkably like Galsworthy, but also, to her credit, very much like essays. She makes a chemical analysis of several components of the great American nation and the results on the whole are slightly acid.

The first of the four novelettes, which is also probably the best, deals with a psychological struggle in which a couple follow the lines of convention through marriage and divorce, only to find that they hate each other too much to part. The story as a whole is entertaining but too little warning is given through the preceding incidents to prepare the reader for the turn of events in the last ten lines, so he, poor fool, turns a page expecting further developments, only to find himself staring at the title page of a new "long short."

Novelette No. 2, nicely termed "There is No Conversation," is disappointing in that there is conversation, and what's more, conversation of a somewhat boring trend. The predicament of a French nobleman who can't understand American ways is depicted by an English woman who spends so much time essaying to find *why* he can't understand the American ways, that she neglects to inform the reader what it's all about.

But don't give up, for there is more to come in the shape of—what do you think?—a murder story. It's a very sedate murder story, of course. In fact, grandma, if she had a good imagination and a degree in psychology, would find it very interesting.

Last of the quartet (and a trifle out of tune with the rest), comes "The Abiding Vision." The hero is a man who can't love his wife because of a vision he has of a young, lovely face that comes between them. Years of depression and finally his wife's sickness brings him to realize her true worth, but once again during the make-up clinch, comes the abiding vision to disconcert him once more and to leave the reader clutching a cloud.

Miss West's long short stories lack the brief concertedness of the short story as well as the full completeness of the novel, but on the whole they are entertaining in their variety and are just suited to a long train trip with frequent stops. Kathleen Norris could write a good novel around Miss West's plots, and Miss West could probably write a good essay along some other lines, but an attempt to combine the two leads to a jumble of styles and plots that is hardly fair to the reader.—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

JOSHUA TODD. *Fulton Oursler. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. New York. 525 pp. $2.50.*

Joshua Todd was born illegitimately of "white trash" parentage on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Despite his humble beginning, his life was crammed full of action aptly depicted in Oursler's strictly modern novel.

After a neglected childhood, Joshua at 14 becomes a printer's devil in the weekly Denmouth *Independent*. Two years later he is the only reporter, and at 17 becomes the editor. Here he has an affair with the much older publisher's wife, the first woman to affect his career. Another two years pass, and he marries his second love to be congratulated the next year as a father. At 21 he is in complete charge of the *Independent*, writes for the pulp magazines, and is making $250 a week. Then a third woman enters a now involved plot.

It is with such amazing swiftness that Oursler plots the life of a small town boy who almost miraculously rises to the heights of small town success. Joshua Todd's "biography" is written in the frank, free style of the modern novel with the panorama of events that merged together to form the history of the past few decades forming a colorful background.—CHARLES W. GILMORE.

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(*Continued from page Fifteen*)

V.

"I should like to see Mr. Langdon," I told a stage-hand.

The man pointed toward a young fellow to my right.

"Mr. Langdon," he called, "a gentleman to see you."

The young man came over.

"I'm Howard Stone," I said. "I should like to ask you a question if you have time?"

"Of course," he said.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "if a man by the name of Parham worked for this company?"

The young man's face seemed to darken.

"Yes," he said, "Walter Parham was his name."

"Where is he now?" I demanded.

The young man looked at me strangely.

"He's dead," he said. "He took bichloride tablets three weeks ago tonight—after the performance."

"That's terrible," I said. "Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Very little," said Langdon. "He had been in the theatre a long time. I'm only a youngster. Parham didn't take to me." He paused a moment as if to reflect. "He'd always had an ambition to play Hamlet," he said finally. "I think his failure drove him to his death."

"I've heard something about Yorick's skull," I said, eager to get the whole story.

"That's a funny one," said Langdon. "That fellow must have had plenty of determination. He left his skull to the company as a property to be used in this play. We used it for the first time tonight.

VI.

I hurried away from the theatre as quickly as possible. I had to tell someone of my very strange evening. My thoughts turned, naturally, to Henry Mayne. I found him in his apartment. He was very angry.

"Well," I said, "you should have been with me. I've had an evening of it."

"Should have been with you!" he thundered, "I'll say I should. Do you know that I have been held in my room all evening at the point of a gun."

"Held in your room?" I demanded.

"Exactly," said Henry, "the lunatic just left a moment ago."

"What did he want?" I demanded. "Money?"

"Money!" shouted Henry. "I offered him that and he refused it. All he wanted, he said, was companionship. He sat here and talked to me all night about Shakespeare. Said he was an actor and that I'd hear of him soon."

"An actor?" I shouted. "Did he tell you his name?"

"Yes," said Henry. "He said his name was Parham."

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ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 6
PRICE 15 CENTS

APRIL, 1935

The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

Editor-in-Chief.....JOE SUGARMAN
Business Manager.....BUTLER FRENCH

Secretary.....T DANIELS
Editorial Assistant.....NELSON LANSDALE
Technical Advisor.....IRVING SUSS

APRIL, 1935

Published eight times a year, November to June inclusive by the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina. Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶*Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 108, Graham Memorial.* ¶*Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶*Subscription price $1.50 per year.* ¶*Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

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Must We Lose the Engineering School?

by BRUCE OLD

DESPITE THE ABSENCE of publicity regarding the situation, the engineering school of the Chapel Hill unit of the Greater University of North Carolina is in grave danger of being moved to Raleigh to be there consolidated with the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering division of the Greater University. In recent months a definite campaign for transference has shown itself in several important quarters. Among the most powerful backers of the scheme are the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which has given it unfailing editorial support and publicity, the loyal alumni of State College, and a large number of the merchants of Raleigh. While there has been no official pronouncement from State College, its *Alumni News* has been trumpeting consolidation of the two engineering schools at Raleigh for some time.

In the January 1935 issue of this publication appeared the statement that, "President Frank Graham told the trustees at their winter meeting that his committee on Engineering Schools was going to recommend that engineering education be consolidated at Raleigh, and would file a formal report at the June meeting of the Board." From this it is evident that immediate consciousness of the problem at Chapel Hill is imperative. Examination of the unpublished presidential report reveals no basis for such a statement by the State College *Alumni News*. If the plan of consolidation is successful, higher education in the state of North Carolina will receive its most severe setback since the legislature decided that state roads were apparently more significant than education. The campaign to remove the engineering school to Raleigh is operated on mis-placed loyalty and mis-information. As such, it must be refuted by facts and testimony of experts who studied the situation much more carefully than editorialists, alumni, or legislators.

The history of the question of consolidation of the two engineering schools is brief. In 1931 Governor O. Max Gardner and a committee of in-state individuals studied the possibility of forming a Greater University but could come to no definite conclusions because of strong school loyalties within the committee itself. The difficulty was overcome by selecting a non-partisan group of out-of-state experts to make a thorough study of the problem of fusing the three units. In 1932 this Commission on University Consolidation, composed of Dr. George A. Works, Dean of Students at the University of Chicago, Dr. Frank L. McVey, President of the University of Kentucky and Dr. George S. Ford, Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Minnesota, filed a report which opened the issue of consolidation. Among the "immediate recommendations" under the head of engineering was, "a detailed study looking to the removal of the four general engineering departments from Raleigh to Chapel Hill as soon as adequate laboratory and dormitory accommodations can be provided at the latter institution and the present buildings at Raleigh can be transferred to the Division of Industries, to the proposed junior college, or to other uses."

This blunt statement was so embarrassingly different from what the politicians desired that it caused the report to be hushed up immediately. It further provoked the alarmed State College alumni to rush a decree through the board of trustees of the Greater University providing that none of the three divisions of the Greater University would ever be reduced to the status of a junior college.

When State College soon lost its business school to Chapel Hill, its supporters determined to bolster its prestige by a counter-campaign for consolidation of the engineering schools at Raleigh. The success of prejudiced, misinformed publicity for such a move has already had sufficient effect on uninformed legislators to cause the possibility of the adoption of the scheme.

II.

The average person, be he legislator or editorialist, is almost entirely without adequate knowledge of the subject of engineering education. In recent years engineering education has been the subject of careful studies which have shown that, contrary to popular opinion, there are two distinct types of engineering schools. One is a professional school which exists to develop design engineers, research experts and engineering executives; such a school depends upon the resources of an entire university. To quote the Dean of Engineering at the

University of Michigan, which has long been recognized as one of the finest engineering schools in the country: "As a result of the investigation on Engineering Education, fostered by the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education and the Carnegie Institute, there has been a tendency to liberalize the engineering curricula by the introduction of a larger amount of non-technical subjects, such as English and Economics, and to set aside a certain amount of time for electives in other fields. A large number of graduates from engineering colleges have used their preliminary training as a preparation for a general business career and have not necessarily followed a purely professional field. According to Williams' *Building an Engineering Career* seven out of ten engineering graduates are more concerned with non-technical duties.

"At Michigan we have already made some steps in this direction. A few years ago a combined Engineering-Law course, in which a student takes his first three years in the College of Engineering and the following three years in the Law School, was instituted. A similar arrangement has been made with the School of Education, which previously required a student to take his preliminary training in the Literary College."

Other leading universities offer Engineering-Law, Engineering-Commerce and Engineering-Physics courses, and other such combinations are being planned. This ever-increasing group of so-called "border-line" engineers is now the highest salaried of all engineering divisions. It is clear then that union with State College would create an engineering school almost diametrically opposed to what is recognized as one of the leading modern trends in engineering education.

At the Chapel Hill engineering school, arts, sciences and applied sciences comprise 63.8% of the average engineering course. This shows how vital is the University at large to the engineering school. It now provides engineers a variety of required courses in mathematics, economics, geology, chemistry, English, physics, foreign languages, business management, public speaking, economic history, and mineralogy. In addition, many students take electives or courses for no credit in the fields cited above and in others, such as sociology and psychology. In return for this, the engineering school offers two courses to students in the arts and sciences and is planning a third. Shortly, fields such as patent and utility law will force a closer bond between the engineering school and the University.

Thus it is seen that a cross-fertilization of the arts and sciences and engineering has caused a fusion of the three which can never be rightly torn asunder. The professional type of engineering school must be located in a university where there is easy access to all types of courses. The possibility of commuting between two institutions is absolutely out of the question.

The second type of engineering school should rightfully be known as a technical school. It teaches essentially industrial and trade courses along lines of specific industries. The theoretical side of engineering is entirely subordinated to the practical. It maintains schools of wood, textiles, agriculture, etc., and graduates men capable of operating and repairing mill machinery, expert farmers and woodworkers. Such a technical school can obviously exist without the support and stimulation of an entire University. The present State College curriculum tends toward the technical type and would thus form the basis for such a school.

Differences in classes of people and kinds of positions in the field make it necessary that North Carolina, or any other state, possess both types of engineering schools. This statement is substantiated by the report of the Commission on University Consolidation which recommended that North Carolina have an engineering school which shall be a center for undergraduate and advanced work, and a Division of Industries composed mainly of a textile school. Since this section of the report was drawn up Dr. W. E. Wichenden, President of the Case School of Applied Science and an expert on engineering education, and was approved by the rest of the Commission, it is rather indisputable. Following the agreement that there should be the two types of engineering schools, it is obvious that the only possible location for the professional engineering school is at Chapel Hill and the only suitable place for the technical school is at Raleigh. Here again the correctness of this observation is supported by the Consolidation Commission. The recommendation fits in splendidly with the status quo of the two schools, since the one at Chapel Hill has been shown to be professional and Raleigh's, "semi-technical." Such a conclusion should silence the State College uproar over what is termed "needless duplication."

III.

It has been shown that from an educational viewpoint the state needs two types of engineering schools. This should be sufficient reason for the legislature to back both institutions, but instead that body is questioning the double financial outlay. The present method of operation is the most economical because both schools are operating at maximum class size with minimum staff size, minimum wages and minimum supply allowance—in other words at maximum economic efficiency. For example, last year it is estimated that the state paid only $7,120 to operate the Chapel Hill engineering school. This figure is obtained as follows:

$33,200 tuition income

$37,250	salaries
670	telephone, etc.
1,400	laboratory supplies
1,000	equipment
$40,320	
$40,320	
33,200	
$ 7,120	—cost to state

This method of solution requires an explanation. It is safe to state that if the engineering school were moved to Raleigh, the service schools (physics, chemistry, mathematics and other departments now serving the engineering school) would not cut down on their teaching staffs or salaries. Therefore, the cost of operating these schools is omitted. Overhead on the engineering building is also omitted because it would still be occupied by the mathematics and physics departments if the engineers were forced to vacate.

Duplication in equipment becomes almost negligible because of the fact that new equipment at Chapel Hill is purchased from laboratory fees collected from the students. Moving the engineering school from Chapel Hill to Raleigh would carry with it practically all of the $7,120 expense to the state plus an additional budget demand for the combined schools. Transferring students from Chapel Hill to Raleigh would not markedly decrease the cost per man to the state.

With State College operating at a minimum cost and Chapel Hill functioning on $7,120 of state money it is evident that the present arrangement is offering the most for the least money. If the state wants to save money it should avoid entirely the question of consolidation.

To consolidate at Chapel Hill would cost from $300,000 to $500,000, according to the Consolidation Commission. By consolidation here is meant only moving the four general engineering schools, electrical, chemical, civil, and mechanical to Chapel Hill. Since it has already been shown that, unless the state desires to sacrifice its professional engineering school entirely, Chapel Hill is the only possible place for consolidation, there should be no argument over relative costs of consolidation at Raleigh and Chapel Hill. In order to refute one of the major points of the opposition, however, it will be shown that the cost to move to Chapel Hill is actually the smaller.

The Commission on Consolidation decided that the expense to consolidate at Raleigh would be above the financial position of North Carolina. Non-transferable equipment, modernization of buildings and equipment, loss of Chapel Hill faculty members to other schools, building up the faculty to a top-notch rating, scattering of students because of the desire to attend a university instead of a college, building up service schools, construction of new buildings, and purchase of new equipment would all total to make the cost out of the question. State College advocates claim that Raleigh has the necessary accommodations. Apparently they have not become familiar with the statement of their own dean to the effect that every dormitory room was occupied. This appeared in the State College *Alumni News* for January 1935, the same issue which carried a spirited argument for consolidation at Raleigh. Nor have the State College supporters heeded the report by the experts on consolidation who denied that it would be economically feasible to move the engineering schools to Raleigh.

IV.

Thus far it has been argued that North Carolina should have a professional engineering school at Chapel Hill and a technical school at Raleigh because of the needs of the state and for financial advantages. There are still other reasons for so locating the schools. The State College campaigners contend that consolidation should be at Raleigh because that school is the larger. The Commission on Consolidation smashes that argument by the following statements: "Weight should also be given to the fact that the present nucleus of organization and personnel at Raleigh, while relatively efficient in its present sphere of work, scarcely affords the foundation of a scientific

school of notable rank. The staff includes few men of the first rank, either in point of training or of professional attainments. The scientific equipment is inadequate for work of an advanced grade. If the engineering school at Chapel Hill were to be transferred . . . the Southeast would lose its only existing center of post-graduate work in engineering on a genuinely advanced level for the problematic creation at some future time of an enlarged institute of technology for which the present foundations at Raleigh are inadequate." This revelation of the relative roles and merits of the two institutions defeats all State College arguments based on "duplication," for it indicates that the Raleigh school is definitely on a lower plane than the one at Chapel Hill.

Another point in favor of consolidation of the four general engineering departments at Chapel Hill is that future co-operation among lawyers, doctors, business men and engineers is greatly facilitated if the prospective engineers are permitted to become intimately acquainted with men in these fields. Segregating the engineers, who, many agree, are to play a most important role in development of society in future years, at Raleigh would defeat the very purpose of a state university.

V.

Advocates of fusion at Raleigh have found their deepest well in an editorial appearing in the Raleigh *News and Observer*, August 28, 1934. This piece of crusading literature has served as the basis for the rat-tat-tat attacks subsequently made by the State College *Alumni News*. In the light of what has already been demonstrated, much of the editorial is weak, uninformed and contradictory.

It utterly ignores the Consolidation Commission's recommendations and its pronouncement of the weakness of the set-up at the State College unit. It shows no appreciation of the important differences between technical and professional engineering schools, but rather argues that all technical education be centered at Raleigh. This view, oddly enough, coincides with the position of this article. The editorial naively assumes that the entire Chapel Hill engineering faculty would move to Raleigh. Such an assumption has no basis whatsoever, for should consolidation be effected, the best members of the faculty here would not consider teaching at State College. Nor is the fact, cited by the editorialist, that State College graduates more engineers than Chapel Hill pertinent. There remains the view of the Consolidation Commission that the Raleigh unit does not have the facilities either in its engineering school or in the college at large to produce professional engineers. The cost of building State College up to the point of being able to do this would be immense and patently absurd. If there is at any time to be consolidation, it should be of the nature suggested: bring over from Raleigh the four general engineering units, civil, chemical, mechanical, and electrical and then develop State College as a completely technical school.

Back to the Devil

by VERNON B. CROOK

BABIES WRAPPED in dingy covering lay about the near-dark room on whatever pieces of furniture would contain them, some of them crying. The twins on top the piano furnished a continuous wailing background for the extraordinary commotion rampant this night in the rambling old Jacksonville flat Mr. Meadows had rented the Government for some of its destitute women.

When Mary, the mother of the twins, cast her dilapidated satchel upon the dust-laden floor and announced sincerely and with emphasis that she'd be glad when she got to hell, unfelted strings in the aged piano vibrated a conglomerative wail of despair.

A tiny stove puffed black breath upon the chamber walls. Jacksonville's December was cold.

The hall door slid open with a squall, letting in more darkness, more cold, and a young woman dressed in overalls. Her entire wardrobe half protruded from a week-old newspaper bundled under her arm.

"This is Hell!" she vowed as she entered.

The motley Mrs. Olds, from her seat on the coal scuttle, corrected her. "Florida, Jo."

"If there's any difference," Jo contended, "it's not in Florida's favor."

Jo manipulated her feet so as to arrive at the stove without stepping on a single baby. The

stove shivered every time a foot touched the floor, and threatened to collapse.

One by one, women in the house finished their packing in darker chambers and brought their bundles to the crowded little room, where the only stove was, to place them beside their respective infants.

Carefully stepping to the piano, Jo stuck a finger at Mary's boy infant, and he captured it. There followed unintelligible chattering and cooing, which sort of converse women and infants are wont to hold.

"I'm taking the boy with me, Mary," Jo said between gurgles.

"The way you moon over that brat," the motley Mrs. Olds grunted, "is disgusting. One can see you'd be wild about his father . . . Too bad Mary dôesn't know who he is."

Mary turned fiercely at this. "If I weren't afraid of spending eternity somewhere with you, I'd bust you in the head with the poker."

Jo seconded her. "Keep your mouth shut, you educated hag!" And then to Mary, "Where did you tell that Welfare Woman your home was?"

"I don't remember."

"You mean to say you don't know where they're shipping you to?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It matters about the babies. If they were mine, I'd not budge out of Florida."

The motley Mrs. Olds would not keep quiet. "Go grow yourself one, Jo, and they'll budge you just the same."

"If Mary'll let me take the boy, I'll show them," Jo stated. "Honest, Mary, you'll have a job raisin' both. One baby is something to live for and put your hope in . . . But two babies just burden you down."

"I do sorter wish," Mary admitted, "there warn't but one diaper to change."

Despondent women moved restlessly about, quieting their off-spring and muttering among themselves. The midnight train was to haul them all out of Florida, back to Somewhere. They were bitter about it.

Where were they to go?

"Home," the Federal Government said.

"But where is Home," Local Relief Agencies asked, "for a social outcast and her illegitimate child? Where is Home for the women who come to Jacksonville by way of Savannah, New York, and the Devil?"

"We have given orders," Federal Relief answered. "We can no longer provide food and shelter for them. Transport them back to those places from which they came."

Local Relief could do no more than furnish such women tickets back to the Devil by way of Savannah and New York.

The midnight train was to haul them out of Florida, back to Somewhere. They were bitter about it. Despondent women moved restlessly, quieting their offspring and muttering among themselves.

The motley Mrs. Olds from her seat on the coal scuttle announced she intended to spend the remainder of the winter in California.

"I told them I hailed from San Francisco . . . I think I'll like it there."

"How'll you make a living when you get there?" Jo asked.

The coal scuttle threatened to overturn beneath her indignity, Mrs. Olds drew herself up so haughtily. "For twenty years I've never stooped to common labor . . . I presume there are good people in California."

"Not being a professional bum with your experience and education," Jo stated, "I failed to think up a comfortable lie at the appropriate time. They're shipping me back to Ohio to die of the cold."

Mrs. Olds rose from her scuttle and meandered to the piano.

"Since we must part," she said, "I'll play for you"—she announced it in exaggerated concert fashion — "'God Be With You Till We Meet Again'."

Before she could commence she had to lift what she designated as "another evidence of human erring" from the piano bench. She was about to deposit it on a window sill when an excited mother snatched it from her hands.

Mrs. Olds flopped down to the keyboard. Her grimy fingers moved almost skillfully over the half-responsive keys. The first few bars of the tune evoked no enthusiasm from her audience. She whirled and exclaimed:

"Damn it, Sing!"

Jo and Mary started "God Be With You." As they sang other women, one by one, left their grumbling and commenced to sing. With such gusto and variety did they express themselves that the alarmed whining of the children mingled almost harmoniously into the tune.

"I Am Bound for the Promised Land." They

sang that. When that was over Mrs. Olds bade Jo lead in prayer.

"You pray yourself," Jo retorted.

"Very well . . . 'Almighty God, for Thy loving kindness we thank Thee, and for Thy tender mercies. Through green pastures, Thou leadest us. Our heads with oil, Thou annointest. Our goblets are brimming over—

"With despair," someone interrupted.

"Shut up, you bankrupt—'In paths of righteousness, by Thee are we led.— . . .

"You'll have a lot to account for when you get to Heaven!" It was Jo who stopped Mrs. Olds with this.

"I never intend to go there," Mrs. Olds vowed. "It's to California I'm headed . . . What time is it?"

No answer.

"Somebody go across the street and ask Mrs. Creech."

"I'm not going," Mary said. "I figure she's tired of being asked. It's past eleven though. I heard Mr. Meadows come in with his car a half hour ago."

"I guess Mr. Meadows won't forget he's to take us to the station?"

Mrs. Olds meandered back to the coal scuttle and sat in it.

Jo queried Mary again. "Do I take the boy?"

"It would be makin' life worse for you if I said yes, honey. People'd think he was yourn. Wherever you'd go, you'd be called dirty names. Folks wouldn't give you work."

"That might as well happen to me as to you," Jo answered.

"It would be true about me."

Mrs. Olds made a suggestion. "Let's take all these brats out and drown them. Then all of you can start over as respectable women."

"You'd make the Devil a good wife," Jo snorted.

"If I meet him in California and he proposes," Mrs. Olds answered, "I won't say No."

Her foot accidentally kicked the stove's weak leg and that antique puffing object toppled onto the floor. Its lid fell off and smouldering coal rolled upon the floor. The stovepipe crumpled spilling soot upon Mrs. Olds. In a moment the room was filled with smoke. Frantic women grabbed their babies and their bundles and rushed screaming into the open.

Mr. Meadows came with his car to drive them to the station. He found the women on the curb apparently awaiting him. They piled into his vehicle without comment and he drove away.

At the station they were herded into an empty coach. The train pulled out.

"Jo," Mrs. Olds queried, "What will you say when your Ohio Devil proposes to you?" She peered through the car. "Where is Jo?"

There was no answer. All the women reiterated the question, "Where is Jo?"

"And the Boy? She had the Boy?"

Mrs. Olds, Mary lugging the girl infant, and the other women paraded through the train in search of them. They returned to their car without them.

"Well, she can't blame me," Mary said. "She took it on herself."

Mary tucked the sleepy girl infant into an old sweater. She settled herself as comfortably as she could.

"Just one diaper to change now," she mumbled.

Mr. Meadows drove back to his flat.

"Damn them! They tried to burn me out." He shoveled up the smothered coals and threw them into the yard.

To a Clever Woman

Dear lady, be it never said
That you are fickle; say instead,
When money's gone,
Though love goes on,
"It always pays to use one's head."

—Ellen Deppe

Such the Kingdom of Hearst

by David Vernon Lowry

When Harvard college booted him out its back door in the '80's George Hearst's kid, Bill, bought himself a newspaper. He's been sore at the academic world ever since, as are all hapless collegiate emigrés. So he bought the San Francisco *Examiner*. And why not? William Randolph Hearst owned the world, or half of it. Father George was the West Coast's No. 1 Plutocrat. Son Bill stepped into his shoes, and they were shod with shares in the San Luis mine in Mexico, the Ophir mine in Nevada, the Ontario mine in Utah, the Anaconda mine in Montana and the Homestake mine in South Dakota, the latter the richest gold producer in the United States today. At least half of Father George's fortune was placed at the disposal of Son Bill. Hearst gold flowed as freely as would invective.

To the *Examiner* young Hearst soon added the New York *Journal* and soon the Hearst chain idea (even if it was borrowed from Scripps-Howard—Hearst has never had much imagination anyway) became a reality, sprouted proudly over a reading public of 6,000,000 persons and shed its fronds upon seventeen cities.

II.

What young Bill Hearst wanted was power. At Harvard he hung around Boston newspaper offices; on week-ends he more or less haunted the *World*, unconsciously preparing himself to be a latter day bad dream for old Joseph Pulitzer. What was a collegiate pastime became an adult fetish. "I want newspapers!"

William Randolph Hearst got them. He added the Chicago *American* in 1900, the *Examiner* in 1902 and the Boston *American* in 1904. He raided the *World* office from copyreader to cub, beating old Pulitzer at his own game. He spent $8,000,000 in a twinkling. Gold flowed freely. It still does.

With his circulation Hearst got a reputation, or vice-versa. Hearstism became a symbol for superchauvinism, for a blatant, smug sort of philosophy crystallized today in such gutter euphemisms as "Aw Nuts!" and such cynical doctrines as "Every guy has a racket." Hearstism exploited crime from cradle to noose. No dope-depraved floosie who shot her man was too mean to make screaming headlines. No institution was too pure to have a fiscal skeleton in its closet.

The Palmer raids of 1921 and the American Legion jitters sent the Hearst press scurrying down the Kremlin's chimney with a verbal bomb. Of course it was just a wave, but Hearst rode it into shore, and has another fling at it now and then. Not as subtle as old Joe, Hearstisms had a habit of breaking out on the front page in 14 point. If the paragraphs were short and redundant at least they beat home the issue without splitting any hairs. The day after the election of 1906 the New York *Journal* sold 1,500,000 copies, something of a record.

Hearst had supported Bryan in 1900. "McKinley and Hanna," he said, "are tools of the trusts. In April of 1901 blustered a Hearst editorial, "If hated institutions and hated men can be got rid of only by killing, then killing must be done."

William McKinley, President of the United States, died by an assassin's hand Sept. 6, 1901.

Which was too bad, for the Hearst manifesto said, "Newspapers do not form the opinion of the public but if they are to be successful they must express the opinion of the public." Omniscience has its own rewards.

William Randolph Hearst himself had the itch for political power, as if inspiring breakfast table pundits were not enough. He took a considerable flier at the New York mayorality contest in 1905, found himself nosed out by 3,000 votes. It is pretty well understood that a goodly portion of these lay in their ballot boxes at the bottom of East river, or somewhere. Anyway, Tammany saw to it that there was no recount. In 1909 he was thoroughly thrashed. In between this and a spirited campaign against Charles Evans Hughes for governor in 1906 he found time to get himself elected to Congress, where apparently Hearst discovered that all politicians were crooked and that every man had a racket. At any rate the Washington runaround became a Hearstism.

Hearst and Pulitzer got us into the war with Spain and streamer headlines. A something called the Monroe Doctrine was fuel for the British-Venezuelan impasse. But war on the continent was a different matter. No jingo bells here, but

we went to war and Hearst hadn't the heart to fail Wilson. In 1928 it was Hoover. Franklin D. Roosevelt owes much to Hearst for his present incumbency; the other day he was re-indorsed in a Hearst interview to the United Press.

III.

There is a strange paradox to Hearst Americanism. Free speech and other alleged constitutional rights are not American, or Hearstian. The Hearst press is obviously the organ of that flaccid conglomerate, the masses, yet its teachings and prejudices and cant are subversive to that lower (and sub-middle) crust which it so vociferously represents. Maybe the man in the street doesn't read Hearst editorials. But legislatures do . . . in California and Georgia and fifteen other states, where it will soon be illegal to think if one isn't a Democrat, or even a Republican.

Hitler made us tremble. Goebbles has proven that a passionately free press can be throttled and its corpse interred 'neath a swastika headstone. Intelligent men talk of democracy in softened tones . . . "You never can tell . . . and if you can . . . don't."

Is the Hearst press inexorably linked with the extreme right? Is it bent on bludgeoning the plastic unintelligentsia into paying absolute lip service to reaction? Is it the avowed foe of everything antithetical to cut and dried conformity?

Is it fascist?

John Strachey ("That Foreign Rat"—W.R.H.) observed as he took sail from these shores of free speech and unbridled opportunity, that America was ever more dividing into the distinct camps of liberalism and conservatism. Mr. Strachey was too well bred (he was only mildly amused when a Hearst photographer's flashlight bulb accidentally exploded twice in his face) to level his withering sarcasm at the Hearst press, but if questioned he might have admitted that America had also divided into a left and right journalism, into a rigorous alignment with the status quo against a jocose, if superficial, defense of those amenities so diametrically opposed, freedom of speech and of assembly. (Of course there can be no leftist *popular* press.) Yet the Strachey affair was only an incident in the ceaseless war the Hearst press has waged against intelligent expression of opinion, of sympathy with the other half (-starved), and against education, from hovel to Harvard.

Liberal educators and journalists see in Hearst the most formidable protagonist of reaction liberalism has ever been called to face. They wonder what might happen if Long, Hearst and Coughlin resolved themselves into a sacred trinity. Though not altogether cold to Roosevelt's Rasputin and the Bayou Blunderbuss, the Rancher of San Simeon has never realized that to all intents they preach the stuff he has been printing for decades.

Hearst and Coughlin get most of the credit for beating the World Court. A radio appeal by Coughlin and an editorial bombast from Hearst brought 100,000 telegrams in wheelbarrows, trucks and handcarts into the senate offices. One million people signed them. America succumbed to a pack of isolationists that would have shamed Admiral Dick Byrd.

IV.

Hearst treated himself to a long pow-wow with Hitler not long back. After his conference with the Reichsfuehrer in Berlin came the famous anti-educational blasts of 1934-35. Educators failed to denounce Hearst at Atlantic City. But where they failed the liberal lights (i.e. "Reds") of Columbia Teachers college along with Bruce Bliven, Lawrence Martin and Ferdinand Lundberg, cut loose with a potent draught of verbal arsenic.

Hearst papers in university and progressive public school educational centers have carried on a militant campaign against liberalism in education. As usual, the extremes have been exploited, and any educator or student who "thinks un-Hearstlike thoughts," as the New Yorker has so succinctly put it, becomes in public print an infernal link between Moscow and the Little Pink Schoolhouse. A newsrelease from Teachers College said in December it was a "campaign of terrorism."

For such a campaign the Hearst organization is well-manned, strategically located. Somehow Hearstism is attractive to the average newspaperman. The *Mirror* caught Stanley Walker's fancy, and he forsook the *Herald Tribune*. Perhaps it is the free rein of blood and thunder (blood for the newsroom and thunder for the editorialists) that appeals to the newspaper boys. There is something in being able to write about anything and everything in one's community, excepting, of course, economics. And the anxious can rush into the earliest edition from coast to coast.

In the west there is the San Francisco *Examiner* (164,000 circulation)*, the Los Angeles *Ex-*

* As given by the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

aminer with 181,000, the Oakland *Post-Enquirer* with 53,000, the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* with 118,000, and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* (86,000).

In Chicago is the potent *Herald* and *Examiner* (315,000—circulation 1,000,000 on Sunday). The *American* has 424,000 readers. Milwaukee sports the Wisconsin *News* (168,000). In Nebraska is the Omaha *Bee-News* (91,000). The Hearst *Times* (239,000) dominates Detroit. In Pittsburgh is the powerful *Sun-Telegram,* with 135,000 circulation.

In the over-newspapered nation's capital are the Washington *Times* and the *Herald,* with 106,000 and 94,000 respectively. Baltimore has the *American* (198,000) and the *News* (145,000). In New York City the *Journal* has risen to 600,000 daily and the *American* is read by 327,000, with 1,000,000 on Sunday. The *Mirror* prospers with Winchell, Brisbane, Walker, et.al. on above 750,000. Syracuse has the *Journal* (60,000) and the Sunday *American* (94,000). In Rochester Hearst has the *Journal* (46,000) and the Sunday *American* with 65,000. The Albany *Times-Union* is the baby with a paltry 38,000. Boston has the *American* and the Sunday *Advertiser* (685,000).

In the south Atlanta gazes fondly upon the *Georgian* (76,000) and the Sunday *American* (143,000). In the southwest is the San Antonio *Light* (45,000). Hearst once bid $1,000,000 for the Charleston *American***. Perhaps there are too few sensation-mongers in Dixie.

Add to these the circulation of the Heart *International* and *Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazaar, Motor, Motor Boating Magazine, The American Druggist, Town and Country* and some British and continental publications. (Those "foreign rats.")

Add to these Cosmopolitan, a Heart cinema outfit, Hearst Metrotone News and a good slice of the rest of cinemaland. Such the kingdom of Hearst.

V.

Is the Hearst press fascistic?

The writer has little sympathy for the exactists who would instantly dub this or that institution "fascist" or "liberal" or any other epithet conferred with the sweep of the arm. There are too many deviations within each rank to crystallize all America into opposing camps—yet.

We have shown the immense expanse of Hearstism, its darlings and its hot potatoes, its causes and its boogies. That—in its intense nationalism, its gagging of free speech, its frightened ukases for bigger and better armies and navies with which to blow you and me and the rest of the world to hell and headlines, its intense class hatred (which it would never admit), and the abomination of any and all who stray away from the fold of reaction—it is the synthesis of Hitlerism and its brethren across the Alps, may be obvious evidence for the contentions of Hearst-baiters.

But unfortunately Hearst is guilty of too many inaccuracies in policy, too many deviations from the religion of Americanism.

In February the Washington *Herald* waged a front page fight against the "influx of Soviet films." In the theatre section all the while it carried three-inch adds and laudatory "free publicity" on a Soviet film showing at one of the left wing Washington theatres.

Hearst has supported Roosevelt more or less thoroughly down the long path from ruin to chaos. Naturally he fought the McCarran amendment, which somehow was interpreted as "dangerous to labor," though it had the backing of the A. F. of L. Opposition to the World Court was only natural. It is too obvious here to point out that the New Deal shed few tears when the senate balked and opened democracy to telegovernment. Too, at least in the public eye, Roosevelt is a liberal. He was a liberal in New York state, and Hearst knew it. No fascist press ever took a honeymoon with liberalism. This, it must be admitted, is not 100 per cent fascist dogma.

There are arguments on the other side. Ferdinand Lundberg, a liberal economist, delved deep into the Hearst finances and uncovered this amazing evidence:

". . . Hearst is an industrialist in a grand manner. Together with shares in western mining companies (which we have mentioned above) he inherited Edward H. Clark, his father's financial factotum, a valuable intangible asset and today a self-effacing gentleman who, as president, supervises the Hearst dominance of the Homestake Mining company, the Cerro de Pasco company, of Peru, and participates as a director on the boards of the Hearst film, radio and newspaper properties, New York real estate companies, and varied California agricultural holdings . . . (also) a director of

** *Requiescat in Pace.*

the Irving Trust company, the National Surety company, the American Metal company, the Pacific Title and Trust company . . .

" . . . These properties link Hearst indissolubly with Wall street, which he assails now and again for theatrical effect . . . the National City bank is a heavy Hearst depository and has underwritten many Hearst security issues . . . A. P. Gianni, California banker, with whom Hearst shares many interests on the California coast, sits on the board of the National City bank as one of its many stockholders."

The Hearst newspaper holdings are estimated in excess of $200,000,000. His business enterprises may be quadruple that figure. Here, certainly, is the background for a fascist demagogue. Here are the *materials* for warfare from the right. Yet if fascism had been the end Hearst would have found a champion long ago. (And could it be possible that there exists a subtle antagonism between Hearstamericanism and sovietism in that Russia has slowly edged past America as a gold producer and that the Hearst Homestake mine is the richest in the world?).

Is Hearst a fascist? California's gift to demagoguery is too much of the individualist, *too Hearst* to be anything but a rampant individualist. To be sure, the necessary background is there. The road has been paved with prejudice, fakery, distortion of facts and libel, for the crystallization of a fascist ideology. But in the long run "Remember the Maine" has given way to "Drive All Radical Professors and Students from our Universities" to "Stamp Out Crime" to "The Red Menace" to "Tax Parasites" to—but what is it this week?

Joseph Pulitzer did not miss the mark too far when he said in the early 1900's "Hearst is a master of the great art of attracting attention." And after forty years of Hearst we are wearily inclined to agree with him.

Faulkner before «Sanctuary»

by BILL HUDSON

"GIMME a two-bit booka stamps, please."

"Count" Falkner, employee of the United States Government in the little post office at the University of Mississippi, sighed, pulled himself up from the depths of a Russian novel, and glanced in lazy irritation at the freshman who stood drumming his fingers on the counter of the stamp window. Having made the unhappy discovery that the disturber of his peace was going to be persistent, "Count No 'Count" reached into the stamp tray which he kept near at hand for just such emergencies, picked up a book of stamps, and tossed it in the general direction of the window. It lit on the counter, slid and fell to the floor. The freshman hesitated, then placed his quarter carefully on the counter and thumped it inside, where it rolled under the office safe. He should have been satisfied, for he had got the better of the man who was to become William Faulkner. Not being able to see into the future, however, he was resentful. So was the Baptist preacher who found several of his *Baptist Records* in the trash can to which "Count Bill" had relegated them. So were many other taxpayers who were neglected by this postmaster whom *As I Lay Dying* and *Sanctuary* were to raise to fame. The government finally had to relieve Falkner, William, postmaster, second class.

The Oxford (Mississippi) neighbors of William Faulkner today know many stories about him. It was they who nicknamed him "Count" because he wore a toothbrush moustache and spats and carried a cane. The little university town is his home, his study. He received all his ten years of public schooling there, took courses in the University, played golf with all the golfers of the community, married an Oxford lady who was his childhood sweetheart, and now lives in one of the town's most ancient ante-bellum dwellings.

II.

Until he became famous, and until some publisher misspelled his surname, William F*aul*kner was Bill F*alk*ner, the son of Murray Falkner, now dead, but formerly secretary and business manager of the University. He entered school at the age of eight, made four grades the first two years, began to see the failings of formal education during his third year, and, influenced by his friend Phil Stone, dropped out of school in the tenth grade. Not, however, before he had had his nose broken in a football game with Oxford's ancient rival, Holly Springs. He played quarterback.

As a small boy, this Mississippi author, who has startled and often shocked the reading public with the bizarre morbidity of his characters and plots, displayed an unusually alert, intelligent, fanciful mind, but no abnormalties which would have marked him as unduly apart from the crowd. According to Miss Ella Wright, former principal of Oxford High School, from whom considerable amount of material for this article was gathered, "His mother says that he was full of life and pep and played with the boys on his street in a perfectly normal way." One of the striking characteristics of the man today is this "perfectly normal" attitude toward his neighbors and friends. He makes no attempt to isolate himself; and it is by choice that he lives in Oxford, which a careless observer would brand as intolerably stuffy and provincial. He prefers his native people to all others, and until he sits down to a typewriter he is one of them. In an article in the *Oxford Magazine*, Phil Stone, Faulkner's backer and best friend, describes him as "the sanest and most wholesome person I have ever known."

Drawing pictures of machines, building mechanical toys, and experimenting with explosives were some of Faulkner's boyhood ways of self-expression. Bill's research into the intricacies of flashlight photography cost his younger brother John the temporary loss of both eyebrows. Another exercise of boyish curiosity brought death to twelve fine Wyandotte hens. He and John dipped them into a can of paint; and when the paint dried they couldn't fold their wings. "They all died with their boots on, sitting up." A later experiment almost resulted in vengeance for the hens. He made himself a pair of wings, and came near suffering the classical fate of Icarus thereby. The fact that the world was nearly deprived of an outstanding writer by his aerial venture, however, was lost on him; and not until he cracked up two of King George's good Canadian fighting planes did his earthly destiny of subjection to the laws of gravity become completely apparent to him.

In three unalarming but personally profitable ways shrewd little William early exhibited his literary tendencies. The tale of how he avoided the labor of doing chores about the house is almost Tom Sawyeresque; by telling them Indian and fairy stories of his own concoction, he would bribe other boys to do his tasks. When he was twelve he hand-printed a little newspaper which "chronicled the happenings on South Street" (his street), and sold for a penny a copy. Later he made $25 by selling five copies of a hand-printed and hand-bound collection of his early poems. "One of these," Miss Wright states, "was advertised in New York last year for $300, but I have no information as to the sale of it."

Mrs. Murray Falkner ascribes her son's literary success in spite of his lack of technical training partly to his reading and his excellent memory for unusual and accurate words. Phil Stone lent him countless volumes from his own personal library, many of them books by the Russian novelists. He did not understand a great deal of them, but they were far more attractive than school books, and possibly had as much to do with his dropping out of school as the advice of his older friend Phil, who had himself pursued a formal education at the local university and at the Yale law school.

III.

When America entered the World War, Faulkner, doubtless fired less by the opportunity to make the world safe for democracy than by other more interesting possibilities, made the round of a number American recruiting stations, but was always turned down because he was small and underweight. Even his trick of eating a dozen bananas before weighing failed to bring him up to the standard requirements. Again Phil Stone came to his rescue. Through the influence of one of Stone's New Haven friends, a place in the Canadian Air Service was secured for Faulkner, but only after he had threatened to join the German army if they turned him down again. He went overseas and saw actual fighting, but the wings manufactured by British airplane firms proved almost as little capable of keeping him in the air as the ones he had made during his boyhood. After destroying two of the Royal Air Force's planes, he and the Empire came to the agreement that he should stop flying for the Empire. He never did get along very well with governments.

Upon his return, he registered at the university as a special student, the specialization being in English, Spanish, and French. He took a number of these language courses, making excellent grades; but nothing else interested him. It was during these student days that his spats, cane and moustache elevated him to the peerage as "Count" and "Count No 'Count."

However, the independence and determination to make his own way which he displayed in the years that followed soon proved that the latter title was hardly merited. For a year or two he did odd jobs for the university, earning in that way everything but his food and shelter (he still lived with his father); and in 1922 he sold his "collegiate" Ford runabout and bought a new red Buick roadster. He had been made postmaster at the university post office.

During his idle hours at the post office time hung heavy on his hands, but he was ingenious at making it pass. He wrote and read and played. What he wrote and read nobody knows exactly, but his pranks made him a campus goodfellow and a popular companion. He was one of the three founders and presidents of the Bluebird Insurance Company, which purported to insure students against examination failures, the premium schedule and rates differing according to the professor against whom the student was insured. According to an advertisement of the company in the college paper, *The Mississippian*, "The results were obtained in the following way: The professor's knowledge and experience plus the size of the class divided by the ignorance of his students." Several younger members of the English department, against which rates upon premiums were exorbitant, retaliated with a huge bold-face advertisement in the next issue of the campus weekly, offering for sale stock in the Midnight Oil Company and printing testimonial letters, including one from "Count Wilhelm von Faulkner, Marquis de Lafayette (County), Postmaster-General (Retired)."

IV.

The year 1924 saw the publication of Faulkner's first book, a collection of poetry entitled *The Marble Faun*. Except for the flood of letters written by Phil Stone offering autographed copies of the little volume for one dollar apiece and pointing out how valuable they would be when Faulkner became famous, *The Marble Faun* aroused slight interest. Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, agreed with Stone that this first work was earnest indication of a real literary future for the author; but few people read *Poetry* or knew who its editor was.

Through letters written by his friend Stone, Faulkner was brought to the attention of Sherwood Anderson, then in New Orleans, who told him that he did not know enough about life to write. So the young author, who had lost the post office job in 1924, stoked his way across the Atlantic on a tramp steamer and proceeded to gain valuable experience washing dishes in various parts of Europe. When he returned, he set to work hard, dividing his time between tending a furnace in the power plant (it is said that on warm spring nights he used to sit by the smelly, dirty hot water drain and write poetry about brooks chattering between violet-covered banks), writing more fiction, and painting advertising signs all over Lafayette county. He became expert at all three, but in a few years gave up the first and third to spend all his time on writing. Meanwhile, in 1926, *Soldier's Pay* had been published. It bore out, albeit in a rather unexpected manner, the literary promise of *The Marble Faun* and, in addition, created the stir in the world of letters that the poetry volume had been incapable of producing.

Mosquitoes came in 1927; Faulkner, with his name listed as Falkner and with the two spellings incorrectly explained, was in the 1928-29 volume of *Who's Who*; Harcourt, Brace published *Sartoris* in 1929.

In June of that year, Faulkner was married to Mrs. Estelle Oldham Franklin. During his courtship of this lady, he also completely won the hearts of her two children, Victoria and Malcolm. He used to, and probably still does, go on marvelous picnics with Victoria and her friends; and before his marriage he would go to see her at school, bringing licorice and a presence that has always been joyfully welcomed by children. When Malcolm heard that his mother had married his pal, he scampered up and down South Street proclaiming the news with "Goody, goody, Mama and Mr. Bill are married!"

Oxford people like William Faulkner as much as their children do, for he puts on no airs, is a charming, witty conversationalist, and very obviously likes them. Few besides members of the University faculty read what he writes. They don't understand it, and don't like it; and they wonder how in the world anybody like Bill Faulkner could write such horrible things. That is hardly an intellectual indictment of them, because they have a considerable part of the general reading public on their side.

V.

By the time that *Sanctuary* was published, 1931, its author was so well-known that Phil Stone

could heave a sigh of satisfaction, quit dictating letters *in re* William Faulkner, and begin to devote all his office hours to his law business. His protegé was a "made man"; but God only knows (as Stone would put it) where Bill Faulkner would be today or what he would be doing if young bachelor-lawyer Phil Stone had not seen something in that smart kid of Murray Falkner's that nobody else even suspected. In his own words (in *The Oxford Magazine*), Stone "assisted as midwife at the birth of his literary career and as wet nurse of that same career." Any biography or sketch of William Faulkner up to the present time (he is now about 38 years old) will of necessity contain many repetitions of the name Phil Stone. The modern novels which gave Bill so many ideas and probably served as models for some of his own writing were "*Ex libris* Phil Stone." Phil Stone persuaded Bill to quit high school; Phil Stone helped mold the mind that produced *As I Lay Dying* and the Bluebird Insurance Company; Phil Stone's friend got Faulkner into the Canadian Air Service; Phil Stone's numerous and praiseful letters made Harriet Monroe and Sherwood Anderson realize that a new artist was arising in the little Mississippi village which had produced Stark Young.

VI.

At present William Faulkner lives the life of a well-to-do citizen in a small Southern town. He occupies himself with raising his children, gardening and landscaping and tinkering about his small estate, fishing and hunting, and playing a pretty good game of golf. And the only way in which he differs from his next-door neighbor in sane, wholesome Oxford is that at intervals he chases his children out of the house and sits down in his study to transform himself into an artist and to dream of mad, warped people that his neighbor does not know.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. The writer wishes to acknowledge the invaluable aid lent him in preparing this article by Miss Ella Wright, statistician in, and former principal of Oxford High School, Oxford, Mississippi (now known as University High School). Miss Wright most efficiently interviewed Phil Stone, and Mrs. Murray Falkner, and wrote a charmingly unstatistical letter full of stories of Faulkner's boyhood and early manhood. Material was also gathered from three articles written in 1934 by Mr. Stone in *The Oxford Magazine*, which has since ceased publication.—B. H.

Raleigh Politicians Love the Negro

by E. C. DANIEL, JR.

"HOW'D IT HAPPEN?" came the naive inquiry into the newspaper office the night the votes were counted and the city manager plan was defeated in Raleigh.

What happened on that grey, dripping March day when only 9,000 of the city's normal voting population of 15,000 went to the polls?

Controlled votes!

Controlled votes decided the issue. And what happened in Raleigh was merely a token of a state-wide scandal. Controlled votes weigh the issue against free-minded intelligence in hundreds of North Carolina elections every year.

A mayor-council-city manager form of government for Raleigh was proposed. An act authorizing a referendum on the proposal was passed by the General Assembly. The city manager cause was lost at the polls.

"How'd it happen? The best people in Raleigh were for it, weren't they?" Sure! With few exceptions, the best people were for it. Both of Raleigh's newspapers gave unqualified editorial support. Many of the city's most substantial citizens joined the committee for the city manager plan. Civic clubs tacitly approved the campaign. Then, "How'd it happen?"

Squaring its editorial shoulders, *The News and Observer* next morning told the story:

EMPLOYERS OF CITY HERD
NEGRO VOTERS TO POLLS;
BEAT CITY MANAGERSHIP

Hearing reports of voting irregularities, newspapermen went to a predominately Negro precinct near the outskirt of the city on the morning of the election.

Front page pictures in *The News and Observer* showed what they saw: A white man, who was a city employee and ex-convict, leading Negroes to the polls. Enraged, the ward-heeler had tried to

smash the photographer's camera. Publication of the picture was the newspaper's courageous answer to a threat from a convicted murderer: "I'll get you if I go to hell for it."

That picture and the headline told the whole story. If that one predominately Negro precinct had been thrown out, the vote would have been even, the majority of 289 for the present form of government wiped out. In another Negro precinct, the vote was 534 to 50—the unbeatable margin of victory for the city machine.

With undeniable justice, *The News and Observer* declaimed, "Government which owes its existence to a balance of power of ignorant and easily influenced or intimidated Negroes cannot be tolerated."

"The city manager'll cut the relief down to 20 cents an hour," was one of the threats reported to have been made to secure Negro votes for the commisson form of government in Raleigh. It was reported from another quarter that Negroes in one precinct were told that a barrel of free liquor would be standing at the polling place. Similarly Negroes whose relatives or friends dig ditches or sweep streets for the city were not difficult to persuade.

Reports of such tactics point clearly the need of a remedy and the type of remedy needed for the shameful situation in Raleigh and elsewhere. The truth is that it is too easy for the "ignorant and easily influenced or intimidated" to vote. Upon pretense of preserving the right to the franchise, politicians foster a system which encourages the use of fraud and ignorance to win elections. Different methods are employed in various sections of the State to control votes.

Raleigh's device happens to be wholesale herding of Negro votes. The city hall crowd controls patronage and the elections machinery, the two devices essential for manipulating the Negro vote.

Nothing so crude as the popularly imagined ballot box without a bottom or the ready-stuffed box full of votes for the faction controlling the election officials is used. Methods are more subtle, less offensive to the public taste.

Another group of politicians elsewhere may rely on markers at the polls to mark the ballots of those too illiterate or too indifferent to vote their opinions. In another section of the State, the party controlling the elections machinery may use the absentee ballot law to control the votes of the disinterested, the easily bought or even the dead. Practices of this sort impose upon those who would preserve democratic government a double obligation to make it harder for the illiterate and disinterested to secure ballots for someone else to cast for them and to educate the electorate to pride in and intelligent use of the franchise.

II.

Politicians know the proper remedies.

After the primary scandals in the mountain counties last summer, the need of reform was certain and the way of reform fairly clear. Conscientious public officials, led by the chairman of the State Board of Elections, showed the way. The Governor asked for a change. Lethargy and nose-thumbing were the replies to that appeal.

So strong was opposition to an absentee ballot reform bill in the General Assembly a few weeks ago that sincere men had not the heart even to speak for it, when all they had to do was ask for the chance.

"We don't have any trouble with the absentee ballot down in my county," said an Eastern Representative in the General Assembly recently. "But, they say they can't get along without it in the West. So, I don't want to do anything to hurt the Democratic party."

"Why, man, 21 counties up in the mountains would go Republican every year if we didn't have the absentee ballot," Western Democrats, who control the elections machinery, say quite frankly.

"I've got to stand by the absentee ballot," commented a Senator. "It helped me get elected one time. The Republicans came within 65 votes of licking me. If it hadn't been for the absentees, I would have lost."

At no time is it suggested that representative government may be negated by the use of a device that keeps Democrats in office in counties which some Democrats themselves admit would be Republican by a fair count of voters.

The attitude is similarly narrow on other proposed reforms. "I don't see why a man who doesn't know how to mark his ballot ought not to have somebody to do it for him," our Eastern Representative parried a suggestion that the law permitting markers at the polls be repealed.

As a lawyer, surely he was aware of the constitutional provision that: "Every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and write any section of the Constitution in the English language." In fact, his county politicians,

(*Continued on page Thirty-two*)

Your Editor to You

Keeping the Institute Alive

The popularity of the Human Relations Institute exploded the myth that the campus at large is not interested in addresses by authorities on adult topics. Yet except for those speakers provided by the Institute pitifully few have appeared here this year. Last year Upton Close and Josephus Daniels were the only important figures who spoke at public meetings. To avoid narrowness University men must constantly be stimulated by personal contact with men from the world of current affairs. Since many of the already existing organizations are financially unable to bring first-class speakers to the campus, the student body as a whole should assume such a necessary responsibility. It is suggested that the Student Council appoint a committee to study the possibility of securing funds for this project. One method of obtaining these funds, which would not increase student fees, would be a re-allocation of the debate fee of $.50 per year. At present each student is taxed to support an activity which at best serves no more than two hundred members of the campus. Could not this fee, or a portion of it be diverted into a fund which would insure the entire student body's having an opportunity at least once a month to hear a distinguished speaker?

The Anti-Brain Trust Act

Not long ago The New York *Times* took evident pleasure in pointing out the disappearance of academicians from their position at the elbow of President Roosevelt. It exulted that he was now calling on the practical politicians to administer the theories of the professors. While it is only too true that the Brain Trust did act confusedly and tactlessly, it is none the more encouraging to remark that its ideas are being carried out by men generally unfamiliar with them. Much of the present chaos might well have developed from Roosevelt's prohibiting the Brain Trusters to complete their experiments. His turning to practical politicians would seem to be more a consciousness of the impending test in 1936, after which, should he be successful, he might again permit the experts to offer their solutions.

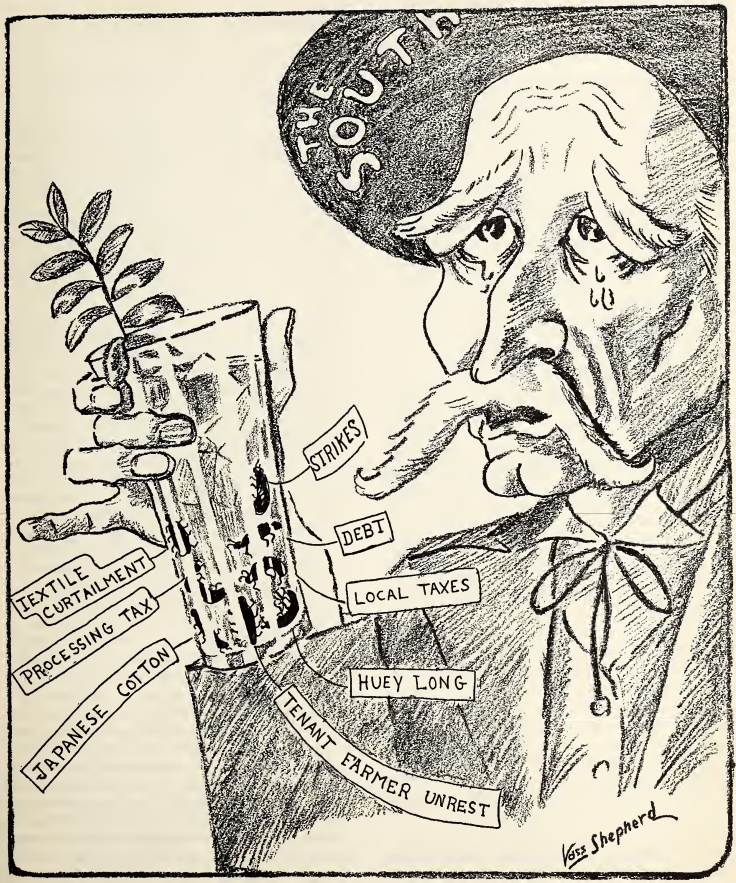
Sloughing off the professors, the administration protects itself from the charge of radicalism. It also opens the road for the uncontrolled activity of the Farley-Roper-Garner forces to dictate new policies which will be designed to benefit the small owner rather than the worker or the farmer.

More Dorms Named Everett

Although only a sketchy report has been drawn up on the infant experiment of placing advisors in Everett dormitory, the results have been sufficiently encouraging to merit the plan's being attempted in other quarters next year. There has been achieved an admirable dormitory solidarity and consciousness thru the experiment which might well serve as exemplary over the campus. If the plan could be devised so that freshmen and upperclassmen came into close contact with each other under the careful supervision of an advisor a real achievement in student welfare would be effected. Moreover, for a small outlay the advisors could serve as tutors to deficient students. Such an effort to improve the general attitude and citizenship of the freshmen would help to guarantee the eventual feasibility of the new curriculum.

Disgrace at Pittsburgh

Long an institution financed largely by the wealthy Pennsylvania industrialists, the University of Pittsburgh has acquired a reputation for persecuting independent thinking. A recent investigation by the American Association of University Professors showed that a large number of the eighty-five faculty members who "resigned" during the past five years were obliged to do so because of their political beliefs. Most sensational of these cases was the dismissal of the liberal Ralph Turner for "making anti-religious remarks" to Chancellor Bowman, who later admitted to the investigating committee that religion had never been discussed with Mr. Turner. This same Chancellor, recognizing that he must act to save his prestige, has recently endorsed the stupid attacks on "Red Professors" by William Randolph Hearst, commenting that the drive does much to improve American education. Even if the state of Pennsylvania takes over the university, as Bowman has proposed, with such leadership Pittsburgh's "Cathedral of Learning" remains anathema to the progressive colleges of the country.



«Dammit, suh, mah juleps don't taste so good this spring !»

Dynamite in Burlington

by W. T. COUCH and J. O. BAILEY

WHEN THE TEXTILE STRIKE of last fall was finally brought to an end by the intervention of President Roosevelt, it was hoped by liberals everywhere that a basis for at least a short term of peace between mill-owners and labor had at last been achieved. The authors of this article had some share in this view, and plead guilty of still harboring the faint hope that somewhere somehow a little sanity will appear among those in authority and prevent the disasters which now seem unavoidable. Peace has not come as a result of the presidential intervention, and the period since the strike has been used by the mill managements to weaken and break the local unions. A case in point is that of dynamiting alleged to have been done by the strikers in Burlington, N. C.

The important facts in this case are as follows:

It is a Saturday morning, September 15, during the textile strike. Before daybreak, a charge of dynamite is set off in the yard of the E. M. Holt Plaid Mill in Burlington. The same day four sticks of unexploded dynamite wrapped in rags are found in a loom in the Stevens Mill. Several weeks later, at the trial, a night watchman for the Stevens Manufacturing Company declares that on the morning of the explosion he saw someone get out of a car, strike a match, and throw something that was lighted through a window of the mill. No explosion followed, however, and he did not investigate.

On the Monday following the explosion at the Plaid Mill, officers and detectives begin picking up workers and questioning them. Finally, they arrest ten men.

Late in November they are tried, and on December 4 seven of them, John Anderson, J. P. Hoggard, J. F. Harraway, Tom Canipe, Howard Overman, Florence Blalock, and Avery Kimrey, are found guilty, and given sentences in the state penitentiary varying from ten to two years each.

II.

The evidence comes from three sources: first, the testimony of three of the ten men accused—Jerry Furlough, Charlie McCullum, and H. W. Pruitt, who confess to complicity in a conspiracy implicating the seven convicted men; second, the evidence secured by four private detectives from Pennsylvania; third, the testmony of one Lee Rumple.

First, let us look at the evidence against Anderson. It comes entirely from the three confessors. McCullum testifies that Blalock admitted to him his share in the crime. He also says Anderson told him that Blalock was involved. Furlough testifies that Anderson was the "master mind" of the conspiracy. Pruitt testifies that before the dynamiting he went with Anderson to hide some stolen dynamite on Anderson's mother-in-law's farm.

The whole case against Anderson is based on this testimony. All three of the men testifying against him are notoriously disreputable, Pruitt having been tried twice since the dynamiting case, once for drunkenness, the other time for carrying concealed weapons. About twenty-five witnesses appear and testify to Anderson's good character. Two witnesses, one a war veteran and the other an ex-deputy sheriff of an adjoining county, swear that on a certain day in September they were riding in a car near the farm of Anderson's mother-in-law and were hailed for assistance by men with a stalled car. They state they heard reference to dynamite in the stalled car and identify one of the men as Pruitt but are positive that the other man was not Anderson or any of the other defendants. But while the ex-soldier's character was good enough for him to be employed as a mill guard, it apparently was not good enough for his testimony to be accepted against that of the notoriously disreputable Pruitt.

Some light may be thrown on the case by a knowledge of Anderson's position and activities in the country. He is an active Republican, and in the last election gave strong support to the candidate opposing the present sheriff, J. F. Stockard. He has been active in the local textile union and at the time of the strike was president of the Piedmont Textile Council. It is not difficult to believe that Sheriff Stockard and the local magnates, one of whom said that a Union would be bargained with in his plant only over his dead body, bear no good feeling toward him. Some indication of the methods used by Sheriff Stockard to get his man may be given by the fact that

the brother of the foreman of the jury, a man suffering from tuberculosis, was given the job as superintendent of the county poor home on the day before the jury brought in a verdict. There is also some indication in the fact that the jurors apparently were never instructed as to their duties and one of them said after the trial was over that he did not believe the men were guilty, that he and four others voted not guilty, but on being reminded that the majority ruled in a democratic country, he and the others in the minority had to give in. It is also perhaps of some importance that the sheriff, instead of selecting extra jurors by a random method as prescribed by law, sent word to his friends in various places to be in court and ready to do service when the case opened.

The case against Anderson is so flimsy that it is hard to understand after a cold recitation of the facts, how he was ever convicted, but, nevertheless, he drew from the judge a sentence of eight to ten years at the state penitentiary.

A number of persons interested in the case talked with one of the prosecuting attorneys. He stated that you could see Pruitt would tell the truth just by looking at him. He also stated that while he believes Anderson is guilty, he was very much surprised when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty for all the defendants. In reply to a query, he indicated he might be willing to request a pardon for at least one or two of the defendants, provided the case was not continued by an appeal to the Supreme Court. He concurred in the general opinion that Anderson was an unusually intelligent man and a good citizen prior to the strike. Apparently he did not see any defect in the intelligence of a man who would conspire with the town drunkards when there were plenty of others with whom he might conspire if he and they wished to do so.

The quality of the testimony of Messrs. Pruitt and Furlough shows itself again in what they had to say concerning the part of another of the defendants, Avery Kimrey. At a preliminary hearing they both swore in the presence of numerous witnesses, and signed a paper to the effect that on one occasion when they, Pruitt and Furlough, went on a trip concerning the stolen dynamite, Kimrey was with them at their invitation, but was simply riding along for the pleasure of the ride, and did not know where they were going or what they were planning to do. At the Superior Court trial, they changed their testimony and swore that Kimrey was in the conspiracy with them.

No one saw Anderson throw any dynamite. No one testified against him but Pruitt, Furleough, and McCullum. The extremely doubtful value of their testimony must be evident to anyone not determined to believe Anderson, a union leader, guilty.

III.

The second source of evidence in the trial, that of the four private "detectives" from Pennsylvania, is of an equally dubious nature. They testified that Howard Overman signed a confession, and made statements implicating Blalock in the conspiracy. How the detectives got their "confession" is told by the wife of Howard Overman in a letter: "There were two plain clothes men came to our house and asked for him and when he went to the door they began talking to him about an old Chrysler automobile that he bought over two years ago. They asked him if he still had it and he told them, no, that a Mr. Kelly had it and they asked him to go with them. They took him out to a boot-leg joint called Correct Time End, with them. They told him that they were federal men investigating about the car. They gave him whiskey and kept talking about the car, then they asked him to sign his name to a paper to see if it would correspond with the name of the bill of sale for the Chrysler automobile. Said it would save them a lot of trouble if he would do that, so they gave him a blank sheet of paper and told him to sign his name in the right hand corner of the paper which he did, and the next time he saw the paper it had the confession on it."

The facts that Overman was taken to the bootleg joint by the "detectives," and that he was drunk when he signed the alleged confession are undisputed.

The third source of evidence on examination reveals itself as equally unacceptable. Lee Rumple, whose automobile was mired near a dynamite house, from which it was discovered later that dynamite had been stolen, testified that on the night of September 13 at about 9 P.M., Hoggard, Canipe, and Harraway stopped to help him get out of the mud. He swore that he did not see any of them go near or toward the dynamite house. But the fact that they were on the road at a time when the dynamite might have been stolen was sufficient to secure convictions for

them. The prosecuting attorney who had such faith in the truth-telling proclivities of Pruitt, generously allowed that there was no real evidence against Canipe. But he was not so generous toward Hoggard, against whom there was substantially the same evidence. All three of the defendants are union members. Hoggard, however, was a leader. Perhaps this explains the perspicuity, the otherwise amazing insight, of the prosecution.

IV.

The case has aroused practically no public interest in North Carolina. The state papers have had nothing to say about it. The local Burlington U. T. W. recently voted 15 to 14 to give aid to the convicted men. The president of the union used all his influence to defeat this move, has refrained from calling any meeting since this vote, and has attempted to have the charter of the union withdrawn. Every man who has a job with any of the mills in Burlington is afraid to take any stand for the defendants. As one old weaver said, "there is man-fearing spirit among us"; and truly there is, and it is not limited to the mill-workers.

We cannot bring ourselves to the opinion that the people or the public officials or even the mill-owners of North Carolina are not interested in seeing that an even-handed justice rules in the courts of this state. But how can anyone have any faith in a court which convicts men on evidence like that presented above? How can anyone respect and admire a state which permits its legal processes to convict men who even the prosecution admits have no adequate evidence against them? What is the explanation of the failure of the law to secure justice for workers in North Carolina? The only possible answer that presents itself is to be found in the persistence of attitudes which prevail in an agrarian community: labor unions are themselves regarded as conspiracies, and membership in a union is itself a confession of potential complicity in crime. The inevitable consequence of this situation is that the workers are being forced to adopt extreme radical views: they are seeing and feeling the class struggle, they are rapidly becoming aware of the solid alignment against them of church, school, state, and all the regularly constituted authorities of business and government. If their spirit is not broken by malnutrition and disease, by blacklisting, chain-gang and prison terms, revolutionary radicalism will find a fertile soil among them.

This situation is the inevitable result of the activities of those in authority. The defendants in this case have had to raise and pay several hundred dollars in lawyers fees. Their appeal may fail to get before the Supreme Court of North Carolina because they are now unable to pay other costs that they are required by law and by custom to pay. At every step they have met with difficulties. They have already had to spend all the money they had saved. Their friends have borrowed and mortgaged until their resources also have been exhausted. They have no chance in court, they cannot even get a hearing without first paying or guaranteeing to make additional payments to lawyers. They have had to secure bond or languish in dirty jails. They have had to secure gifts to pay the cost ($411.70) of copying the records of the trial. The court stenographers were allowed to set a price twice as high as it ought to be, in spite of the law providing that the price shall be set by the county commissioners. They will have to pay a large printing bill because their lawyers failed to make their appeal *in forma pauperis*. And then, if the appeal is granted by the state Supreme Court, they will have to pay lawyers to defend them in another trial. Meantime they have to pay for food, clothes, and a place to sleep.

Of course, they cannot pay all these expenses. They have long ago exhausted their meagre resources. They have had no jobs and no wages for months. They would starve, they would go without clothes and shelter if they did not have friends and neighbors who still possess a meagre pittance to share with them. Impoverished and bled by the law they look in vain for the aid to which in simple justice they are entitled.

Guilty or not guilty, whether they have any money or not, they have the right to make their appeal to the Supreme Court of North Carolina. They have the right, the same right that the rich man has. But they do not have the money. And neither the law nor the legal profession of North Carolina has provided any way to keep the defendants in this case out of prison, merely because they do not have the money to buy the legal service and pay the enormous fees that are demanded before they can get a hearing.

One of the authors of this article told the editor of a leading North Carolina newspaper that the defendants in the Burlington case might not be able to carry through their appeal because of

lack of money to employ lawyers and to pay the costs of preparing the appeal. "You must be wrong," he said. "This can't be true. Doctors give medical service to people who can't pay. Why can't the lawyers do the same? There certainly must be some way a man can get his case reviewed by the Supreme Court whether he can raise any money or not."

Perhaps there is some way. But if a few persons had not given the money to pay the costs up to the present time, the defendants would now be in the state prison.

Before this case can be reviewed by the Supreme Court at least fifteen hundred dollars additional will have to be expended in fees, printing, and other costs. And then if a retrial is granted, more money will be needed. As the law is now, justice has to be paid for, cash in advance. The Defence Committee has appealed to citizens of North Carolina and any others to aid in seeing that the defendants do not fail to get their equal rights before the law merely because they do not have the cash to pay for these rights.

It is possible, of course, that any one or more of the defendants may be guilty of conspiracy to destroy property. In such cases it may easily be that guilty and innocent are tried and convicted together. Somebody undoubtedly is responsible for the dynamiting that was done; and the fact that the damage was only a paltry few dollars does not give reason for leniency. There is no room for a sentimental view here. But while it is the duty of the state to punish those who are guilty, it is equally imperative that guilt be establshed beyond a reasonable doubt, and that this be done for each and everyone of the defendants. It is our opinion that this has not been done. And we are not alone in this opinion. As we have stated above, it is shared by one of the prosecuting attorneys.

If there were no other reason to believe there had been a miscarriage of justice, this would be sufficient to call for a retrial. But the same doubt arises in connection with each of the defendants. This is true even of the defendants Blalock and Overman, whose previous and recent records share somewhat in the unsavory quality of the records of the defendants who turned state's evidence. Blalock is at present a fugitive from the law, having escaped from a jail which should have been strong enough to keep him if the officers of the law really wanted to keep him. Overman at present resides in a Virginia jail where he landed recently, charged with breaking into a warehouse. The record of these two defendants will be extremely prejudicial to the interests of the other defendants. In the prejudiced mind, all the defendants are lumped together; and outsiders who would like to see an even and impartial justice are charged with giving encouragement to disreputable characters. At the same time, the important question of the guilt of each of the accused persons of the specific crime with which he is charged is lost sight of. And in the end, the law, following the crude and indiscriminate public opinon formed on this basis, defeats the very end for which it exists, namely the maintenance of an equal and impartial justice.

It is our contention that a state founded on democracy, on justice and equality before the law, cannot long survive the crumbling of its foundatons; and that those who today would preserve the democratic state must look to its fundamentals. They must see and act in accord with the principle that its strength and permanence depend on the base on which it rests.

Ai-Ya!

Little Mo Mee looked up at the rain,
At the splattering drops on the windowpane.
Little Mo Mee with a whimpering cry
Returned to her bed with a whimpering sigh.

And all now was quiet in her straw covered shed,
As, stiffly, she lay on her pest-ridden bed.
Her father had gone in the streets for to beg,
And Little Mo Mee had died of the plague.

—William Wheat

Thomas Wolfe Hungers On

by JOE SUGARMAN

THE PUBLICATION OF *Of Time and the River** has raised Thomas Wolfe from the ranks of the regional novelists to one of the most promising interpreters of that gorgeous and terrifying vagueness known as "the American spirit." The raw youth from a raw mountain city of *Look Homeward, Angel* almost disappears in the second novel before the figure of an American desperately striving to know and understand his own country. In his quest to find some meaning in the wild, naked, furious life of this land Eugene Gant experiences torture more exquisite than any occasioned by the comparatively trivial complexities of his native city. This hunger for sensation which will lead to significance so completely dominates the book that it becomes almost purely autobiographical.

And it is not, after all, a strangely unfamiliar group of experiences which Eugene undergoes. Recently graduated from the State University, which is of course Chapel Hill, he journeys northward to Harvard to perfect himself as a dramatist. There his artistic spirit is badly bruised by the discovery of dilettantes, fakers, and hangers-on in the world of the creation of beauty. The superficiality of his instruction, the shallowness of his associates, and the generally patternless existence of the individuals in this academic-artistic realm revolt him and send him hurtling back to the Carolina hills where there is at least strength.

He seeks to understand the city again by going to New York University where he teaches nightly hordes of East Side Jews whose traditional superiority and scorn terrify him. Subways, skyscrapers, steamships bewilder him. The speed of the city makes his head reel. He cries aloud for order in this chaos. He finds it neither in the stuffy, middle-class family hotel where he lives, nor among society people on the banks of the Hudson, nor in the ghetto home of Abe Jones, one of his pupils. Everywhere is the same mad confusion, the same sense of loss and resignation. In weary disgust he flees to England to find a similar situation, differing only in that it is devoid of the fury of America. France has no better answer to his questions than to send him sailing back across the Atlantic to the homeland he had left so eagerly. Throughout the myriad events of these crowded five years he continually roars and moans for surcease from the mad spirit which drives him onward to learn all things about all people, all places, all events.

It is this eternally questioning, penetrating attitude which distinguishes Gant's experiences from those of countless other individuals who have been in the same localities, met the same people, and done the same things. Invariably he desires to unite his experiences into some kind of pattern which will for him, at least, be the soul of America. And invariably he fails. Art, sex, society, travel—all of them break into little pieces of meaningless sensation before his awful scrutiny. He devours incredible hundreds of volumes, tramps thousands of streets, peers at hundreds of thousands of faces in an effort to feel proximity to something American, to something which is not beaten, bewildered, and benumbed. Exhausted by his hunger, he gasps for breath only to renew his search—a search which constantly appears fruitless.

This quest of *Of Time and the River* reveals what is for Wolfe "the American spirit." By caricature, by simple observation, and by intuition Eugene Gant comes to know the patch-work quilt of native land. Gone are the broad, simple lines of his home-town Altamont. Upon being magnified they trick the observer by disintegrating into countless, infinitesimal dots, contradictory and hopeless.

Yet there is an underlying sympathy, a deep-rooted conviction in the ultimate integration and perfection of the pattern which sets Wolfe apart from those writers who have sought merely to render savage burlesque of America. This strain is most evident in his treatment of the people from whom he sprang, those amazing Pentlands and Gants, who are undisputably the most vital characters in the novel. These abnormal folk he begins to understand, not fully but sufficiently to cool his fury. Furthermore, his appreciation of their tortured lives lends a faint glimmer to perceiving the values in the lives of such widely differing people as an old Jewish matriarch and

*OF TIME AND THE RIVER. Thomas Wolfe. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 912 pp. $3.00.

a pitifully domineering Boston patron of playwriting. He never completely loses the inheritance of eccentric Eliza Pentland and tenacious old Gant. It is their peculiar firmness and power which ultimately aids his artist's soul to understand that moral and intellectual stability must come of the very scenes which at the moment appear so utterly lost.

Much of the fine, intimate detail of *Look Homeward, Angel* yields to a generalizing view of urban society in *Of Time and the River*. There is endless elaboration of character and incident, but it constantly serves to depict the group rather than the individual. For that reason few characters comparable to those of the earlier book are developed. In fact, aside from the re-appearing Gants, there are almost no creations in the second work which are not caricatures or literal transcripts. Yet out of this highly emotionalized technique grow groups which are genuinely artistic creations.

Such groups, his New York students, the bourgeois family in Boston, the wealthy New York society circle, anonymous fellow-passengers on a north-bound train, comprise his America. It is not a land of powerful individuals such as the Gants, but rather one composed of scared, wasted groups which may some day form the basis for the strong, creative, ordered society he eternally hungers for.

II.

Stylistically *Of Time and the River* is an enlargement on Wolfe's first novel. It bears closest resemblance to the earlier portions of *Look Homeward, Angel* where he gave way to vast catalogues, to lengthy digressions, and to his love for sheerly poetic prose. Since the second novel is the more subjective, it naturally affords him an opportunity for heightening this style, and no writer with his gift for expression could snub such an invitation. As might be expected, he goes to excesses, particularly in his penchant for minute descriptions of unimportant objects and events. A three page treatment of a model kitchen is rivalled for irrelevancy and dullness in modern literature only by the Proustian discursion on the names of Parisian streets. In general, however, his keen appreciation of words in themselves and in combination, which is almost Elizabethan in spirit, admirably serves his purpose of presenting the object creation as a whole. More important, perhaps, it results in a large number of purple patches which more than atone for the lifeless passages which develop by the same technique.

He has a flair for boldness of phraseology that is also reminiscent of the Elizabethans, whom he so admires. A knife is not merely stuck into one's heart. It is "driven into the heart and twisted there." Eugene does not merely become afraid. "He trembles in his bowels and draws great, gasping breaths." Old Gant does not die an ordinary death, but bleeds oceans of blood for hours before his passing. This fusion of the grotesque and the daring in incident and language is one of Wolfe's most skillful accomplishments.

The most striking feature of the book is the organization, for despite its apparent formlessness a conscious plan appears to guide the work. Wolfe has interestingly produced a novel which moves by two kinds of locomotion, antagonistically arranged. Almost an eighth of the action occurs either on trains or in motor cars. Through this device he achieves a constantly plunging forward, racing motion which frequently tears along at a terrific speed, almost whirling the reader off the page. This forward motion is opposed by a bellows-like motion employed to manipulate Eugene in relation with the many groups he meets. As the bellows expand he comes into contact with large numbers of individuals and seeks to suck dry the secrets of their lives. As he hastens from them the bellows contract leaving him alone to contemplate his experience. The crossing of this bellows motion with the forward motion produces both the external and internal conflicts in the novel. At times the train motion becomes so dominant over the other type that Wolfe may be said to have written a "novel on wheels," Certainly he grasps the pace of America admirably by this device of propelling Eugene ahead at regular intervals by a machine capable of almost unlimited rapidity. Similarly the bellows serve to give the spiritual effect of his ceaselessly panting existence.

Motion then, Wolfe claims, is the essential characteristic of America. And these two types set the novel going so that it too beats with the furious rhythm that is what he might call "the spirit of America." Executed without any overt obeisance to science or modernism, this technique eventually develops into the most exciting element in the construction of the long piece.

III.

To assign values to such a book is an impertinent task. Wolfe is not yet nearing the completion of his work. In addition to the other four novels promised, there may be an endless number, for he can write such books as long as his thirst for experience endures. He has been brave enough, (some might think brazen enough) to attempt to picture America in terms of his own life. To date it is a tribute to his intelligence and vitality that after only two publications he is expected by many to become one of the permanent literary masters of the nation. Philosophically Thomas Wolfe can continue in his present vein almost indefinitely, for he represents in modern fiction a modification of the Hegelian thought. That school demands that the writer or the philosopher study individuals and events in all their ramifications, that they be able to set down society completely. Wolfe probably learned this lesson at the feet of the local sage, Horace Williams, long noted for his steadfast faith in Hegel. If he is to set himself down in this manner, it is obvious that he needs only the energy to continue and may well write of himself to the end of his days. Thus far he differs from the Hegelians by failing to arrive at their fundamentally optimistic outlook on the universe. The whole picture up to the time of the close of *Of Time and the River* is violent, distorted and discouraging. But perhaps the method affords more of answer to his fundamental philosophy than the material itself. The true answer remains in the future works of Thomas Wolfe.

One thing is clear—that for the benefit of the novels as novels, Wolfe, despite the fact that he still protests at the excision of a word from his original copy, will have to eliminate blocks of experiences in the future. The present work is burdened with altogether too many sequences which, though they may contain philosophic import, slow up the action and detract from the reader's interest. The terrific hunger of the author may endure, but it will have to be presented by a less gross and halting method than that employed in *Of Time and the River*. That hunger, however, must progress in some form if Wolfe is to fulfill his promise of offering a genuinely personal interpretation of "the American spirit."

The Agrarians — They've Taken Their Stand

by RICHARD WAYMIRE

NO! THE AGRARIANS are not Communists, Socialists, or Atheists. They do not even want to bring back slavery, as has been charged. Perhaps it is for this reason, that there is nothing outlandish or startling about their views, that they have been comparatively ignored. It is perhaps typical of the South today that the writers who are thinking and writing most seriously about the South are still but slightly known in the region to which they devote their attention.

The Agrarians, unknown though they may be, are no new manifestation. Much constructive thinking has gone into their theories. They believe, briefly, in a return to the soil for the South. They oppose the idea of Northern industrialism invading the South and converting it into a region of factories, mill-workers, and labor troubles. With this economic idea goes a corresponding aesthetic and spiritual approach. They believe the South did and does have a culture of her own the equal of, and in many ways superior to, the more mechanized culture of the North. They feel that the independent small farmer lives a better and fuller life than the chain-store grocery clerk or the mill-hand of the North. They favor maintaining such an independence, even at the slight sacrifice of that much-loved modern concept, efficiency.

And they are not alone in such a movement. Back-to-the-farm projects are being discussed in the Middle-West, and two groups in England today, which are closely akin to the Agrarians in spirit, are corresponding with them. The Distributists and the Neo-Catholics, led by such men as Chesterton, Belloc, and Robert Graves, are keeping in touch with the Southerners and writing for *The American Review*, which is, at present, the chief Agrarian mouthpiece.

The group originated and was known for several years as the Fugitives. At that time they were not interested in Agrarianism. That came later. But the personnel of the two groups, though necessarily different on the fringes, is largely over-

lapping, and the founders of the Fugitives are among today's most ardent Agrarians.

II.

The Fugitives started as an informal discussion group in 1913. They met weekly around the fire of James Marshall Frank and Sidney Mttron-Hirsch in Nashville, Tenn. There, attracted by the philosophical discussions of John Crowe Ransom and Donald Davidson, were to be found Alec B. Stevenson, Stanley Johnson, and Allen Tate. Later additions to the group included William Yandell Elliott, Walter Clyde Curry, and the brilliant Merrill Moore. During the war the Fugitives were separated as several served overseas, and at least four of the group were at Oxford. At this time the Fugitives were almost wholly Vanderbilt men, either young professors or students.

After the war the group re-united and in 1921 they became interested in the study of poetry. It was about this time that the group, anonymous before, got its name, "The Fugitives." It was taken from the title of a poem written by Hirsch, "The Fugitive Blacksmith," who was a legendary character of eternal unrest, similar to The Flying Dutchman or The Wandering Jew.

The meetings were becoming more formally organized. Members who wished their work read were required to bring carbon copies, which were passed out to all the members. This method insured intensive criticism, and from all accounts the criticism was indeed severe. One night Mr. Hirsch gazed on the huge pile of manuscripts which had accumulated, then suggested that they start a magazine. The idea was quickly taken up by the group, and so *The Fugitive* was born. All selections for publication were decided on by group ballot. The first issue appeared in April, 1922. It made a small uproar, not only among the critics to whom it was sent, but among the printers also. A negro print shop had been selected to do the job, and the printer was forced to borrow Greek type for a word in Allen Tate's contribution.

After the first two issues *The Fugitive* became a well-established concern. The fanciful pen-names used by the first contributors were dropped, a better printer was found, and H. S. Coil, of Nashville, took over the financial control of the magazine. The first issues were financed by subscriptions alone, but soon philanthropic individuals, as well as several Nashville institutions, came to the aid of the group, and it is a significant fact that *The Fugitive* was never in financial difficulties.

During the later years of its life different methods of editing were tried. A rotating editorship was attempted, then an editorial committee was chosen. The magazine was, as a rule, entirely given over to poetry. A few book reviews were carried, and occasionally notes about the members of the group. A few outside contributions were accepted, and once a prize contest was held, but on the whole the Fugitives felt that it was their magazine, run by themselves for their own benefit, and outside work was rarely solicited.

The poems themselves were, as a rule, of genuine merit. The group was not a "school." They did not hold similar ideas on the subject matter or form of poetry, and there is a remarkable diversity of both shown. At the beginning the subjects treated were a reflection of their discussions. They were philosophical, even metaphysical in spirit, and the group did not ally itself with any one area or cause. The men wrote, largely due to the intensive criticism, "eye-poetry," with a strict regard for form. An effort was also made for the work to be as compressed as possible, with a "punch" in every line.

In regard to the group's poems, Louis Untermeyer, in a telegram to Jack Harris, Editor of *The Vanderbilt Masquerader,* written in 1933, says, "Ever since the founding of the Fugitives I have been insisting that the members constitute the most individual and important cultural group not only in the South but in America today . . . I pointed out that while the group developed distinct personalities the distinction was derived from an integrated force and a common compulsion. It is a significant thing that this compulsion was poetic as well as precise. Undoubtedly John Crowe Ransom is a powerful and convincing dialectitian, Donald Davidson a fighting Agrarian, Allen Tate the most brilliant of the younger critics, and Merrill Moore the richest and most spontaneous of improvisors. But all these are preeminently poets. It is with poetry that the Fugitives began, and it is with poetry that they will persist."

Mr. Untermeyer's enthusiasm is not unfounded. Whether it is as poets or Agrarians that the group will persist is another question which only time can settle, but their poetry certainly deserves such praise. Merrill Moore was, and is, the most prolific of the group; when *The Masquerader* solicited a sonnet or two to be published in a special Fugitive-Agrarian edition, Moore sent

two-hundred-fifty sonnets. He turns them out without revision, because, as is said in the introduction to his *The Noise That Time Makes*, it's easier to write a new one than re-write an old one. His work is brilliant in phraseology and ideas, and his form, while it is still in the sonnet shape, varies greatly as to rhyme-scheme and general make-up.

Ransom is perhaps the most sophisticated of the group in his verse. He has no set form as has Moore, but uses the ballad occasionally, and at times a more conventional sonnet form. Of particular interest is his "Amphibious Crocodile" which seems to be an autobiography, describing how Mr. Crocodile traveled in France, was in the World War, attended Oxford, and returned to bathe himself in his native swamps, all of which is a fairly accurate description of Ransom's own wanderings.

Davidson seems to have been the first to turn his attention to Agrarianism, and his poems are, as a rule, on pastoral or historic themes in Southern locales. He is perhaps the truest and most natural poet of the group, using conventional, sometimes almost symphonic, forms. His "Fire on Belmont Street" is one of the group's earliest protests against industrialism and mechanical uniformity.

III.

Those ignorant of the background of the group might think that the Agrarians are backwoodsmen who are proud of their own isolation and are determined to maintain it. Nothing could be further from the truth. All of the men have traveled extensively, four of them have attended Oxford, three as Rhodes Scholars, and all have an exceeding wide cultural background. And it is significant that the chief Fugitives and Agrarians are successful and known for other things than their Fugitive and Agrarian work. Merrill Moore, one of the best known of the poets, is now Head of Neurology at the Boston General Hospital. William Y. Elliott, one of the first Fugitives, is the head of the Department of Government and Professor of Political Economics at Harvard University. Allen Tate has a reputation for excellent free-lance criticism in New York, and is known as one of the foremost Southern biographers. These are the men who have evolved Agrarianism and he who thinks it a manifestation of stick-in-the-muds down in Tennessee is due for a jolt on awakening. There is probably no group, acting as a group, in America today that has a broader or more diversified background than the Agrarians.

Just what agent brought about the change from Fugitives to Agrarians is not clear, but in 1925 the group's interests did change. From philosophical poets singing of all time and all space they became highly localized, and their writings assumed a definite association with the South and with Southern problems. This break, which seems so radical to a casual observer, is described by Davidson and Ransom as a gradual and natural thing, though each ascribes it to a different cause. Ransom feels that it came about when the group read Spengler's *Decline of the West*, and it may be easily seen how the talk of the group would move from the general to the particular, from the decline of western civilization as a whole to the decline of the region in which they lived. On the other hand, Davidson believes that the attention of the group was drawn to the South by the Scopes Trial held in Dayton, Tennessee, in the summer of 1925. The drawn-out farce might very well have gotten the group into discussions of the backwardness of the Southern states in religious and educational matters. Also this monkey business which drew the fire of the rest of the country upon the South may have indirectly caused the group to rise to the defense of their region and so started Agrarianism. Whatever the reason for the change, it did take place, and the Fugitives ceased their flight and settled down to become good farmers.

It must not be thought that the group suddenly awoke one morning and found itself Agrarians when the night before it had gone to bed Fugitives. But the Southern ideal began to take more and more of their thought, and their writings began to show it at this time. Debates were held on the subject, a notable one being between Ransom and Stringfellow Barr, the neditor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, in Richmond. A crowd of 3600 came to hear Ransom uphold Agrarianism and Barr just as stoutly defend industrialism. A large write-up in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, and a page devoted to the subject somewhat earlier by the *Chattanooga Times* were the first public avowals of the principles which were later debated, albeit rather quietly, all over the South. Dr. Howard Odum of the University of North Carolina also debated with Donald Davidson on much the same subject, and the *Social Forces*

group on the Carolina campus has kept in close touch with the Agrarians.

As talk about the subject spread, it was found necessary to have a definite statement of Agrarianism for the sake of definition if for no other reason. It was decided to make this statement in *I'll Take My Stand*. While the men were being selected to write the book the Agrarians and the few remaining Fugitives individually published several volumes of prose and poetry. Ransom's *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* appeared during this time, as did Moore's *The Noise That Time Makes*. and Davidson's great book of Agrarian poetry, *The Tall Men*. It is an interesting fact that while Ransom and Davidson, both members of the English faculty at Vanderbilt University, were writing and preaching Agrarianism, Dr. Edwin Mims, head of the Vanderbilt English Department, published *The Advancing South*, which is devoted to describing the modernization of the South in glowing terms, and which seems to glory in its progress in catching up with the rest of the country in roads, schools, and public indebtedness.

By 1929 the ideas for *I'll Take My Stand* were completely worked out, and men all over the South were writing essays and stories for the collection. The book, published in 1930, is the veritable Bible of the Agrarians. In it they set forth their ideals and plans, such as they are. They are in no sense a militant political group, but their suggestions and criticisms, while they might be called somewhat impractical, are appealing to those who find the South pleasantly different from the rest of the country.

The ideals upheld and defended in the book are the heart of Agrarianism. The return to the soil is the most striking, but it is only the base on which the whole plan is built. The Agrarians see farming not as a business but as a mode of life. Accompanying the return to agriculture is to go a return to the spirit of individual independence of the early American life. The "latter day Jeffersonians," as they are sometimes called, recognize the deep-rooted appeal that the mere ownership of land has for a Southerner. They believe that this sense of permanence and continuity given by land-ownership is a better thing than the dazzling but transitory brilliance of high wages. With the spiritual and economic return there will be, they believe, an aesthetic one. Native arts and crafts will be pursued, and genuine folk-arts will be preserved because they are alive and worthwhile, not because they are quaint and curious. Farming is to be on the European-subsistence basis rather than the American-business plan. Each farm will be as nearly self-sufficient as possible in every way: food, clothing, transportation and art will all be home-grown. And the Agrarians are not limiting themselves to one region alone. They feel that each region has developed a culture of its own, and that each should be preserved. It is not only for the integrity of the South that they are fighting, but for each great region. They do not, of course, advocate agriculture for the industrial North, but they do hope that each region will maintain its aesthetic individuality.

IV.

Even from such a brief statement it can be seen that the weaknesses of the Agrarian scheme are many. The agriculturist is always at an economic disadvantage when compared with the industrialist. The manufacturer is able to control the output of his product and fit it to the market's needs. The farmer can not do this. Weather largely determines the amount of his product and the law of supply and demand makes it almost impossible for a good crop year and a good price year to come together. The only way in which agriculture can be put on an equal footing with industry is through strict regimentation with a complicated system of crop-allotments. And what could be more distasteful to the rugged-individualist-Agrarian than regimentation?

Another practical objection is the requirement of the spiritual rebirth of the individuals of the South. It means convincing each farmer that the life he leads is a fuller and a better life than that of a mill-worker, and that the simpler pleasures of the farm are preferable to the bright lights of the city. The Agrarians feel that the most efficient and most alert classes have already been drawn to the cities by the mirage of high wages and only the laggards have been left on the farm. It is their job, they feel, to bring back to the farm the better type of people, so that the farms may be run more efficiently and a better type of agriculture introduced. But even this spiritual problem brings up an economic one. With the admittedly poor and inefficient farmer of the South today producing a surplus above what can be consumed, how would it be possible to market the increase produced by more efficient men? Of course, the Agrarian ideal of subsist-

ence rather than money farming would tend in time to cut down the amount of money crops produced, but the plan seems fraught with all the uncertainty of human nature.

The writer supports the Agrarians' regional aesthetic ideals wholeheartedly. The Agrarians hold that it is important that the art and traditions characteristic of each region be preserved, particularly when they are convinced that the region's *more* are superior to those of the country as a whole. Many charming and beautiful native art forms are doomed to extinction by the machine. The fiddle is dying out of the mountains as the radio creeps in, and the old games will eventually be given up for contract bridge. The Agrarians are making a sincere effort to stop this, and whether successful or not it is worth the attempt.

With the publication of *I'll Take My Stand* the issue flared out in debate in the reading centers of the South, and the echoes are not dead yet. Last year Vanderbilt University students founded the Phalanx Club to sponsor Agrarianism locally, and the idea spread to other universities and colleges through the South until twenty-six chapters had been set up. A strong group is now working in that direction at Tulane, and other states are not far behind.

The group's chief handicap at present is the lack of an adequate organ to express their views. To date the Agrarians have been published almost entirely in Eastern journals, and these magazines do not have a large circulation in the South. Seward Collins, editor of *The American Review*, offered the Agrarians the use of his magazine for the express purpose of promoting Agrarianism, but it was refused because the Agrarians felt that it was not exactly what was required and that it would be unfair to subscribers in other parts of the country. Collins found a great similarity between the Southerners and the English Distributists and Neo-Catholics, and almost every issue of *The American Review* carries articles and reviews by men of both groups. It is Ransom's hope to be able to establish a purely Agrarian journal soon that will serve the dual purpose of carrying their message to the South as a whole and improving the agricultural methods in the region adjacent to the place of publication. If a county newspaper could be secured and a working model of Agrarianism set up the group feels that its arguments would make more progress.

Perhaps the most interesting single fact about the whole program is that it is an economic program evolved and proposed by poets. Literary groups have been known to try such idealistic experiments before. The New Hope Colony in Indiana was an example, as were the Trancendentalist colonies sponsored by Branson Alcott and the New England philosophers. All failed, and the utter realist might expect Agrarianism to fail. The strength and the weaknesses of the program lies in its spiritual aspects. It appears to be more of an ideal for an individual life than for a group. It is difficult to see how legislation could bring about the success of the plans, but the program could, through its appeal to individuals, bring about a considerable preservation of the Southern ideals for which the Agrarians stand.

Another factor, perhaps overlooked by the Agrarians, is the negro question. The negro and the machine do not mix. If the South could be kept agricultural, and the negro kept in the South as a field hand and small farmer, the solution to one of America's greatest social problems might be found. Again, this has many practical difficulties. But Agrarianism as a whole is in its infancy, and only the developments of the next fifty years can determine the success or failure of the plan.

Reviewing the Books

FRANCIS THE FIRST. Francis Hackett. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. New York. 431 pp. $3.00.

Mr. Hackett won much acclaim and placed himself in the front rank of contemporary biographers when he wrote *Henry the Eighth*. He has now proceeded very logically to a biography of Henry's French contemporary, Francis I, which will undoubtedly be hailed as "significant" and "monumental." Of that great sixteenth century trio, Henry VIII, Francis I, and Charles V of Spain, only the last remains unbiographied by Mr. Hackett. Despite the author's avowals to call it a day after spending ten years writing biographies of Henry and Francis, we predict a "significant" and "monumental" biography of Charles V within the next five years.

Francis came to the French throne from the distant Angouleme branch of the royal family because Louis XII could not produce an heir. He was but nineteen years old when he became king, a fine, broad-shouldered, young man with very definite ideas about governing. His capable and adoring mother, Louise, and his sister, Marguerite, formed with him the Trinity which governed France for thirty-two years. Upon his accession Francis proceeded immediately to bring Italy to France. He built Italian palaces with Italian materials and Italian artisans. He brought Leonardo da Vinci and the Mona Lisa to France. He had also definite military ambitions involving Italy. Like all his predecessors he coveted the lovely gem of the Mediterranian and sought to annex it to France. And in compliance to the French tradition he failed completely. After a preliminary victory at Marignano he was sadly beatened by Charles V at Pavia and held imprisoned in Spain until Louise could scrape up the tremendous ransom. In his long duel with Charles of Spain, Francis lost decisively both in the war for Italy and in the struggle for the Holy Roman Emperorship.

With bold strokes Mr. Hackett paints the complicated political and religious scene of the first half of the sixteenth century. He manages to bring in most of Francis' illustrious contemporaries, including Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Cesare Borgia, Erasmus, Calvin, Luther, Machiavelli, Rabelais, and Cellini. He shows a remarkable understanding of the character and genius of the Frenchman which he identifies in Francis. Fascinating studies also are the other two members of the Trinity, Marguerite and Louise.

The author presents his subject with an authenticity which should satisfy the most exacting scholar and with a stylistic stylishness which should endear the book to every woman's club in America. Whether his over-brilliancy of style is an ailment or a deliberate effect, it cannot be said. But his metaphorical acrobatics succeed only in distracting the reader from Francis and his friends. Equally irritating is the author's tendency to analyze his hero's sex life. We realize of course that Mr. Hackett has an aversion to the old purity school of biography, but we fail to see how such frequent descriptions of bed room episodes reveal a significant phase of Francis' character.—WALKER PERCY.

AGRARIANISM: A PROGRAM FOR FARMERS. Troy J. Cauley. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill. 211 pp. $1.50.

In this, the first book on Agrarianism since *I'll Take My Stand* startled the region south of the Line, Mr. Cauley attempts to carry still further the plans of the Vanderbilt men. Where *I'll Take My Stand* was a general statement of the principles, *Agrarianism* goes into details and practical proposals for bringing about the actual application of these principles. Agriculture is considered under Capitalism and Socialism, and there are four introductory chapters describing the present set-up and the effect of New Deal legislation on the farmer.

For the general reader the book is, if anything, too practical. It does not seem to contain enough of the idealism that makes Agrarianism the attractive program that it is. Little or no attention is given to the important æsthetic aspects of the case, and it might almost be said that Mr. Cauley lacks a "social conscience." He at times upholds his theory on such superficial grounds as the statement that it doesn't matter much if one is poor as long as all around one are poor also. On the whole, however, it is an adequate treatment of the practical advantages and disadvantages of Agrarianism, and well worth the time spent in reading, not only to the farmer and the sociologist, but to all interested in the South and its future.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

COME AND GET IT. Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, L. I. 518 pp. $2.50.

Come and Get It is primarily the story of the rise of Barney Glasgow from chore-boy in a lumber camp to millionaire Wisconsin lumberman and manufacturer. Like all good Americans in fiction from the time of Horatio Alger onward, Barney Glasgow was of poor stock, worked hard, married the boss's homely daughter, exploited the natural resources of the country in which he found himself, and became so wealthy he didn't know how much money he had. Romance came into his life when he was past middle age in the form of beautiful Lottie Lindbeck, granddaughter of a lovable, stupid fellow-lumberman of Barney's early days. Barney and his son Bernard, a weakling and a first-class skunk, quarrelled over Lottie until Barney accidentally blew himself and most of his family up on his yacht. Bernard marries the girl, applies the new-fangled ideas he learned at college to the business, and wraps himself up in the absorbing job of making more money than even Lottie can spend. Having been snubbed by the Butte des Morts society, Lottie and her mother buy their way into the widening circles of New York's post-war society, and progress from there to conquer the Continent. Bernard's twin children are educated abroad. The stock market crash reduces the fortune to a reasonable amount, brings the family home from abroad, kills Bernard, and leaves the younger generation inheriting the business and facing the future with hope and a great deal of understanding of the true greatness of America, or something of the sort.

Edna Ferber seems to have a happy faculty for sizing up what the public wants, and dishing it out for them. *So Big* was an enormously successful novel; *Show Boat* was adapted for the stage after a respectable career as a best-seller; *Cimarron*, adapted into the movies, was one of the most successful productions ever to come out of Hollywood; and *Dinner at Eight* and *The Royal Family*, both of which she wrote with George S. Kaufman, were successful on the stage as well as the screen. It is not unreasonable to suppose that *Come and Get It*, having enjoyed due popularity as a novel, will unfold itself on the silver screen for cheering thousands in the Palace Theatre in Oswego, Kansas. With less than no difficulty at all you can hear forty or fifty million jaws chopping up and down on their chewing gum with increased excitement as Joan Crawford, playing Lottie Glasgow, snubbed by the wives of her husband's business associates in Butte des Morts, dramatically yanks the heavily laden tablecloth from the festive board as she howls to the husbands of the snobs to "Get Out!"

You can read the 518 pages of *Come and Get It* if you want to—it won't put you to sleep, nor will it tell you anything in particular you don't already know. But if your reviewer had known what he was in for, he'd have waited for the movie version. A year or two wouldn't have seemed too long to wait.—NELSON LANSDALE.

ACT OF DARKNESS — John Peale Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 368 pp. $2.50.

The sleepy little town of Mordington, West Virginia, lies near Harper's Ferry and the same atmosphere that left John Brown's body swinging in the sun still prevails in the pages of John Peale Bishop's novel, *Act of Darkness*. The time, however, is much later. It is the early twentieth century that sees an act of darkness committed in the fields of the old estate of Ruddimont, and it is a white man, not black, who is the assailant.

John Peale Bishop is a graduate of Princeton, an ex-editor of *Vanity Fair*, and a native of the West Virginia hills that he so vividly portrays in his novel. *Act of Darkness* is his first attempt at a book-length story. His book of short stories, *Many Thousands Gone*, won the $5,000 prize in the first *Scribner's Magazine* long short-story contest, and his volume of poetry, *Now With His Love*, has also been highly praised. An adolescent boy tells the tale of a crime among his elders in *Act of Darkness*, and he tells it with such a disinterested clarity and simplicity that the whole is decidedly refreshing after so many volumes of third personal "he-said's" and "she-said's." Bishop has revived a forgotten character in the person of the impartial narrator and in placing this character in the body and soul of a boy he has achieved the one claim for outstanding recognition that his book contains.

Act of Darkness presents no exceptional characters and in fact few scenes of stirring, individual importance. The boy's uncle Charles, who is the perpetrator of the act of darkness, is a weak attempt at a Don Juan while neither his victim nor his wife is presented as a very strong individual. No one scene or character stands out. It is rather the almost liquid smoothness of the narrative that keeps it from being just another humdrum novel. Too, the deep understanding which Bishop has for his home country, combined with his natural ability for description, adds to the beauty of the work. He knows his characters and he knows the scenes in which he places them. In fact during the long trial, the reader feels that it is not so much the defendant who is being tried as the whole decadent community that has given rise to such a crime.

If Bishop has tried to write a best selling novel he has probably failed, but if he has sought to present an excellent plot in a smooth-flowing narrative, he has succeeded. His style is new, his form is adequate, and his narrator alone is enough to place his book above the level of the usual novel.—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

I SPEAK FOR THE SILENT: PRISONERS OF THE SOVIETS. Vladimir V. Tchernavin. (Translated by Nicholas M. Oushakoff). Hale, Cushman & Flint. New York and Boston. 368 pp. $2.50.

Why scientist Tchernavin was dragged from his work and thrown in prison, he is at a loss to explain. To him it seems only part of a senseless campaign to wipe out the intellectual class of Russia—or else an effort to find a scapegoat for the failure of the Five Year Plan.

In *I Speak for the Silent* the author tells his story from the time of his arrest until his escape to Finland. If the story he tells is true—and it has an atmosphere of sincerity—then the Russian government is guilty of the most modern types of diabolical prison torture. Tchernavin's book reads more like a tale of Victor Hugo than a true narrative of twentieth century "law and justice."

The intimate details of life in prison and concentration camp, where highly educated men become virtual slaves, are almost too complete. The book carries a morbid tone throughout, a sort of paradoxical mixture of resignation and desperation.

I Speak for the Silent is translated into simple, straightforward English, with two desirable results. The book is easy to read. At the same time, its very simplicity gives it an air of truthfulness.

In a book of this kind it is always hard to determine how faithfully a picture is represented. The author is obviously biased and embittered by his own experiences, and no matter how intellectually honest he may be he is bound to color his account with his own bias. But taken with the usual grain of salt, the book will repay reading.—DON BECKER.

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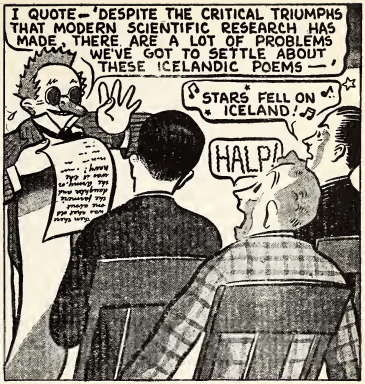
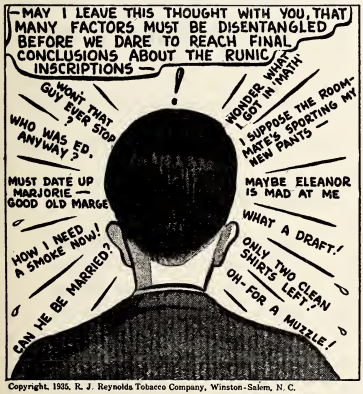
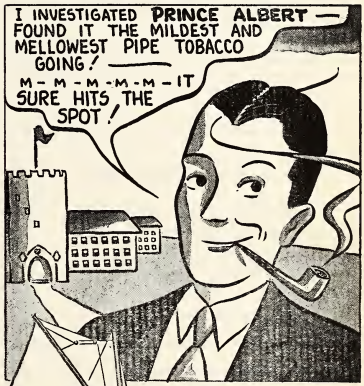
THE GRASS GROWS GREEN—Hortense Lion.
OF TIME AND THE RIVER—Thomas Wolfe.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MONTAIGNE—Mervin Lowenthal.
VIDOCQ—Edwin G. Rich.

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN — TODAY I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU A LITTLE ARTICLE I'VE DASHED OFF, ENTITLED 'THE EVIDENCE FOR DATING THE EDDIC POEMS— SO WHAT.'
THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH TO TAKE.


I QUOTE— 'DESPITE THE CRITICAL TRIUMPHS THAT MODERN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAS MADE, THERE ARE A LOT OF PROBLEMS WE'VE GOT TO SETTLE ABOUT THESE ICELANDIC POEMS —'
STARS FELL ON ICELAND!
HALP!


— MAY I LEAVE THIS THOUGHT WITH YOU, THAT MANY FACTORS MUST BE DISENTANGLED BEFORE WE DARE TO REACH FINAL CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THE RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS —
WON'T THAT GUY EVER STOP?
WHO WAS ED. ANYWAY?
WONDER WHAT I GOT IN MATH
I SUPPOSE THE ROOMMATE'S SPORTING MY NEW PANTS —
MUST DATE UP MARJORIE — GOOD OLD MARGE
MAYBE ELEANOR IS MAD AT ME
WHAT A DRAFT!
HOW I NEED A SMOKE NOW!
ONLY TWO CLEAN SHIRTS LEFT.
CAN HE BE MARRIED?
OH-FOR A MUZZLE!



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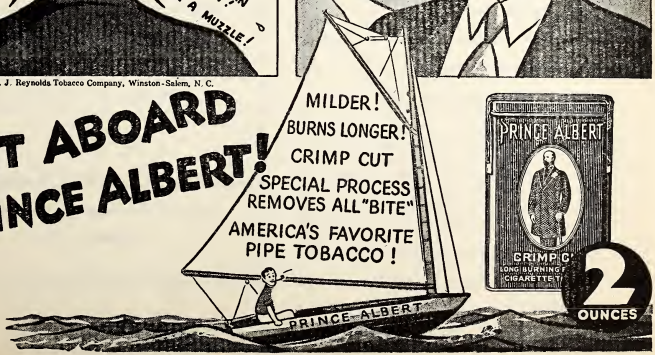

RALEIGH POLITICIANS LOVE THE NEGRO

(*Continued from page Fifteen*)

as do many others, use that provision to keep all Negroes, except a few preachers and teachers, from registering. To all intents, the provision nowhere applies to white people. Of course, a few white people are exempted from that requirement by the "grandfather clause" which permits lineal descendants of those entitled to vote prior to January 1, 1867, to register without meeting the educational standards, provided that they shall have registered prior to December 1, 1908. However, illiterates entitled to vote under that exemption are few and their number dwindles yearly.

"What right, beyond that granted by the constitution, has a man to vote if he is not intelligent or literate enough to mark his own ballot?" the Representative was asked.

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MAY, 1935

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ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 7
PRICE 15 CENTS

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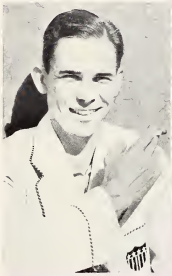

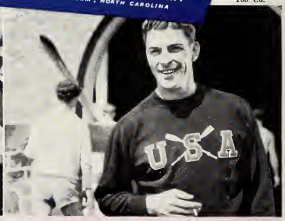

FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

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SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.

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MAY, 1935

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Four Years at Swain Hall

By Otis Marlowe

"This thing is a dishwashing machine, and that is a slop can." These words from "Red" Mathewson, captain of the dishwashing crew at Swain Hall in 1931-32 gave me my introduction to the University dining room. "You can take this brush or use your fingers when you scrap the food from the dishes into the slop can," Red added, "Suit yourself."

I looked closely at each dish as I scrapped it, and was disappointed. I was looking for some sign of cream puffs or hash. I had seen a picture of Swain Hall in an old *Yackety Yack* under which was written: "Swain Hall—where you ask for cream puffs and get another helping of hash."

Leaving me busy at the scrapping table, Red walked over and shook a little more "Goldust into the hot water reservoir of the washing machine. As my hands grew accustomed to the sticky mess and I stopped flinching when I soused my fingers into some cold, slimy spinach, I looked about me. Steam was pouring from each end of the dishwashing machine. An aluminum tray covered a hole about a foot in diameter on top of the copper machine was bobbling up and down as the steam pressed from underneath. A boy, shirtless and sweaty-backed, was feeding dishes to the machine. With the deftness of an expert dealer of cards he strung out five small plates on the chain that carried them through the machine where the streams of hot, soapy water played upon them and clear boiling water rinsed them. At the other end a boy was catching the dishes and stacking them for the driers. Now and then he yelled for the feeder to stop as the plates rolled out faster than he could catch them. He shook his hands after the steaming plates had touched them.

The drying boys stood behind the table and whipped each stack of dishes over, one drying the bottom and sliding it to the next fellow for the top to be dried. The driers were singing, or at least it passed for that. One fat freshman with a "whiskey-tenor" voice was trying to lead "When the Roll is Called up Yonder." The song was interrupted as the fat one stopped to throw his soaked drying cloth to "Red" and call for a new one from those hanging on the baking oven. Sometimes the wet cloths struck "Red" in the face and he unwound it on his way to the oven.

Manager Obie Harmon with the cash box tucked under his arm passed on his way to his office. Obie was followed by Hamilton Hobgood, headwaiter and president of the senior class. Hobgood was a little fat, but he had impressed the other freshman and me as a "big shot." I remembered Obie's introduction of him at the meeting of Swain Hall workers the day before. Obie had made us all get quiet. (We freshmen were quiet enough; it was the old Swain Hall men shouting greetings, backslapping and handshaking that caused the disturbance.) "Men," Obie had said, "this is the headwaiter here, Ham Hobgood. You are going to have a lot to do with him. In case you forget his name, just look at that rear of his and remember." Hobgood grinned as he swung his legs from a table at Obie's elbow. He seemed to know that his headwaitership and his class presidency was causing admiration for him among the freshmen. He would make use of that admiration when the spring elections came around.

None of us had to work on the scrapping table all the time, but one day I wished I had. We had been warned to be extra careful in handling the large soup casseroles, but I grew butter-fingered and dropped one. Flat-nosed Will Hayes, dinner captain of the crew, picked up the pieces and told me not to worry, that I was a real Swain Hall man now. (I wondered what the captains ever did besides pick up the pieces when somebody broke a dish.)

Working near the steaming machine during the warm days that followed the opening of school caused us freshmen to overcome our timidity. We had much in common. I suppose we all looked about alike working back there, our shirts off and sweating. I am sure we all smelled the same when we finished and went down in the basement to dress.

II.

President Graham's inauguration November 11, 1931, was an event at Swain Hall that I will not forget. We had to eat our lunch from paper bags out in the yard that day. A luncheon and a dinner for the many educators attending the inauguration meant several extra hours of work for us. My chief impression of the luncheon was my

envy of the experienced waiters who were to wait on the notables. It was not the expected tips that interested me. (I think one waiter found fifty cents; another saw a guest put a quarter under his plate then take it back.) I wanted to be a waiter, to wear a black tie and white shirt, and to wait on the celebrities.

The dinner was another matter. While the long-winded speakers were blowing off we amused ourselves in the back yard playing tag football with a cracker box, cracking the whip, and scuffling. Before Obie chased us out of the kitchen for making so much noise, we had fun shooting craps with pencil-dotted cubes of sugar and by rubbing mayonnaise on the heels of a boy who had gone to sleep on a table.

My chance to wait on tables came at a senior smoker. Only my loyalty to Obie kept me from being overawed by the seniors as they demanded extra cigarettes and ice-cream. I worked at other smokers. My freshman heart was thrilled as I sat in on speeches by such big football men as Chuck Collins, Wallace Wade, and Fred Sington. When Lieutenant-Governor Fountain spoke at a smoker, I felt it was something to write home about. I knew I had made "big time" as a waiter when during the Southern Conference indoor meet I waited on "Shipwreck" Kelly, Kentucky's great football player and one-man track team. I made anxious inquiries of Obie and others about Don Zimmerman, of Tulane, and was disappointed when I learned he was eating downtown.

Singing, joking, and laughing at one another about our respective home towns, we had a great time on the dishwashing crew. Our dish-driers' quartet was brought to Obie's attention when two seniors, suffering from a belated childhood disease wrote him a letter from the "University Mump Prison" (Infirmary) offering a caustic opinion of our singing. They said our clattering plates were poor accompanists and were sorry xylophones and that any cow could outdo our yodeling. When Obie called us down to his office, we were scared and thought our vocal chords would thereafter be silent as we listened to the clatter of the plates. But Obie was for us. He helped us compose a reply to the mump-stricken seniors, and we sent their letter and our reply to *The Daily Tar Heel* which printed them the next day.

III.

Socially, the crew became our gang; the captains our leaders. We admired and followed "Red" Mathewson, George Oliver, and Will Hayes. We did not resent their not working as we did and that they didn't scold us when we broke a dish.

Working at the scrapping table one day, I stepped backward and bumped into someone unloading dirty dishes from a truck—a worker on the clean-up crew. Johnny Branch grinned and accepted my apology. He had taken a job with the freshmen on the crew when he was cut off from the training table following his dismissal from the football team. Johnny kept to himself most of the time. He ate with a group of freshmen to whom he said little and sat around waiting for the boarders to leave so he could start to work.

I noticed a red-faced, thin-haired fellow on the same clean-up crew. He said "Hello" to me each day when I met him carrying the aprons down to the dressing room. One night at a basketball game I learned who he was. He was Virgil Weathers, who thrilled us when he made All-Southern forward that year. Paul Dunlap was a waiter serving Paul Edwards and other athletes from Best House. The olive-skinned Greek, Harry Tsumas, All-Southern wrestler and captain of the Carolina team, was another waiter I liked. Harry was a friendly chap, his white teeth gleaming in a smile whenever I met him on his way to the kitchen. Best House's one and only Phi Beta Kappa student, Bill Miller, served a group of engineering students. With his grey shirt and funny haircut, Miller seemed a fixture in Swain Hall.

Waiting on tables was an education within itself. You learn a lot about people when you wait on them. I believe one's whole character and breeding is indicated by the way he conducts himself at the table. I had twenty men to wait on, ten to each table. Some were too shy to ask for what they wanted; others were too bold and showed their ill-breeding through rowdyism and other mis-conduct. I had to give especial attention to the shy ones, while the ones who felt superior to the waiter gave their orders to me in an authoritative tone.

Some customers objected to every meal but kept coming back. Learning that they were chronic grumblers, that they were satisfied with the food and service but enjoyed finding fault, I grew philosophical. If they were willing to pay twenty dollars per month for the privilege of criticizing everything, I was willing to serve them. I agreed with Obie when he said there were some who would always be fault-finders. "In the army

they call it 'gutting'," Obie said; "Here at college they 'gripe' about everything; at home they used to 'complain'."

Three Deke pledges ate with me one fall quarter; one of them I knew was the son of a millionaire. They were the easiest of all to wait on. The millionaire's son was out for football and had been to school at Kiski. While he poured his own coffee and talked to me about Cliff Montgomery's chances of making All-American that year, a mill-town freshman on my other table called me to refill his glass from the water pitcher that stood right beside the glass. The wealthy Deke formed a contrast with this freshman and others who made me get them another glass of milk if theirs was not filled quite as full as the rest, or who made me bring them another dessert if their saucer contained one cherry less than their neighbor's.

Sometimes the customers were comical. One absent-minded one repeatedly put his oatmeal in his plate instead of his bowl; another was addicted to asking dumb questions. His prize trick was to ask me whether Swain Hall kept its own cow out behind the building to supply the boarders with milk. He said he had seen a large cow out there. I had one coffee fiend. I could never have the coffee hot enough unless I visibly brought it from the kitchen. I soon learned to fix him. If I knew the coffee had just been brought out I poured him some and asked how it was. If he hadn't seen me bring it he would say it was getting cold and would pour it out in a bowl or another cup. I would offer to get some from the kitchen. Stepping back toward the kitchen I would wait a few moments out of sight behind a cupboard. When I returned and poured him some of the same coffee, he would taste it and say it was hot enough. I fooled him for nearly two years.

Scrubbing the floor of the dining room was another experience worth recalling. We scrubbed on Saturday nights, and it was an all-night job. Rarely leaving before six o'clock the next morning, sometimes we finished so late we didn't go to bed at all but remained at the hall for breakfast. Congregating in the baking room, we warmed our damp feet against the bottom of the oven. We must have provided a strange spectacle for those who looked in at us on their way home from dances or other late-hour activities. Some barefooted, some wearing boots, some over-alls rolled up above the knees, and still others wearing athletic sweat-clothes, we pushed and pulled our mops and brushes.

Some one once thought of bringing a phonograph one night when we were scrubbing. The machine, a rattler one from the old Chi Phi self-help house, was placed on a dish truck and rolled about the hall as we pushed and pulled to the rhythm of the "The Dusky Stevedore." We scurried about as someone put on "The Chinese Breakdown" and moved more slowly as the needle scratched a tune out of a recording of "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Another time, we worked by radio music. With the set grounded to a radiator, we kept working until all the stations had signed off just before dawn. We slighted the parts of the floor at a distance from the radio and scrubbed too well the flooring in its vicinity.

IV.

The occasional meetings of Swain Hall workers, at which Obie told us what was wrong with us and heard our complaints, were highly educational. Also at these meetings we learned some of the traditions of the University dining room. We were all amused at Obie's accounts of his student days in Swain Hall. We could imagine Obie as he told a troublesome customer: "My name is Obie Harmon and I'm from Pittsboro. If you steal this glass of milk I'm going to knock you so-and-so." The story of the mysterious burning of the kitchen of Swain Hall in April 1924, never was told at a meeting. Here it is as I picked it up elsewhere:

The boy who fired the oven at Swain arrived one morning to find the kitchen of the hall on fire. An alarm was turned in. Obie, who had returned from the hospital the day before after an appendectomy was barely able to move about on his bed. Hearing someone shout that Swain Hall was afire, he jumped up, grabbed a walking cane, and almost ran to the dining room. The office was under the kitchen. Obie rushed down there, brought out the stock record and cash box, instructed the fire chief where to find other valuables and said, "Let the d—— thing burn!"

Having spent four years at Swain Hall, I know that a great many generally accepted ideas about the place are incorrect. The dining room employs more self-help students than any other establishment in Chapel Hill. Manager Harmon estimates that each year more than one hundred students work there, earning from one meal to full board. Each worker is selected on the basis of his need

and assigned to Harmon by the University Self-help Committee. They do not get their jobs through any political pull in the State or through their athletic ability. A great many athletes are employed, and they make good workers. Speaking from years of experience in dealing with athletic heroes, Obie has reached these general conclusions: football players do not make good workers; basketball players make the best, with track men running a close second; wrestlers, baseball players, boxers, and football players follow in the order named.

Another popular misconception is Swain Hall's political significance. The dining room has been variously influential in politics and in the past has often decided a close contest. Obie Harmon was defeated by Swain Hall for president of the Junior class in 1921-22 when the opposition circulated reports that he had traded the Swain vote for dance leaders to the Bulls and the Shieks of Fraternity Row in return for their support of him for president of the junior class. The report was false, and the next year the Swain group, remembering they had been hoodwinked, turned about face and elected Obie president of the student body over the same candidate. Thomas Turner, Jr., now a High Point lawyer, opposed Obie for both offices.

Swain Hall's support was not enough to put Hamilton Hobgood in office as president of the student body in the 1932 spring election, and Swain's political influence has dwindled continuously now until it is at its weakest. Harry Williamson, the present headwaiter, has no interest in politics. It is through this lack of interested political leadership, and through the breaking up of the Swain Hall clannishness by the campus parties that Swain Hall is dormant. There is no political organization at Swain Hall. Its power lies chiefly in the convenience it provides in reaching a large number of self-help and non-fraternity students. Workers at Swain Hall certainly are not told whom to vote for, as some people profess to believe. Obie made himself clear at a meeting the night before the election in which Hobgood was a candidate: "I'll fire any man in Swain Hall who fails to vote as I say. I'm telling you now how I want you to vote, and that is just as you God Damn Please!"

I am to get a degree from the University in June. But no mere piece of paper will reward my four years at Swain Hall. My reward there I have already received. It has not been tangible; it has been in fraternizing with hundreds of kindred workers. As I leave, my reward will likewise be intangible, for I go with life membership in a fraternity that is the largest and truest of them all—that ever-growing fraternity of the boys who work at Swain Hall.

Tehachapi

Down the deluge flooded canyon
Forty feet of water rushed
Like one foaming wall of silver;
A divine purgative, it flushed
The Pass of high Tehachapi.

Nine bridges bounced against the roofs
Of half a dozen villages.
A freight train lumbered down the flood.
Dread death was at his pillages
In the Pass Tehachapi.

Full sixty human bodies sped
Within that billowy avalanche,
All lifeless, tumbling down to sea
To feed the fish—and then, perchance,
To look from Heaven on Tehachapi.

—Vernon B. Crook.

Warm Friendship

By NELSON LANSDALE

"DOWN FOUR, doubled and vulnerable."

"Don't crow, Baker."

"I'm not crowing," replied Baker of the sallow complexion, greasy black hair and long fingers. "I only wanted to get it straight now. For once will you put down the score we made, and not the score we should have made if—"

"Don't get tough, for Christ's sake, Baker." There was nothing but contempt in Thompson's plain, pale face.

Ed Hutchins leaned forward heavily. "If you'd led me back clubs, Thompson, we'd have made it. I couldn't get back on the board with you leading into their hand, could I?"

"I was trying to establish my queen of diamonds. Who do you think *you* are, anyway, Culbertson?"

"Hutchins, Thompson—both of you, cut it out." Larry Madison had heard a lot of this before.

"What in the hell do you care? You set us, didn't you?" Thompson's tone was ugly.

"Aw, he was only trying to quiet you two pals," broke in Baker. "You'd think this was a boarding house instead of—" The radio squealed suddenly, and he leaned over to tone it down.

"The volume's on the other side," suggested Hutchins.

"Instead of what?" demanded Larry, his bloodless lips compressed in a humorless smile.

"Instead of a fraternity! What d'y'think?"

Larry's tone was icy. "I don't know anything about boarding houses, but—"

"Look here, you all"—the objector was mild-mannered Ed Hutchins again—"can't we even play a hand of bridge without getting into a scrap?"

It was Baker's turn. His unpleasant grey-green eyes flashed as he spoke. "What in hell's it to you?"

Hutchins glared back. "Go on then, Baker, and see who gives a damn." He slammed the deck down on the table. Little green scotties sprawled across the padded silk cover.

Thompson's chair scraped the floor roughly. "It's getting late, anyway, boys. Let's continue the demonstration of brotherly love tomorrow." He sidled out of the chair with an easy motion, and slouched toward the stairs. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Thompson," said Hutchins, pocketing his pen. He pushed his chair up under the table. "See you boys in the morning," he added disgustedly. His steps were heavy as he clumped up the stairs.

"In bonds of holiest friendship bound," murmured Baker, quoting the ritual.

"Yeah—holy like a sock." Larry pushed his chair away from the table.

"You'll have to admit, though, that the fraternity ideal's something fine enough to be worth living up to." Baker's tapering fingers collected the scattered cards easily.

"Of course they're fine. But who pays any attention to 'em? Boy scout ideals are a fine thing too. You were a scout weren't you, Baker?"

"Yeah—first class."

"Can you name five scout laws for me?"

The wrinkles on Baker's forehead increased. "Nope. But—they did some good at the time. Just because I've outgrown 'em, forgotten 'em, doesn't make 'em no good."

"Well, the difference is that you outgrow or forget the fraternity ideals while you're still an active fraternity man. A fraternity's like the boy scouts, except that you don't have as much enthusiasm, and it doesn't last as long."

"I don't know about that. It ought to mean more than that, somehow . . ."

Larry's voice was sharp. "Does it?" he asked.

"I don't know. I guess you get out of it as much as you put into it—I'm getting sleepy. Let's go to bed." Baker yawned.

"Don't think I will yet," said Larry, and slumped lower in his chair.

"Well — goodnight." Baker moved quietly across the floor, and started up the steps.

"Goodnight."

Baker's steps faded out on the stairs, and Larry slumped in the comfortable chair by the radio, watching the shadows from the glowing fire on the hearth play on the raftered ceiling. It was late, and the house was quiet. Its volume cut down to half, the surprised radio whined nervous orchestrations from somewhere in Chicago's loop. Here, at long last, was peace for Larry, peace from his brothers in Alpha Delta.

Larry wondered if his brother Bill, a graduate

of Alpha Delta and the University three years ago, had ever slumped like this before the fire late at night, happy because there were no brothers on his nerves. It seemed unlikely. Bill got along with everybody, and everybody got along with Bill, just as they got along with Bill senior, who had been an Alpha Delt at Pennsylvania in '01. Alpha Delta there had been a congenial little island of refugees living simply and happily away from the confusion of Philadelphia at the turn of the century.

Perhaps that security was one reason why hearty, good-natured Bill West thought that Alpha Delta was the only fraternity in the world. Perhaps that was why he was alumni secretary of his region—in honor of those pleasant years on Locust Street. When Bill junior went off to college the old man had worried a little lest the Alpha Delts at the University fail to meet his son's standards, or Bill the standards of the chapter. He had recommended him, and waited. He was happy when young Bill wired home the announcement of his pledging to Alpha Delta.

Three years later, Larry went off to the University with Bill—and he was an Alpha Delta before he reached the campus. Not that anything of importance happened on the way down, or that there had been much decision to it. "As to the fraternity, Larry," Bill had said as they sped through the crisp autumn morning, "of course we like you, and we want you with us. But if there's anybody else you like better, go there. Don't go Alpha Delt because I'm the chapter president. Go where you like the boys—that's all that matters." And with that, Bill, who had never been very close to Larry anyway, and who felt the conversation taking a turn toward the maudlin, demanded a cigarette gruffly, and switched the conversation to football prospects for the season.

Larry remembered the talk, and was glad for it, especially during the hectic confusion of rushing season. There were so many houses, and strange people, and funny little isolated fragments of a thousand rushing conversations floated through his mind when his history book was open before him. He liked particularly the Sigma Psi's—— they seemed sincerely interested in him, and what he was going to do. They didn't seem to evaluate him on the size of his hat, or the way he played bridge. And they entertained graciously, effortlessly, a large number of freshmen they didn't know. In the midst of confusion they remained calm without smugness or superiority. And they liked what they liked without affectation.

It was the vision of Bill senior, nearly bald now, and sorrowfully proud of his two sons, wishing Larry goodbye which stuck in Larry's mind. The old man had delayed his morning trek to the office long enough to pat Larry on both shoulders and shake his hand warmly, to assure him: "Bill'll take care of you, son——and if you want anything . . ." and watch the olive-green roadster fade out of the driveway and out onto the wide boulevard which led the way through rolling fields and prosperous farmlands to college. The old man thought so much of Alpha Delta. It was barely perceptible, of course, but Larry remembered when Bill had brought one of his friends home who wasn't an Alpha Delt. There did seem to be a difference, however slight, between Alpha Delts and the rest of the world. It hadn't been necessary for Larry to wire his father that he'd pledged Alpha Delt. It was a matter of course—at home.

They got on his nerves from the second week of pledge season. A warm, quiet little island of security and assurance within himself, Larry didn't need group snobbery to support his conception of his own importance within the collegiate scheme of things. The Alpha Delts undoubtedly did, and he disliked them for it. He disliked, too, their collective, conceited aimlessness. Their mass complacency at membership in Alpha Delt stung him at first to ill-advised ridicule, and then to bitter silence.

Larry drank, but when a drunken fraternity brother woke him up stumbling into the wrong bed during football season he saw red. With ample pocket money, he learned to despise gambling because people he disliked did it constantly. His smouldering disgust flared into angry vituperation on occasions when his soap or his toothpaste or his handkerchiefs or his ties or his clean flannels were missing when he needed them.

Initiation, and the endless bickerings that were chapter meetings, increased his dislike for inanities he came mistakenly to believe were typical only of the Alpha Delts. His pride kept him away from other houses, except when definite errands took him elsewhere. He pointedly avoided the Sigma Psi's and their house. There were a few "stray Greeks" at the Alpha Delt house constantly; misfits in their own chapters who found of a fraternity what they wanted in Alpha Delt at poor second-hand. They were laughed about, not

(*Continued on page Thirty-two*)

Addressed to Teachers of Cultural Subjects

GENTLEMEN:

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Whenever I chance to have a serious conversation with anyone of ordinary penetration who has attempted or is attempting to gain a "liberal education" I find that person in a peculiar state of bewilderment. He isn't able to tell me just what this "liberal education" is, and, furthermore, he is uusually dubious about his own place in society. He may even lament, to put it mildly in a Greek derivative, his own coprophagous nature in allowing himself to be subjected to your machinations. He finds that he hasn't become anything and that he doesn't seem fitted to become anything. In short, he is intellectually a total loss.

And when that person happens to be one who evidently has (or had) potentialities for cultural development I am overcome by the rather primitive desire to go about devoting all of my energy to the instigation of a social reform, in the name of humanity. My program involves (1) the immediate destruction of all non-technical "educational" institutions, and (2) the burning of all teachers of non-technical subjects, and this while they are still physiologically alive. Of course, a few exceptions might be made in carrying out the second proposal, especially if some teachers were found to be alive culturally as well as physiologically. But I'm afraid there would not be very many . . . And since I am not by nature either a reformer or very much of a social humanitarian, the stimulus for my rather poorly inhibited emotional condition must have been a very great one.

Unfortunately such a reform is impractical. Even if I were to obtain a few followers I should probably be severely restrained by my own sentimental inclinations. But at any rate you should realize that something ought to be done about it. One can't help feeling sorry on ocassion for the many unfortunate men and women who spend the most receptive years of their lives in search of something called "culture," only to find themselves at the end of these years in a state of befuddlement or else with a lot of queer, outmoded ideas that are found to be tragically inadequate in application. Most of them are conditioned against any sane approach to cultural materials by the dictionary-like, paste-on-a-label-and-run manner in which such materials have been presented to them. And I think, gentlemen, that all this is your fault.

And since you are at least in a large measure responsible I am tempted to say that you represent a criminal element in the machinery of our society. And, furthermore, that the institutions which support you are corrupt and somewhat absurd in a civilization that is so sincerely utilitarian and that purports, day by day, to be becoming more and more "functional." Naturally, you will reply to these charges by making certain slanderous remarks about the general level of student intelligence. It isn't native intelligence that's lacking; it's training. The "shallowness and stupidity" of your students is largely your doing, not theirs. Some of you may even go so far as to deny cultural values in the modern world anyway. I know that some of you have little idea of what cultural values are, in any world. And those of you who deny them in the present only betray your ignorance thereof. I suggest that such dubious persons among you resign immediately and obtain some such position as conducting street-cars rather than classes, out of self-respect. The more intelligent among you might even conduct whole trains.

Now I realize that some of you are scholars and that as such you have a minor place in this technical world of ours. But as scholars, unless you have definite qualities for cultural teaching, you have no business trying to teach anyone except those who intend to become scholars. And again, some of you who are not scholars have less culture than the students whom you are attempting to teach, although you may have a little more knowledge. Thus you may be able to impart disconnected factual information and what A. N. Whitehead calls "inert ideas," that is to say, ideas which you yourself do not know how to apply, or how they ever were or could be applied by anyone else. But disconnected factual information and inert ideas are of little use to the student seeking an education. In fact, as Whitehead says: "Education with inert ideas is not only useless: it is, above all things, harmful."

Professor Whitehead also has an excellent definition of culture. "Culture," he says, "is activity of thought, and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling." No such definition can be all-inclusive, but it sems to me that this one contains

a good deal of truth. I think that you will find that some of your colleagues are not guilty of much activity of thought or of any particular receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling. In fact many of them confine their mental activity to the vicarious enjoyment of cheap fiction and only pretend to be concerned with cultural materials in the class room. Surely these men are not capable of imparting any cultural feeling to their students, are they? Confucius said: "The man of virtue . . . wishing himself to be illuminated, he will illuminate others." Any teacher who has lost interest in his own cultural development should find something else to do.

Having disposed, then, of a number of you, let us see what can be done with those of you who remain. I will assume that those of you to whom I write now are, to a certain extent, cultured, that you have a proper respect for cultural values, and that you are still actively furthering your own cultural development. Your duty as a teacher, it seems to me, is to present the cultural achievements with which you are concerned in such a way as to make them in some way pertinent to your students as individuals. That sounds like a very complicated task but it isn't as bad as it seems. The key to the situation lies in the fact that your students are living in a peculiar period—the present. And when they leave school they are going to be confronted with the ideals, the problems, and the cultural achievements of contemporary civilization. Any knowledge of the past which they obtain is only of value to them in so far as it helps them to understand their own time.

As Santayana writes, (and what he says applies to other fields as well as literature), "The sole advantage in possessing great works of literature lies in what they can help us to become." And your students, if they are to become anything, will have to do it in the contemporary scene. Therefore, and please attend closely, you may consider that you have functioned as a teacher when you have extracted the significance —the underlying *Weltanschauung*—from the material you are presenting, shown how that viewpoint or attitude developed, how it has become modified in succeeding manifestations, and, most important of all, how it manifests itself today. A large number of you, because of certain cosmological and ethical superstitions, are unable to face the real meaning of some of the works you try to teach, much less show how they are significant for the present. However, unless you can do this you have no right to consider yourselves as teachers. And it isn't an impossible task; I've seen it done. The students involved were not extraordinarily intelligent and they thoroughly appreciated the process.

In short, you should present anything you propose to teach in such a manner that it will be actually useful to your students. And by useful I don't mean decorative. *Was man nicht nuetzt, ist eine schwere Last.* All this may seem quite obvious. But most of you are totally unaware of the present, although some of you pretend to know something about it. When such knowledge is mere pretense you may do a great deal of harm by giving your students false notions of their own environment. "In general," says Freud, "men experience the present naively." A great many of you are not only naive about it, but have an absurd fear of anything not already out of date "because one can't get any perspective on it." What does it matter how the achievements of the present will be evaluated a hundred years hence? We are living among them now and we won't be living then at all. The views of the future are not our concern. "To learn," said Confucius, who is a time-tested authority, "and to practise on occasion what one has learnt—is this not true pleasure?" I'm afraid you offer your students little opportunity for "true pleasure." You might have learned from William James that "an impression which simply flows in at the pupil's eyes or ears and in no way modifies his active life, is an impression gone to waste." And having learned it allowed yourselves a little "true pleasure." I must re-emphasize the fact that a student's "active life" takes place in the present, not, as some of you seem to think, in the past or the future.

You ought to know, then, something about the problems which your students are going to face, and the cultural achievements which rightly belong to them. And in order to know this you must be aware of recent tendencies in thought and expression, and the changes in those tendencies that are taking place daily. If you had customarily correlated the materials you were supposed to teach with the world in which you live your students would not be in their present state of bewilderment. And should you begin to do so now I should no longer be justified in wishing to destroy all non-technical educational institutions or to carry out any incendiary gestures

toward you. Culture would once more become a word of some dignity, and the scientist would no longer be able to sneer at you and call you "useless" and "outmoded." Nor would you so assininely sneer back at the scientist in self-defense. Our friend the science teacher must keep up with current developments in his field. Most of you bury yourselves in some arbitrary segment of the past and don't realize that you have a field to keep up with. As things are you can get away with it, but that fact is in no way a justification for your position. Incidentally, as Mr. Max Eastman recently pointed out, you may soon find the scientist encroaching on your own territory.

Meanwhile I realize that you are not, in all probability, going to do anything about it, since most of you are too lazy to make even a feeble attempt. And most of you will maintain your contemptuous attitude toward the present (an attitude most harmful to your students) as a defense mechanism by way of excuse for your laziness and consequent ignorance. Furthermore, in spite of my frankness and sincerity, you will accuse me of being an insolent young upstart without a decent respect for his elders, thus conveniently overlooking what I have said entirely. And therefore I wish to remind you that as a group you may be said to represent a criminal element in society, and that, considering the harm you customarily inflict, seriously, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

D. W. ROBERTSON

Nursing Those Professorial Brats

By PETE IVEY

WILY BATES knocked on the door of Prof. Zeno Mathees' office on the second floor of Murphey Hall. "Come in," called a voice. Wily entered and stood awkwardly waiting for Prof. Mathees to look up from a bundle of papers. For half a minute no sound had come from the professor, and Wily shuffled slightly and cleared his throat. "Uuughmmm?" he said.

Professor Mathees quickly glanced up and said testily, "What do you mean? — Why don't you knock?—Oh—harrumph—pardon me—What can I do for you sir?"

"You phoned the self-help bureau a few minutes ago and asked—"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," interrupted the professor, "How do you do? What can I do for you? I mean, what is your name?"

"Wily Bates, sir."

"Bates, humm—any relation to the Bates' in Wilmington? No? Well—I used to have a fellow named Bates in my class about eight years ago—Smart boy—Well, have a seat."

Wily seated himself, and the professor, making apology, continued perusing his paper. Two minutes later he again became aware of Wily's presence and jerked himself up. "Oh, pardon me. Let me see. Oh yes, I'm going out tonight, Mrs. Mathees and I, and I want someone to stay with my two children. Can you do it?"

"Yes sir, that's what I'm here for."

"Oh yes, to be sure. Well, can you come at about 7:30?"

Wily assured him that he could, and hastily departed, leaving Prof. Mathees absorbed in his work.

That night he knocked on the door of the Mathees' cottage on Graham Drive. Prof. Mathees opened the door. "Yes?" he said questioningly.

"I've come to stay while you—"

"Oh yes, won't you come in?"

Mrs. Mathees entered. Prof. Mathees acted as master of ceremonies. "This is Mr. Mr.—

"Bates, sir, Wily Bates."

"Oh yes, Mr. Bates."

Mrs. Mathees smiled in a manner that both welcomed Wily and apologized for the professor.

The two children came in. One was a boy of about ten years and the other was a girl of seven. "Joan, Zeno," said Mrs. Mathees, "this is Mr. Bates. He will stay with you until we come home. Mr. Bates, Joan goes to bed at 8:30; just see that she goes to her room. Zeno can stay up until we return. We will be back at about 10:00 o'clock."

"Yes, ma'm," said Wily.

Prof. and Mrs. Mathees left.

"How about reading some to us?" asked Joan

"Sure," said Wily, "what would you like? Do you have any Mickey Mouse or fairy tale books?"

"I don't read that stuff," said Joan, "wait, I'll get a book."

She drew a large volume from the shelf and handed it to Wily.

"Why, this is the works of Washington Irving," said Wily. "You don't want to read this?"

"Certainly I do," said the seven-year-old Miss. Zeno horned in. "No, she doesn't wish to read that book," he said. "If you desire to read to us, I would suggest Boccaccio's *Decameron Tales*."

"Whaaat?" said Wily. "You don't read that? Not with Joan here?"

Joan gave him a look that Wily didn't notice especially at the time, but which later he recollected to be a gaze of contempt.

"My good fellow," observed Zeno, "have you never stayed with children of faculty members before?"

"No," admitted Wily.

"Oh then I understand. Well, to become initiated is extremely interesting, to me, and possibly to you. Though I am only ten years of age and Joan has seven years, that does not mean we read Little Red Riding Hood and Jack the Giant Killer, though, of course, those books were instrumental to our early education."

Wily looked his surprise, and Zeno, assured of an appreciative audience, continued, "Naturally you are surprised at my request to read the *Decameron Tales*. You need have no fear. Joan and I have been informed of the facts of life. You may proceed without any qualms of the conscience." Wily read three chapters and noticed it was 8:30. "That's your bed-time, isn't it Joan?" said Wily.

"I suppose so," said Joan wearily. "One hates to go to bed when one is interested in a subject, doesn't one?" Well, good night Zeno. Good night Wily."

When she had gone, Zeno remarked, "That book is getting tame. Would you mind reading another? Here's a copy of *The Iliad* in Greek. Do you translate readily?"

"No, I don't read Greek at all."

"That's too bad. You're missing a great deal. The Iliad is much more potent in the original than in an English translation."

At five minutes of ten Prof. and Mrs. Mathees returned. Wily was paid fifty cents and allowed to go to his dormitory, stunned and bewildered by this new experience.

When he awoke the next morning, he said to himself, "It was all a bad dream." But then he looked in his pocket and found the fifty cents. He sighed and went back to sleep, skipping an eight-thirty.

II.

"Mr. Bates, may I see you a moment after class?" Wily waited until the group around Professor John Williams had dispersed, and then he approached his economics teacher. "Mr. Bates, Prof. Mathees informs me you are an excellent nurse." Prof. Williams paused to laugh a bit at his joke and continued, "Would you consider coming out to my house tomorrow night to see that my boy, Henry, behaves himself?"

"Why, yes sir."

"Fine, shall I expect you at about 7:45 then?"

"Yes sir."

When Wily and Henry Williams were alone that night, the "nurse" said cautiously, "What would you like to do, Henry?"

"Do?" said Henry.

"Yes, wouldn't you like to have me read to you?"

"Are you in the habit of reading to people?"

"Yes, I read some to Zeno Mathees the other night."

"Junior Mathees? Well now, isn't that odd? He always was a dependent sort of bird though. Do you enjoy reading?"

"Not especially," said Wily, "I enjoy reading your father's text, however," he added craftily.

"Oh that," said Henry. "It may be satisfactory as a text, but for me give me something more technical. Pater tried to make the book too simple, until it's ridiculous, really."

"Uh Huh," said Wily.

"Take for instance his treatment of the questions of centralization in extorting capitalistic stability from the proletariat, not, of course, as circumstances pending the amelioration of quasi-artisan or petty-bourgeosie status quo in toto but fundamentally as a Marxist superstructure in terms of a purposive social process, generally recognized as "Kulturprozess." Do you follow me?"

"How old are you?" asked Wily.

"Twelve, why do you ask?"

"Nothing," said Wily.

III.

Wily's fame and dependability among professors' children became known throughout academic circles. Faculty offsprings became a nightmare to him, but his success with brat-intelligentsia increased in proportion to his perplexity. The self-help bureau would not transfer him to another

job so popular was he as a children's home companion. Thoughts occurred to him that he quickly shunted out of his mind — "No, kidnapping would not do; 'The Ransom of the Red Chief' would be a mild tale as compared with spending two hours with the physics professor's son who was forever experimenting with propensities of falling objects, specific gravity of a gram of sea weed, or the mass density of a cucumber."

Consider the argument he had with the son of Dr. Samuel Withergrass, the head of the Philosophy department. Sammy Jr., only eleven years of age, did not kiss his mother goodbye when she left for the cinema. "Kiss mother?" he said, "My friend, do you realize what emotions and philosophical incongruities enter into a kiss, not to mention the millions of varieties of germs?"

"Don't you love your mother?" countered Wily.

"Love. What is love?" asked young Sammy. Do you mean love as advanced by the philosophy of Plato, or the metophysics of love portended by Eros and advanced by Freud?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know?" said Wily.

"Truth," almost shouted Sammy, "you are treading on dangerous ground, my friend. What do you mean by truth? Do you consider truth beauty, beauty truth, or do you consider each for the sake of each other?"

Then there was the time the chemistry professor's tiny daughter was experimenting with acids and decided to see how H_2SO_4 and the skin of Wily's hand worked on litmus paper. He will never forget the look on Billie Flower's face when he told this son of a history professor all Gaul was divided into eight different parts.

Early one May morning the self-help office called Wily on the phone and assigned him to the home of Prof. Wilson Bane to care for his six children while he was away for four hours.

"Sure, I'll be there," said Wily resignedly. "What does Prof. Bane teach?"

"He's a psychiatrist."

"A what?"

"Yeah, he specializes in diseases of the mind."

"O. K. Goodbye."

IV.

Several white-robed figures whispered quietly outside the sick room. The doctor came out, a look of grave speculation on his countenance.

"How is he doctor?"

"It's one of the most interesting cases I've ever seen. He may live, but he'll never fully recover."

This Business of Pure English

By JOHN FREDRIC BUTLER

MR. C. K. OGDEN of Magdalene College, Cambridge, re-opened an old wound when he announced, with no compulsion and certainly no compunction, that he had constructed a vocabulary of eight hundred and fifty words to be the English language. Eight hundred and fifty basic, fundamental words, he would have us know, are all that is necessary to express any idea in English. The English language, as it is given in the *New Oxford Dictionary*, has over four hundred thousand words; and the normal man makes use of between seven thousand and twenty thousand of these. As great a number as fifty thousand may be necessary for reading a newspaper. Yet, exclusive of special names such as those of persons and places, words used in special fields, and words which are used internationally such as "hotel" and "telephone," Mr. Ogden would have us express ourselves with a vocabulary of a mere eight hundred and fifty words. The vast number of English words that remain will be summarily discarded and tossed, unwanted, into the linguistic wastebasket.

This unique ambition of Mr. Ogden's is, it seems to me, the fruit of an antagonistic obsession. Many times, within the very short career of reading that it has been my pleasure to indulge in, I have been possessed of an obsession that might have been the disease of Mr. Ogden, and which might easily have led me to a similar ambition. Elucidating, I hasten to explain that this obsession is an antagonism against a superabundant verbosity indulged in by authors and poets, a needless flaunting of words, a foolish philandering of language, an unforgivable insertion of foreign phrases, and a seeming corruption of the native tongue. C. K. Ogden, as James Joyce, has read his native literature; he has read some of it

too indefatigably. And he has removed himself to the furthest extreme from verbosity and has become the Dean of Purists.

II.

C. K. Ogden is not the first of these extremists to appear on our linguistic front, although he is, I believe, the leading extremist. Our language is rich in Latin, in French, in many other languages, and it has long been a common opinion that the language has deteriorated in consequence of this multitude of foreign admixtures. Some purists have gone so far as to recommend an entire disuse of words of Latin origin, to put upon them the ban of public odium, to stigmatize them as foreigners and intruders. And, in defense of these purists, it cannot be doubted, indeed, that many writers have been beguiled into an excess by their partiality for the Latin vocables.

Of these writers, perhaps, the most outstanding is Dr. Samuel Johnson. Certainly, he was a great sinner in this respect. "Our Father, who art in Heaven," translated into Johnsonese, would read something like this: "Paternal Divine, who existest in the celestial regions!" "If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?" is a piece of as good English as was ever written. Turned into Johnsonese it would appear: "On the supposition that an individual salutes an individual, does an individual lie under any obligation to exclaim in a vehement and plaintive voice?" A boy in an English charity-school was once asked, "What did King David do when the servants told him that his child was dead?" "Please, sir," said the boy, "he cleaned himself and took to his victuals." The admirers of the high polite style would be quite shocked at such homespun talk, and would, if possible, array the matter quite differently. "What course of action," they would have it, "did King David pursue when he received intelligence of the demise of the infant?" And the boy, in order to make them perfectly happy, would be forced to answer: "He performed his ablutions and immediately proceeded to partake of refreshments."

Perhaps the happiest hit upon this style is the invitation of Dr. Johnson in the *Rejected Address* of Horace and James Smith. "Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy. Let it not then be conjectured, that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit. He that is the most assured of success will make the fewest appeals to favor, and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld. A swelling opening is too often succeeded by an insignificant conclusion. Parturient mountains have ere now produced muscipular abortions; and the auditor who compares incipient grandeur with final vulgarity is reminded of the pious hawkers of Constantinople, who solemnly perambulate her streets, exclaiming, 'In the name of the Prophet—figs!'"

But among our great authors, Dr. Johnson is not the only sinner in this respect. Gibbon, for instance, is quite his equal. And many others have fallen under the Latin curse. On the other hand, however, there are works in our language that are comparatively free from this Latinism. The English Bible is an example of this pure English expression. And, perhaps, the writers who approach more closely to the Bible, in the purity of their English, are Shakespeare, Bunyan and Addison.

III.

That part of the domain of English letters in which words of classical origin most abound, is in the field of science. With the exception of a few Arabic terms, almost our entire scientific nomenclature is derived from the Latin and the Greek. Medicine, geology, mineralogy, grammar, logic, mathematics, physics, metaphysics, are all in all a state of utter dependence upon languages with which none but the learned are familiar. This undoubtedly has been a hindrance to the communication of knowledge. To anyone acquainted with the Greek and Latin, the terms used in the different sciences, almost of themselves, and without further study, describe the objects to which they are applied. Therefore, if these terms, instead of being taken from a dead language, had been drawn from the resources of the mother-tongue, the very structure of the word would show its meaning even to the unlearned, and with the meaning of the word would be conveyed a knowledge of the thing.

When, for instance, the anatomist speaks of the "systole" and "diastole" of the heart, he talks Greek. He must consequently explain himself. He must give in different words a description of the thing meant. And after his hearers have learned from these other sources the nature of the subject, they infer vaguely what must be the meaning of the words. Now, suppose the anatomist had been called to explain the same point

to a native Greek. The words themselves would have conveyed the idea which is meant, and nothing more would have been necessary to convey this idea, even to an unlettered man, than a mere annunciation of the terms. To a native Greek, systole and diastole, apogee and perigee, hydraulics, hydrodyriamics, clepsydra, creosote, isomeric, isomorphic, metamorphic, and all the thousands upon thousands of scientific terms, which so puzzle the mere English student, are just as intelligible and expressive in themselves, as to the native Englishman are our homespun compounds, inkstand, moonlight, notebook, sunshine, doorknob, steamship, woodland, hilltop, cornfield, snowflake, pitchfork, daylight, forenoon, afternoon, and so on, to any extent. I cannot doubt, therefore, that if the terms of science had been, from the first, and throughout, carefully elaborated out of our own native materials, the difficulties in the communication of science would have been much lessened.

The actual number of foreign words in the language, great as this may be, is not the worst feature in the case. A still greater evil is the national tendency to adopt others as fast as they are wanted, without reluctance, and apparently without limit, instead of producing them by a process of home-manufacture.

In some languages there appears to be a perfect reliance upon their own resources for the expression of new ideas. Whenever, in the progress of the arts, or in the wide ranges of human thought, it becomes necessary to employ some new word for the expression of some new shade of meaning, it is always done in such languages by some new combination or fresh moulding of the materials already existing. Such a process begets a habit, and with the habit a facility, in the formation of compound and derivative words, that in the end render a language in the highest degree flexible and expressive. Such is the truly infinite power of combination in a language so formed, that it is impossible to conceive an idea which the language does not furnish within itself the means of completely expressing.

How different is the English practice! Every new fashion from the French milliners, every new dancer from the French stage, every new singer or musician from the Italian opera, every discovery in science, every invention in art, even too often the arts, and wants, and inventions that spring up indigenously among ourselves, have to be made known to the public under some foreign term. Such is the fashion, and fashion in language, as in most things, is supreme. Even Morse must call his far-off-writer a telegraph, and Webster himself, our great lexicographer, with all his temerity, had not the courage to call his Dictionary a Word-book.

How different have been the fortunes of the English from those of the German. These two languages, in the beginning of the race, started evenly. They were both of the same common stock. Their parents, the old Saxon and the old German, have a common ancestor in the venerable Gothic. Cradled in the impenetrable forests of the elder Europe, they were, in the fifth century, in the same incipient formative condition. The German, hemmed in on all sides, but not invaded, was led by circumstances to draw upon its own resources for the invention of new terms to express the new ideas which became evolved in the onward progress of civilization. Hence has resulted a language capable of expressing, by combinations of its own native words, every shade of meaning required even by the teeming brains of that nation of students, a language uniting infinite diversity of forms with entire simplicity of materials. Witness these compounds: weltanschauung, welterfahren, schussgeschwindigkeit, wiederbelebungsversuch, hintereinander, weltgeschichte, abendsonnenschein, empfangstag, ferienordnung. How different the English!—a coglomerate of materials from a dozen different sources; affluent, indeed, almost beyond comparison, in its multiplicity of words, but wanting in that noble simplicity which might have been the result of a different course of political events.

IV.

But let us not be pessimistic. Bad as the case is, it is not entirely hopeless. There are in various quarters symptoms of a growing partiality for words of native stock. Besides this, the very evil lamented is not without compensating advantages. One advantage of this facility with which we borrow foreign words is that we have thereby become, beyond all nations, rich in synonyms. For the same idea, in almost numberless instances, we have two, and sometimes even three terms, exactly equivalent and equally legitimate. This is a decided advantage, saving oftentimes tiresome and inelegant repetitions. The writer who has tired his readers with the term 'native language,' may take refuge, as in this paper I have had frequent occasion to do, in the "mother-tongue." The

idea is kept up, but the tautology is spared. Moreover, it frequently happens in these cases, that of two words of different origin, used to express the same general idea, the one has acquired by usage a slight shade of meaning different from the other, so delicate and evanescent as scarcely to be defined, and yet perceptible to a cultivated taste, and beautiful in proportion to its delicacy. How logically the same, for instance, and yet how different to the loving heart, are the words "maternal" and "motherly." It was his skill in availing himself of this peculiarity of the language that, among other things, enabled our own Washington Irving to express with such marvellous exactness the endlessly varying shades of human thought and feeling—that enabled him to pass from the grave to the gay, from the didactic to the playful, from the humorous to the sublime, with an ease that seems only equalled by the movements of the mind itself.

Far be it from me, then, to join the ranks of those who would dismiss with a rude rebuff these Latin-English intruders. They are now here. They form a large and valuable element of our language. They are a part of our national wealth; and they should be cherished and protected accordingly. All I desire is to protest against the unnecessary introduction of more, and to insist upon making the native element of the language a subject of more distinct attention than it has hitherto received in our schemes of education. It is far better, it seems to me, to find some middle ground between the extreme of C. K. Ogden on the one side and the extreme of Dr. Johnson on the other, to take a definite position upon that ground, and thus assure myself, when expressing myself, of an understanding, if not a respectful, audience.

Three Moons

From a river bridge:

Soft moon in a glittering sky,
Shades of pirates and plantations.
Strange sights walking the moon-path on the waters;
Dark, swirling waters, etched with a phosphorous glow:
Sights of pirates gliding swiftly, then
Of MacDonald and his Tories. Then
Of a governor lying guarded
In his own Town Hall.
Sights of blockade running of forts falling,
Then peace
With the moon over all.

From a city street:

Red moon, seen through a blanket of smoke,
Moon tracing a path through a starless sky.
Unnoticed moon, ever present moon, ominous, forboding,
still.
Moon shadows, strange, clutching, distorted by city lights;
Dark shadows, dim shadows, ever moving.
Shadowy faces, too
Hidden from the moon.

From a mountain side:

Hung moon, drifting over pointing mountains;
Picture moon, framed in hills, garlanded in stars.
Young moon, over ancient ridges, daring, brave;
Sheening the pinetops, putting a blush
Ethereal on the face of a mountain lake.
Light giving moon, moon of the Indian;
Time-god of the ancients.

—Elmer D. Johnson.

Your Editor to You

And Now We Recall The Trustees

To most students a trustee of the Greater University is someone to be hunted up in search of a scholarship. Recent developments, however, have shown the need for knowledge of the nature and action of the board. In June it will have to decide the question of moving the Chapel Hill engineering school to Raleigh. Present indications are that it will at least discuss the problem of prohibiting freshmen from rooming out of dormitories. As the popular link between the legislature and the university itself the trustees are taken to be the taxpayer's voice on education. Nevertheless, the motley group has been lately attacked as a favorite burying ground for political appointees. Many North Carolina educators have long insisted that the board was too large and should be reduced to eliminate the present necessity of having the important business transacted by the executive committee. Others have questioned the personnel, venturing that only men and women directly interested in education should comprise the membership. Still others would approve of a reorganization in which faculty members and students would join alumni as trustees. The board's increased importance as a result of the problems of consolidation and economy merits critical examination of its character and practice by both the legislature and the University.

Poet's Funeral Without Song

Astonishingly cool were the postmortem appreciations of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Thrice-winner of the Pulitzer prize and with Robert Frost co-unofficial laureate of the country, he drew little more than what might be termed "bored, polite notices." Critics found themselves falling back less on ambitious pieces such as "Miniver Cheevy" in an effort to praise a poet whom a few years ago many of them had regarded as a major figure. The reaction against Robinson might be explained on two counts. Poetry as icily precise and unanimated as his seldom bears repetition. Despite his keen perception of individual, human problems, he never seemed able to get beyond the specific. Blank verse needs the warmth of large groups in action to sustain it. That Robinson never had. At best he achieved a technical perfection which defeated itself in his last three monotonous products.

A Fascist Shirt For «The American Mercury»?

In December Alfred Knopf quietly sold *The American Mercury* to one Paul Palmer, a wanderer on the fringes of magazine world. At the time *The New Masses* alone warned that the new owner-editor would swing far from the Left character of the magazine under its former editor, Charles Angoff. The process has already begun. The present administration led off with an attack on Communism in Russia by Emma Goldman, who despite all her sincerity, has not viewed the Soviet experiment since 1921 when she was exiled for her anarchistic activities. The current issues sports an unabashed defense of Nazi-like dictatorship, and, most indicative of all, sponsors a contest in which youth is made to feel itself capable of operating the government at once. Mencken's *American Mercury* was far from a fighting liberal publication, but it never cuddled up to propaganda for a system which would abrogate civil liberties. The sacrifice of the authenticity and questioning spirit which made the old publication valuable is doubly hard to bear when it is directed to benefit the most vicious "isms" in the country.

The South Looks Beyond The Sea

Only in the last few years have Southern newspapers abandoned their habit of herding all foreign news into two obscure columns. The intensity of the present economic crisis has awakened the South to the necessity of its knowing the state of international affairs. Journals and newspapers alike are urging their readers to be informed on the Nazi Question, the Brazilian economic state, and the countless other areas suffering from the current malady of unsettlement. A local indication of the new consciousness of the importance of looking abroad is the declared intention of the Foreign Policy League to study international problems as they bear on the South. Merely knowing what happened Stresa is not enough. One must attempt to perceive what will happen in a Gastonia mill if Germany should declare war on Russia. The League's effort in this direction is a spirited challenge to the isolationists who moulder in the spirit which produced the present debacle.

Spooky Architectural Monstrosity

By Don McKee

People used to think Old Memorial Hall was haunted. A costly commemoration to eminent University dead, the misshaped auditorium with its dull, ivy-covered walls from which arose the enormous dome-shaped roof was a peculiar building. But even more weird than the queer architecture of the hall were the perplexing and mysterious events which took place from the beginning of its construction in 1883 to its razing in 1930.

The old auditorium was built by mistake. No one wanted such a costly and gigantic building—except the architect, a strange fellow from Philadelphia named Samuel Sloan. Yet this peculiar individual brought to Chapel Hill specifically to enlarge Gerrard Hall, had the uncanny ability to change the minds of the University officials and induce them to support the construction of one of the most grotesque and extraordinary buildings ever seen in the South.

Old Memorial Hall was entirely the product of this queer architect's brain. Not only was his the idea of constructing a new auditorium, but also he alone designed the monstrous cavern. He determined the cost of the prodigious edifice, raising his original estimate of $20,000 successively to $25,000, then $30,000, and finally $40,000. And with his mysterious death, before the building was finished, began the succession of occult suicides by his assistants and the peculiar deaths of others connected with the odd auditorium which gave Old Memorial Hall the jinxed reputation that it bore.

Built harum-scarumly by funds from the state, the trustees, the alumni, contributions from citizens, and a loan from the chairman of the building committee, still the auditorium never was a real asset to the University. Entirely too large for use, it remained, except for commencement programs, practically closed for the first 25 years of its existence. That it had one of the largest spanned wooden roofs in the world was of no help to the University when its acoustics were terrible, when it was constantly in need of repairs, and when the heavy roof itself tried its best to cave in but forty-four years after its erection.

The jinx left the building when it was destroyed in 1930, but with its spooky history Old Memorial Hall still remains the most mysterious and ill-fated structure ever built on the campus.

II.

As Governor Thomas J. Jarvis and President Kemp P. Battle sat on the Gerrard Hall rostrum awaiting the opening of the 1883 commencement exercises, they were considerably upset to observe that the University's only auditorium held but a fraction of the people who had traveled miles to see the graduation program. Impressed with the school's need of adequate seating facilities, both decided something must be done about the matter. When Jarvis, in the course of his commencement address, promised the audience larger auditorium accommodations, a hearty applause broke forth from the cramped gathering.

Although the governor knew that the overworked alumni were already being solicited to contribute funds for the erection on the University campus of a monument to the late University President David L. Swain, he kept his word. At the next meeting in July of the University trustees, Jarvis and President Battle succeeded without difficulty in having a measure passed by the board for the enlargement of Gerrard Hall.

Before the trustees had a penny on hand to pay for the cost of expanding the building, they employed as the architect Samuel Sloan of Philadelphia, recommended by the University president as a worker of high character.

This man Sloan was an odd person, strangely quiet but full of imagination and ambition. After his arrival in Chapel Hill, his first move was to suggest that a new auditorium be built instead of merely enlarging Gerrard Hall. He recommended that the copious subscriptions raised for the Swain obelisk be turned over for the erection of this new assembly hall and that it be the memorial to President Swain.

The architect's idea was approved by Governor Jarvis, who submitted the suggestion to the trustees asking that the board and the alumni association unite their efforts in constructing the new building. The trustees in an off-hand way, ratified this proposition immediately, making the

reservation that the alumni not be pledged to any specific amount. To this the governor agreed. "Get what you can from the alumni, pay it over to the treasurer of the University, and we will try to pull through," was his unreflective statement. Thus through the desire of the Philadelphia architect to build an entirely new auditorium, the University officials, with no ready finances except those on hand for the remodeling of Gerrard Hall and the few thousands collected for the Swain memorial, changed their original plans and commenced the construction of a new edifice trusting implicitly in the visitor who had suggested its erection.

Having gained authorization to serve as architect of a new building, Sloan went into seclusion and emerged with plans for the hall which amazed the whole countryside. No one seemed to know precisely what the finished product would be like, but reports were circulated that the wizard from Philadelphia was designing one of the largest spanned wooden roofs in the world. It was to be hexagonal in shape, supported by two majestic semi-circular arches of wood, extending from the front to rear, and 18 other arches reaching from different points on the foundation to these two center beams. Most wonderful of all, the architect guaranteed the cost of this magnificent edifice would not exceed $20,000.

The building, proclaimed a newspaper of the state, "will provide one of the finest auditoriums in the United States." Eager students read in one editorial that "no columns will obstruct the grand spaces of the hall." The *University Monthly* declared that the architect's finished product would be of such a nature that any of the University buildings, "placed in it centre to centre, could be whirled around without touching the walls" or the roof of the auditorium. Building of all buildings! It was to be the Westminister Abbey of the Western Hemisphere.

III.

Then the trouble began. After the work had actually commenced on the building, Sloan raised his estimate of the ultimate expense of the structure to $25,000. The hasty, frivolous manner in which the trustees had gobbled up the sudden idea of erecting the new hall commenced to have its effects. As the fall of 1883 progressed, it became increasingly apparent that the funds on hand would not be sufficient for the architect's increased calculations. Meanwhile, contributions from the trustees and the alumni had ceased to come in. Placed in a dilemma by the architect's misjudgment, President Battle tapped every resource available; and somehow, the work managed to be continued.

It was not long, however, before Sloan's estimate was again raised—this time to $30,000. Ten thousand more than the original figure! Baffled by the architect's altered calculations and exhausted financially, the University officials decided to close work down for the winter.

Faced with the prospect of a half-finished building, President Battle at this time of financial stress conceived the notion of raising money by converting the building into a general memorial hall in which would be tablets to the careers of eminent alumni, University leaders, and students of the institution who had died in the Civil War. In this way, by asking descendants and friends of each man to whom a tablet was erected to contribute an amount larger than the cost of inserting the slab in his memory, President Battle collected over $10,000 by the spring of 1884.

Funds found to resume the work on the auditorium, the problem of raising the gigantic beams to the roof of the hall faced the builders. The two largest of these massive wooden structures, designed to span 127 feet, had been built on the ground. The first attempt to lay them in place with a block and tackel failed miserably in the presence of a large audience, for the immense rope to which one of the ponderous arches was attached snapped like a strand of thread. People departed from the exhibition wondering if the singular plans of the architect's mind would ever materialize.

It was finally necessary to employ an experienced house-mover to accomplish the seemingly impossible task of lifting the colossal rafters to their places on the stumpy walls.

Then, as though the University was having no difficulty, Sloan raised his estimate again. This time it was to $40,000, a calculation twice as high as his original one. It was becoming apparent that there was something askew with the silent Philadelphian's ability at reckoning cost. Strange tales were circulated about the character of the mysterious building's designer. Even president Battle wrote, "It is evident that the architect . . . either was ignorant of the art of estimating cost, or, which is more likely, that he designedly planned regardless of expense, trusting that the Trus-

tees would be too proud to have an unfinished building on their hands."

The construction of Memorial Hall thus far had financially bled the University officials white; and with the last alteration in the cost of the auditorium Governor Jarvis appealed to Paul C. Cameron, chairman of the building committee, for a loan. "By blood," declared Cameron, "the hall must be finished." And out of his own pocket he lent $6,000. Towards the end as the final cost of the building soared to $45,000, he increased his loan to $8,000.

IV.

Then peculiar things happened. It was during the summer of 1884 that one morning the weird architect from Philadelphia was reported dead. He had passed away suddenly. Varied rumors were circulated around the town as to the cause of his strange and untimely death. Some villagers, remembering how heedlessly Sloan had doubled his cost estimations, advanced theories that he had committed suicide to escape reprobation. Some, after looking at the fantastic structure the architect had designed, said that, disgusted with the results of his plans, he had taken his life. Other superstitious folk maintained that the grotesque construction was hoodooed and that it had silently haunted its designer to his doom. But the official report of the building committee hushed things up with the statement that the architect had died "by reason of his exposure to our summer's sun."

The passing of the Philadelphian caused a stir among the workers, who, exposed to the rumors of the campus that the place was jinxed and deprived of their leader, felt extremely uneasy and wanted to leave. However, John B. Dougherty, the master builder, was placed in charge of finishing the auditorium, and the building was brought to a successful termination and dedicated June 3, 1885.

Although it was a relief for the University to have the building completed, the trials were not over. Soon after the dedicatory exercises Sloan's two assistants mysteriously followed their master to the grave by committing suicide. This time there was no doubt that the workers had died by their own hands. One of the victims was John Richards, superintendent of masonry, the expert who had laid every single memorial tablet in the auditorium; the other was A. G. Bauer, first assistant to Sloan. Both men had worked well and had been praised by the building officials. That such efficient workmen should suffer death resurrected the fantastic old rumors about the spooky auditorium. Maybe the hall was voodooed after all!

People recalled the unfathomable tragedy connected with the building's dedication when a young man, Billy Walton, to win a five dollar bet had shinned up the flag pole in the front of the gloomy hall to adjust the ropes. With a terrifying shriek one of the workers had hastily warned the daring youngster that something terrible would happen to him if he ascended the flag-staff, but Walton had paid no heed. Shortly afterwards he died of tuberculosis! Of course he had been cursed by the building. Even the death in 1890 of Paul C. Cameron, the man who by his timely loan was really responsible for the hall's completion, was attributed to the jinxed auditorium.

V.

A death-like atmosphere always did prevail around Old Memorial Hall. Different from the architecture of the day, the immense auditorium ever resembled some bleak, gigantic tomb—a grim memorial for the dead to whom it had been erected. Shaped like some great inverted bowl or the sawed-off dome of some colossal but dismal palace, the odd building seemed to have no sides. It was all top. The two enormous wooden arches which supported the huge globular roof extended to the building's very foundations, so that the windowed side appeared to be a part of the curved top itself. Guarding the main doorway two cheerless stumpy towers stood at attention, seemingly lifting their tapering tops to the heavens in despair. Inside, like a dismal casket, the desolate emptiness of the vast cavern was overwhelming; the dusty muslin drapes, hung from the roof in an attempt to improve the acoustics, fluttered like silent ghosts; and every spoken word echoed and re-echoed among the intricate net-work of massive overhanging rafters.

VI.

Instead of a beautiful Westminster Abbey for the South, coffin-like Old Memorial Hall had developed into a stupendous architectural monstrosity, marring the effects of the other buildings on the campus. As early as 1895 the *Tar Heel* pointed out the ugliness of the misshapen auditorium and said that "it ought to be made useful as well as ornamental." Even the *Architectural Record*, after praising the other beautiful hall at the

University, stated, "One anomaly to be sure there is, a crude and illiterate 'Memorial Hall,' which one is pained to find had its local admirers."

It was discovered after the auditorium had been used a few times that the acoustics of the immense hall were miserable. President Winston, attempting to correct the evil, hung cloth along the ceiling and back, which succeeded in gathering all the dust of the county but failed to help the acoustics. Later, the floor was elevated at a cost over $500, so as to be horizontal instead of inclining toward the rostrum; but this brought no beneficial results. At a still later date the whole floor was covered with a cork material to absorb the sound, but the problem was never solved. The queer echoes, like ghosts of the dead whose memorial tablets the auditorium housed, ever defied correction, and the ever-ailing cavern continued to resound like an empty tomb.

The most disappointing feature of the whole affair was that after all the trouble and effort and anxiety which the University had undergone to erect it, there was no use for the auditorium after it was completed. It was too enormous. All regular University convocations continued to be held in Gerrard Hall, for the vastness of Memorial Hall rendered it unserviceable except for commencement programs.

For a while the auditorium was employed as an indoor athletic floor. After the *Tar Heel*'s statement in 1900 however, that "the use of Memorial Hall as a gymnasium is a desecration," the practice was stopped. Five years later seats were permanently arranged in the huge assembly room, and the statement was issued in the student weekly that "the hall will be used only at commencement." For the rest of the time, until the recent enrollment increase at the University, the only other benefit the students derived from the grotesque structure was to use its high top as a perch from which to watch games in Emerson field.

Then in 1929 the prodigious wooden roof began its struggle to fall in. The catastrophe was averted by state and University engineers who, examining the building in the fall of that year, found that the two main arches had rotted at the four points on the base. The top of the beams had bulged in and had moved as much out of line as eight inches, the bolt heads in the arches had been drawn deep into the wood, and large gaping fissures and cracks were appearing in the rafters. With the massive wooden roof threatening to collapse any minute, President Chase ordered the hall condemned.

Although two years previously the state legislature had appropriated $25,000 for improvements on the structure, the building was in too weak a condition for repairs and the University trustees voted January 28, 1930 for the complete demolition of the old auditorium and the construction of a new $200,000 New Memorial Hall to take the place of the old monstrosity.

Tearing down the clumsy old building, though, was almost as difficult as erecting it. The engineers were puzzled as to where to begin razing the strangely built structure. Everyone was afraid that one of the workers would pull down a key beam which was holding up the intricate network of rafters and that the whole thing would flop like a bursted tomato on the men underneath.

The razing was finally accomplished by taking the jinxed auditorium apart board by board. As the mysterious old monstrosity was demolished piece by piece and spooky Old Memorial Hall vanished from the campus, the forty-four-year-old hoo-doo of a center of learning disappeared with it.

Candidates, Campaigns, and Conjectures

By Frank Watts Ashley

While the democratic primary in North Carolina is more than a year distant, it is not too early to conjecture as to whom North Carolinians will choose to govern the state. It is realized, of course, that the Republicans also choose nominees, but the purpose of this article is to treat possibilities, and not deal with improbabilities. Therefore, it shall be limited to a discussion of Democratic nominees, who will undoubtedly be elected by large majorities in November of 1936.

Of primary importance is the gubernatorial race. It has long been a custom in North Carolina for the governorship to alternate between the eastern and western sections of the state. Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus, being a resident of Elizabeth City, next year the chief executive of the state will probably be picked from west of Raleigh.

"The early bird catches the worm" is an adage that does not always hold true. I have reference to the earliest bird in this race—Colonel Thomas Leroy Kirkpatrick of Charlotte. The Colonel has been "running" since the close of the last legislature—1933. He is a rough-and-tumble campaigner, but he is not likely to occupy the governor's mansion, although he will draw some supporters. Decidedly more potent is his fellow townsman, John A. McRae, attorney-at-law, scholar, and gentleman of the old school. Mr. McRae has friends far and wide. Although he announced his candidacy but a short while ago, he has started campaigning already. He is an able and forceful orator, which alone makes him a worthy opponent for any man. At present, however, it is not expected that he will survive the first primary.

Clyde Roark Hoey provides by far the most interesting figure in the gubernatorial puzzle. The pertinent question is: Will he enter the race? Should he attempt it, you can lay odds Mr. Hoey will be in the second primary, and it is a 50-50 chance he will be North Carolina's next governor. He has been labeled the "silver tongued orator of the South," and rightly so. It has been the privilege of this writer to hear him on one of his favorite topics, Education, and, for persuasiveness, he's "the top." Mr. Hoey can be counted on to have some 75,000 votes in his pocket before he starts an active campaign. The attack against him will probably center itself around the following points: 1. He is the candidate of the wealthy classes. 2. He is a brother-in-law of former Governor Max Gardner, also a resident of Shelby, and therefor unacceptable because Shelby should not be given two governors in eight years. (This is peculiar reasoning, but it will be employed through the length and breadth of the state during the campaign.) 3. He is a "bone" dry.

At present writing it seems that the candidate who will certainly announce himself soon is Alexander Hawkins Graham, familiarly known as Sandy Graham, lieutenant-governor and native of Orange County. At present he is struggling with the patience-trying job of presiding over the upper house of North Carolina's legislature. It has been said that any man who presides over two sessions of this body deserves both a raise in pay and a promotion, and "Sandy" seems to be seeking both of these. His recent stand favoring the Hill liquor bill has endeared him to many who are tired of "shamming" on this issue. He may run as a liberal, whatever that term may imply in this state. His strength appears to be growing daily. He displayed his ability as a vote-getter when, in 1932, he ran off with the lieutenant-governorship by decisively defeating two opponents in three-fourths of the counties in North Carolina. As politicians go, he is comparatively young, being in his forties. He is a member of the famous Graham family, long prominent in North Carolina's public affairs. His greatest hurdle is tradition. In North Carolina it seems to be almost impossible for a lieutenant-governor to become governor. It was unsuccessfully tried in 1916 by E. B. Daughtridge, and again in 1920, when Max Gardner was bested by that veteran campaigner now in discard, Cameron Morrison. Gardner was, of course, eventually successful, but only after eight long years. The most vigorous attempt was in 1932 when Richard T. Fountain stumped the state and lost to the present incumbent after two bitter fights in the primaries.

An unusually brilliant triumph was scored recently when the national House of Representatives passed the president's Work Relief Bill by the staggering vote of 372-33. Instrumental in

this was Congressman Robert Lee Doughton. The ninth district solon is well thought of in Washington, where he is rounding out a period of service of many years by leading the administration's fight for various reform and recovery measures in his capacity as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. To say that he is a New Dealer is sufficient to describe his political beliefs. He believes that North Carolina could stand a New Dealer for her governor, and there are many who will affirm his belief. His political power has been demonstrated ably by his twenty-odd years of service in the lower house. It is strange to see a man who is willing to throw away a "sure thing" and engage in a political dogfight in which he is quite liable to be bested. However, stranger things have happened.

There are several other candidates who have considered making the race, and they deserve mention. Tam C. Bowie needs no introduction to students of the University. Wilson Warlick of Newton is a well-known judge of western North Carolina, and has many friends. The same is true of Judge Thomas L. Johnson of Asheville. It is possible than Julian Price, president of Jefferson Standard Life Insurance, of Greensboro will run as the candidate of the business men. Last, but hardly least, is the name of John Sprunt Hill, a man with the courage of his convictions, endowed with a good deal of what is politely known as "intestinal fortitude." Senator Hill has the money to wage a strong campaign, and, should he run, he would cut deeply into the strength of "Sandy" Graham in this section of the state and would split the support of Clyde Hoey. In summary: it should be another of the old time free-for-alls, with at least four contenders, and maybe as many as nine, giving the voters a bit more than they can handle.

The year 1936 will probably find a "racial race" in progress for the lieutenant-governorship. Probable contenders are: State Senator Harriss Newman of Wilmington, ex-Senator George McNeill of Fayetteville, and Paul D. Grady of Johnston County; respectively, a Jew, a Scotchman, and an Irishman. Two others include W. L. Lumpkin, famous as an anti-sales-tax leader in the House, and W. G. Clark of Edgecombe County. Newman and Lumpkin appear to be the strongest of these at present.

For attorney general there are probably several unannounced aspirants. Appearing certain to run against the incumbent, A. A. F. Seawell, are Larry Moore, of New Bern, and R. Gregg Cherry, famous Gastonian legislator, who is also mentioned for lieutenant-governor.

A good bet for state superintendent of public instruction is Winston-Salem's Ralph W. MacDonald, co-leader with W. L. Lumpkin in the fight against the sales tax in the legislature. MacDonald is capable of stirring up more interest than any man runing for a minor state office. He is unlike many office-holders in one respect—he has brains. Should the Forsyth legislator attempt to unseat State Superintendent Clyde Erwin, it should be one "hell of a good fight." The outcome is unpredictable. MacDonald, incidentally, has been urged to run for governor on the sales tax issue, but it is not believed that, as yet, he would undertake such a large order.

It would be unusual if other holders of minor state offices should be returned without opposition. In the state utilities commissoner race there is liable to be a squabble, for instance, as there have been rumblings of discontent against Stanley Winborne. Serious opposition may not materialize, though.

At present this writer favors no particular candidate for any of these offices. Therefore it can be deemed permissable to draw up a state of officers who possibly will run the state from 1937-1941:

Governor—A. H. Graham of Hillsboro.
Lieutenant Governor—W. L. Lumpkin of Franklin County.
Attorney-General A. A. F. Seawell of Chapel Hill.
State Superintendent—Ralph W. MacDonald of Winston-Salem.

This slate is presented as one that will possibly be elected in 1936. It is by no means certain to win, for there are fourteen embattled months between the present writing and the counting of ballots. Although anything may happen, the state can expect one of its most dynamic campaigns. Personalities, issues, and tricks of fate will join to give the state what it loves better than anything else—a political thriller.

Park Your Donkey

By VERNON B. CROOK

BOB MAYNARD drove his car into the lobby of Hotel Longa Maison. The car's lights played blindingly upon men, women, dogs and cats lounging beneath one twenty-watt bulb. Following directions given by an aged proprietor, Bob parked alongside another car and threw his bags out.

"Well, Miami's a swell joint, ain't it?" the proprietor queried as Bob felt his way out of the car and blinked into the darkness.

A voice cut through the lobby: "Let the newcomer decide the argument."

"There ain't no argument long as I'm proprietor . . . She goes!"

"But it ain't right, George, to put a sick woman out that has nowhere to go," the voice argued. Bob couldn't see who was talking.

"Hotels ain't run for folks who can't pay rent."

George grabbed Bob's three bags and beckoned him to follow. They passed through the lobby, treading on toes of guests whose feet ventured too far into the dark.

"This is all I've seen of Miami," Bob said to him. "A fellow in Fort Myers gave me your card and said prices were reasonable."

"Now if you wanna pay her rent, Tom, that's up to you . . . You still have your wife's wedding ring you can pawn," George said, walking on.

"You go to hell, George," Tom's voice growled.

"Here we are already!"

Bob, more able to see now, turned toward another speaker.

"That's Pap," the proprietor explained. "Always complainin' . . . Come on, young fellow, these bags git heavy."

They came to the end of the long, dark hall. George dropped his suitcases and dragged a pound bunch of keys from his coat pocket.

"Lord, there ain't no light in here. Just wait a minute, son. I'll get the one in the bath."

George left a bunch of his cards on the washstand.

"You might wanna send some to your friends. Them's everywhere."

Bob read the card again. He knew the content already. But now he could compare its text with reality: "If you want a Clean, Comfortable, Reasonable Room, park your —— (there was a donkey centered on the card) —— at Hotel Longa Maison."

II.

Having donned clean clothes Bob crept down stairs to the lobby. He paused at a rough table heaped with ancient, well worn, pulp magazines. Tom, who had spoken in behalf of the sick woman, sat near it squinting at a comic.

"Where can one get a good meal at a reasonable price?" Bob asked.

Tom rose, throwing his unfolded paper to the table. He was a man of near fifty, neatly dressed in long-worn clothes.

"I'd suggest the Silver Moon," he said. "You can get a full course dinner for a quarter."

Tom volunteered to show him part of the way. They walked into the noise of Miami's night.

"My name's Bob Maynard."

"Mine's Tom Shaw . . . I'm a real estate auctioneer . . . But I haven't sold a damn thing in so long I'm about to forget what I am."

Two Goodyear Zeps roared over the city, one dragging a liquor advertisement, the other announcing a dance.

"The skyscraper across the railroad, with all the lights, is the Court House. One of the finest buildings in Miami. The jail's at the top."

"Looks like a nice play to stay," Bob suggested.

"If old George puts the sick girl out of Hotel Longa Maison——" Tom said menacing, then stopped abruptly . . . They walked a while in silence.

"Who is the sick girl?" Bob inquired.

"The Silver Moon is five blocks down. I'm going to the Park."

After supper Bob followed one street to the Park bordering Biscayne Bay and returned by another parallel to it. A brisk wind was sweeping through Miami. Without warning, muddy water poured onto him. Before he could dodge into a doorway, the stream had laved him with mud-black liquid. A moment he stood bewildered. He edged out of his shelter to peer up. Three stories high a hand was dragging shut a swinging screen. He darted into the building and up its stairway to the third floor. He banged on a door quite im-

politely. A well-dressed, well-preserved matron opened it. Bob could see past her into an elegant apartment.

"This came from your window, didn't it?" he demanded, designating his mud-spattered garments.

"Oh. I'm so sorry," she stammered. "The wind turned over some flowers."

"Is it Dan, Mother?" An instant later a younger woman dressed in evening clothes peeped over the matron's shoulder.

"A rather unfortunate accident for me," Bob grunted, looking regretfully at what had been the next to his last clear shirt.

"Mother, you can invite him in to wash his face," the girl suggested.

Bob smiled thankfully. Quite an attractive daughter, he thought, striking features. He spoke to the matron.

"I would appreciate a chance to get some of this mess off before I return to my hotel."

He was glad they didn't ask what hotel. The matron hesitated. Bob judged she must have looked at one time very much like her daughter. There was something unmistakably alike in their features.

A few moments later Bob emerged from their bath with a clean face. He had attempted to rinse out his sploched shirt. Swell joint. Must be wealthy tourists, he thought.

"Won't you sit down?" the girl invited.

The matron cleared her throat, but Bob, disregarding, sank into a davenport. His elbow accidentally brushed over a picture on an end table. He looked casually at it as he replaced it.

"This is you, isn't it? he asked Hilda.

"No. My lost sister."

"Lost sister?" Bob looked at the picture more carefully. The same strong facial characteristics which were so prominent with Hilda and her mother were unmistakable in the girl of the photograph.

"She looks very much like you."

The matron announced severely, yet a little boastfully, "We've spent thousands of dollars, literally thousands, looking for her."

Bob felt like asking for laundry money. There came a gentle rap. The older woman moved gracefully across the room to open the door. A sleek male smiled into the apartment, poking his cane in the floor's deep rug.

"Ready for the dance, Hilda?" he inquired.

III.

"George calls me 'Pap', and him twenty years older than I am . . . Damn!"

Bob, treading down the dark hall to his room, had paused at an open door to speak to an old fellow playing solitaire.

"What you doin' in Miami?"

"Looking for a job," Bob answered. "What's your profession?"

"I push that scissors grinding machine . . . Damn! 'Pap,' folks say,—makes me mad as hell —'Pap, I'll bet you got plenty money hid somewhere. What you push that thing around for?' . . . Damn! Think I'd be livin' in this place if I had money? Look at those walls: one board thick. You can hear a flea spit plumt to the other end of the hall. Look at that bed! I'd rather sleep in a haystack. No closet to hang your clothes in—course I wear all mine. Toilet ain't fit for a polecat's use. No lights unless you buy your own bulb; and then George wants you to pay extra if you use it. Then he throws you out, pronto, if you don't hand him $2.00 every week."

A low moan crept through the walls like a pain and ached in Bob's ears.

"What was that?"

"I haven't had a square meal in two months," Pap continued. "Been livin' off coffee and loafbread tryin' to keep George paid."

"Things are getting better all over the country," Bob ventured. "Maybe Roosevelt will get to us soon."

"Things ain't gettin' better. All that Roosevelt money's goin' to folks that don't need it. Besides, he's on the wrong track. Even if I was gettin' some of it, he'd still be on the wrong track. Prosperity ain't never comin' for everybody till God Almighty changes human nature. Or till somebody gets God Almighty powerful and cramps human nature a hell of a lot."

Again that hollow, painful noise filled the room.

"What is that noise?" Bob demanded.

"Huh? . . . Oh, you'll get used to that. Been goin' on a week now. It's the sick girl."

"What's wrong with her, Pap?"

"Starved, I guess. Don't know what it was afore that."

"Has she had a doctor?"

"I had a dog that followed me," Pap was saying. "Just got hungry and took up with me. Fellow asked me today where my dog was. Had to

tell him I'd got so poor I couldn't share my bread with him."

"Has the girl seen a doctor?" Bob demanded.

"Doctor?" Pap looked at him in exaggerated astonishment. "Hell. Only coroners come here!" He gathered up his filthy cards and shuffled them.

"I'm on the bottom now all right. But if I can get a few dollars to bet on the races this season —I've got a sure winning system. Just a few dollars would make the change. Next year folks'd be sayin': 'Who is that fellow ridin' in that Rolls Royce? My, ain't that that old scissors grinder? —— Damned if it ain't. Look at them clothes. Ain't that an elegant dog'?"

He pulled out a ragged notebook and thumbed through it. It was filled with mathematical calculations.

"These are my tests. Never missed in five years. Last year $22 betted would have brought me $47,000."

Pap explained how the bets were placed and how the money always won. Bob had to admit it looked authentic.

The sick woman groaned again.

"Pap," Bob snapped. "That woman's sufferin'. . . . If I give you $2, will you take it to her and tell her to pay her rent? And will you find out how sick she is? And find out if she needs anything to eat?"

Pap grunted. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"I don't know the woman."

"I don't neither except by her groan . . . But I'll take it."

Bob pulled out his wallet. Pap forced himself to admit aloud:

"Hell, Son, you'd better not give that to me. I might spend it on myself Anyway, she owes more than $2." . . . Pap looked at the wallet greedily. "I'll tell you what," he said. "We'll both go to George . . . You do the financin' and he'll see the doctorin' done."

Pap strode familiarly down the dark hall, Bob following cautiously.

"Or, better still," Pap suggested. "We'll let Tom give it to George. Tom'll see your money spent right."

Pap stopped abruptly.

"Say, young fellow, don't you want to see her before you put your money on her?"

"No," Bob answered. "I don't want to see her."

"You don't have to go in," Pap explained. "You can look through a window from the porch. There ain't no shades."

"I don't care to see her."

"I never bet on an animal till I see it," Pap muttered.

IV.

"This is a picture of my wife."

Tom handed Bob the photograph of a very fashionably dressed woman.

"It was taken aboard the S. S. Manhattan. That dog she's holding cost me $400."

Bob's eyes wandered from the photo to the bare room in which Tom lived. One baggy suit hung at the head of the bed. A little trunk squatted in a dusty corner.

"And this is one of my father. He was a very distinguished judge."

Bob, thinking of the $400 dog, remarked that Tom must have been very rich.

"I've lost everything now; had to pawn all that was mine and my wife's——except one ring . . . I'm saving her wedding ring to take care of my funeral."

Tom lifted an empty tray and placed his album in the bottom of his empty trunk. Bob laughed abruptly.

"I was thinking," he explained when Tom looked inquisitively at him, "how funny it is to pay one's funeral expenses with one's wedding ring."

Tom locked his trunk just as carefully as if it were the First National.

"I didn't think when I bought it I'd ever need it for such a purpose."

Bob had been eager to ask a question for some time.

"If it's not too personal," he ventured, "I'd like to know who the sick girl is and just what she is to you."

Tom pulled a half-smoked cigar from his pocket and sucked on it without lighting it.

"I have to make one cigar last a week," he said. "Sorry I can't offer one."

He paused meditatively and then spoke. "Would you like to see the girl?"

"No. I think not," Bob answered. "But I'd like to know something about her."

"There's not much to tell. She's lived here about a month. She was kind to everybody and kept the place cheered up. Then she got sick and couldn't pay. And George said she had to go."

"That doesn't explain your particular interest in her," Bob insisted.

"She's an educated woman and not like the ordinary trash that gets blown here," Tom said evasively. "That's why I take an interest in her." It was quite evident he didn't care to talk about her.

"You wouldn't risk moving your room to the top of Miami's Court House just because she's an educated woman," Bob insisted.

Tom flared up suddenly. "Hell, son, I appreciate your paying her rent when I can't . . . But that don't give you any right to pry into my personal affairs."

"I'm sorry," Bob apologized. "My curiosity's always getting me in Dutch . . . I'll go to my own room."

V.

And above all the noise, an occasional moan ached through the turmoil, the moan of the sick woman, whose room was separated from his own by Pap's alone. When all the chaotic sounds of late evening blended almost into an horrible dream, at that cutting moan Bob would shiver back to gruelling consciousness . . . My God! Why try to sleep. He went to the bath; laved his face in cold water; drank deeply of the water. The light burned yet in the sick girl's room. He could see it escaping into the hall. He went back to bed.

"I must see her." The idea came upon him like a command. He tried to remain abed. "What possible good," he asked himself, "will it do me to see her lying there, probably dying, on her filthy cot? My God, I'd never get to sleep after that!" He pulled his sheet closer about his ears, uncovering his feet.

"I must see her." Bob crept down the hall toward the porch. Every board in the house seemed to squeak as he walked. He leaned against the wall to wipe perspiration. The light from her room shivered on the floor ahead of him. He reached the porch. God, how the boards popped. . . . Would he never reach the window?

Someone came vaulting up the stairs to the porch. Bob dodged to the banister and gazed at the moon. The disturber rushed on down the hall. Bob crept cautiously back toward the window. He felt sure the planks must be raising themselves like see-saws inside the girl's room.

Pap had spoken truly. There was no shade. She lay, her back to him, half buried in dingy clothes. And she moaned. O, how she moaned! She seemed to sense his presence; she rolled over, listening toward the window. He looked into her emaciated, pain-worn countenance. She moved as if to get up, groaned and fell back. . . . Then she grew attentive again. She seemed to be looking directly at him. . . . A growing consciousness of having seen her before seized upon Bob's mind. Where had he seen her?

She managed it at last. Her feet were on the floor. She clung to the wall as she stumbled toward the door. . . . Bob realized he was about to be discovered. He mustn't let her catch him peeping at her! But her misery, her pain, fascinated him; he couldn't bring himself to run. God, how it must hurt her to walk. Who was she?

When she got the door open Bob was at the bannister gazing at the moon. She swayed on the knob, staring. Slowly he turned.

"Are you sick?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, I'm sick."

Well, what was he going to do about it? He knew she was sick.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Have you got an aspirin?"

An aspirin. Yes. In his room he had aspirin. He kept staring. Where——?

"Don't stare at me like that. I'm not a ghost," she sobbed.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "Let me help you back to bed and I'll bring your aspirin."

"Need no help," she said, hanging tighter to the knob. "The aspirin."

Bob ran down the hall to his room. Why shouldn't he make as much noise as he pleased? What a hectic night this had been for him! All of its adventures and his acquaintances of the evening played through his mind as he searched for the aspirin. Shirts, pants, socks, a bathing suit, toothpaste, a razor, fell promiscuously onto the most neighboring furniture.

And then it dawned upon him who she was. Irrefutable certainty flashed into his consciousness. . . . There could be no mistaking those features! When he reached her room he found her lying half on the floor and half against the wall. She had been too weak to get back to bed and had slid down the wall to the floor. Bob lifted her to the bed. She felt dirty. It was disgusting to feel her sickness so close. The girl swallowed the aspirin. She thanked him with her eyes.

"You'll feel better now." He paused before he dared say it, "Margaret."

She moved convulsively at the sound of the name. She rolled inquisitive, frightened eyes toward him.

"I don't—remember—you," she said slowly.

Bob asked gently, "Would you like me to get your mother, or sister?"

"Please go away," she sobbed, "and say nothing to them."

She closed her eyes. Bob stood painfully.

"And thank you," she added.

'They'll be glad to see you; they've been trying awful hard to find you," Bob explained.

"I know," she said simply. "Please don't tell them."

VI.

"There's no need to tell her folks, Bob." Tom rubbed his red eyes. "They'd never understand."

"Somebody's got to bury her," Bob said as matter-of-factly as he could.

Bob marveled at the grief of the strange old fellow. He would have worked weeks to know what really had been his relation to the dead girl. Why was he so insistent that her mother know nothing of the death?

"They shan't touch her!" Tom swore.

"Well, what shall we do with her?" Bob asked in despair.

"I'll bury her."

Bob felt like crying it.

"Say, you weren't her father, were you, Tom?"

"Hell, no! I wasn't her daddy."

"I'm sorry, Tom. Please forgive me."

"It's all right, son."

Tom pulled his half cigar out and chewed on it.

"I'll sell my ring and give her as good a funeral as I hoped to have myself."

* * * * * *

Pap was given money to buy flowers. He saved out a little to bet on the races.

Bob had enough of Hotel Longa Maison. He packed his bags. His motor roared in the lobby. Proprietor George handed him more cards.

"If you're ever in Miami again, don't forget where to park your donkey."

Tom rode with Bob as far as Biscayne Bay. When he hit No. 1 for Hollywood, Tom got out. Tom grabbed his hand. Bob looked at him and smiled:

"Did you love her a hell of a lot, Tom?"

Tom jerked his hand free.

"Hell, Bob! . . . I wasn't her lover, neither!"

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me."

"It's all right, son."

The War of the Ants

They lie like poppy-seeds upon the ground
A thorax here; a metathorax there pierced by the sting
Of deadly chemical natural poison.
By slashing mandible and by stinger stuck,
By parrot-beaked claws raked and dismembered.
Their life juices and jellies slime away into
The sand. Yes, the green juice, the white jelly,
The red blood are all filtered up by the sand.
The last few struggle with their death, before
The palid faces, shaped like grains of wheat,
Of their on-clawing enemies among
Such silent din as no human ear can
Hear. No breath of air stirs above these seeds;
No whiff, through the boughs of this forest of weeds.

—William Wheat.

Reviewing the Books

IN THEIR OWN IMAGE. Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1935. 317 pp. $2.50.

When *Cinnamon Seed*, Mr. Basso's first novel, appeared on the stalls it was generally conceded that a new and important figure had arisen in the field of Southern letters. After reading his second effort, we are not so sure. *In Their Own Image* might almost pass for the average society novel of the very rich, and that is its defect. For it is intended to be, not a society novel, but a social study of the contrasts between the society folk of Aiken and the mill workers in the neighboring villages. In the home of Mrs. Troy, ex-mayonaise queen, are gathered the usual collection of types found in such stories. There is a British colonel, an impoverished Italian count, an artist or two, and a Mr. James, an advertising man from New York. How their tangled destinies are worked out, and their desires crystalized and forced into action by the death of a mill worker short before the gates of Mrs. Troy's "cottage," makes the framework on which Mr. Basso hangs his ideas about the decadence of the "American Aristocracy."

Mr. Basso, if anything, makes his contrast too great. Admitting, tentatively, that the rich are too much concerned with the "allegory of their own importance," we are not yet fully convinced that every man who is so unfortunate as to have a million dollars is *ipso facto* an inhuman degenerate. The best scenes in the book are those dealing with the workers, and the descriptions of the prize fights. In these places Mr. Basso falls back into his easy, convincing flow of words that made *Cinnamon Seed* the readable and entertaining novel that it was. Should Mr. Basso lose his concern over the allegory of the artificiality of the rich, and return to his native Louisiana, he might again produce good reading, and the promise of *Cinnamon Seed* might be well fulfilled.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

GREEN LIGHT. Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston. 326 pp. $2.50.

"Today it had been his high privilege to see—*in active operation—the dynamic that propelled a majestic soul.* Occasionally he had stood in great power-houses, almost stupefied and suffocated by the flashing lights and clamorous noise and vibrating floor . . . watching huge, tortured dynamos hurling forth energy! Today he had seen the Herculean possibilities of a trained human spirit! It stirred him to his depths. His voice sounded very unlike his own when he impulsively broke the silence, exclaiming, hoarsely, 'God!—*I wish I had that!*"

The concluding scene between the active hero, Newell Paige, and Dean Harcourt, the dominant character in Lloyd Douglas' new book, was chosen more or less at random as illustrative of the curious faculty Douglas has of creating a certain dramatic interest in his novels despite weak characterization, triteness in plot, and a melodramatic, popular novel style of writing.

To be sure, Douglas undoubtedly intends his stories to be "popular novels," but it is rather disappointing to follow his absorbing philosophical themes through obvious plot structures to anti-climactical finales—and then find that his "main idea" has been almost completely obscured by the weak story.

The real protagonist of Douglas' new novel is Dean Harcourt of Trinity Chapel to whom the above quotation refers. The Dean has found, it seems, that "Emergencies have always been necessary to men's evolution" and that out of these emergencies real progress comes, out of the confusion of the fog shines the Green Light.

The story of a young doctor who tries to run away from himself because he has taken the blame for a death caused by the carelessness of his boyhood idol, another doctor, and who is sent through the Green Light by Traffic Cop Harcourt doesn't clearly illustrate Preacher and Author Douglas' point, which is, when duly considered, rather weak. Summed up, it may be said in the few words, that man's progress is ever forward and that to go forward you must go forward. Rather obvious, isn't it?

One good point that Douglas does bring out, however, is that out of confusion and seemingly insurmountable obstacles comes solution. "Doubtless you will solve your problem; and, when you do, you will discover that your evolution has proceeded faster than could have been possible—but for this heroic test!"—CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.

BIOLOGY FOR EVERYMAN. Sir J. Arthur Thomson. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 1000 pp. $5.00.

The general subject of biology is in itself delightfully puzzling, disturbing, and thought-provoking, and Sir J. Arthur Thomson, himself a voracious reader and a profoundly philosophic thinker, has made it doubly so. The age-old conflict between science and religion, kept alive so long by people who have had an incomplete knowledge of either one or the other of the supposedly conflicting sides (or perhaps no real knowledge of either), is practically brought to naught by Sir Arthur's learned, honest and unbiased opinions based on his own work as well as on that of some of the greatest men of this and the preceeding century. The treatment of the relation between science and religion is by no means the central object of the book, but it does definitely contribute to the already existing material which ultimately may effect a complete reconciliation.

The author's mind, being able not only to grasp and retain a great wealth of knowledge, but also to present facts in a simple form, was peculiarly well fitted for this task. The field covered is enormous, and its extent can be well realized by the introduction on the cover which states:

"We begin with a bird's-eye view of the whole of living nature, from Amoeba to Man, and then proceed to particulars, with fascinating close-ups at frequent intervals of some of the most unbelievable or most important eccentricities of life—the private life of a liver-fluke, the importance of earthworms, the courtship of a spider, the nesting of birds, etc. The plant world is presented with equal interest and thoroughness. The Physiology of life is explained so that even the reader without formal scientific training can grasp it. Heredity, evolution, Mendelianism, sex—all the great problems of modern biology —are here put down and developed."

The tremendous number of facts are combined in the extremely lucid style of the author to make the book easily understandable to the average person, however, limited that person's knowledge of biology might be before reading the book. As the title indicates, it is a book for Everyman in the sense that it is understandable to anyone who is willing to take time and trouble to study out certain scientific problems for himself, but it will be of especial interest only to those minds that have a certain amount of intellectual, or better, biological, curiosity. The book is ideal for one pursuing any phase of biology as a hobby or for one who desires to obtain at least an elementary understanding of the more important works of nature.

One would hardly be expected to read the two volumes straight through, but the work has been conveniently divided into many short sections that can be read without reference to preceeding parts of the book, more or less as short magazine articles. However, a certain organic unity is carried throughout the entire product in that the author treats first the beginning of life and its simplest forms, and proceeds to the most complex forms of life and man's relation to the world about him.

This book is a fitting culmination to Sir Arthur's long life, a life characterized by rich experiences, intensive study, and a refined culture rarely in evidence today. He was philosopher as well as biologist so that with contemplative retrospect he sees life in terms of more than mere biology, in terms of philosophical values. In truth, he ses the basis of civilization; and for that reason *Biology for Everyman* is a distinct contribution to culture in the field of science.—Eben Alexander, Jr.

THE TIME IS RIPE. Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., Garden City, L. I. 324 pp. $2.50.

The Time Is Ripe is Walter Greenwood's second novel. The background and even some of the characters, are the same as those which appear in his widely-praised *Love on the Dole.* Those who liked his first book should read his latest work.

The Time Is Ripe is a depressing novel—an unsentimental, satiric portrayal of the life of the proletarian, petty bourgeois, and wealthy bourgeois life of England's depression-ridden industrial city of Salford (formerly part of Manchester). But the book is depressing only because it is a stark picture of the hopeless poverty and selfish exploitation of the working people, and the pitiful, ceaseless struggle of the near-gentry to gain social position.

Greenwood writes from the life he knew as a lad working in a pawn shop, peddling newspapers, and selling milk in the slums of Salford. The book draws its realism from the intimate knowledge of the slum people which the author's experience has taught him. His characters—Mr. Hargraves, a struggling haberdasher, his sharp-tongued, social climbing wife, the circle of smug, superficial municipal politicians, and the Shuttleworths and the Evans, working class families scraping for a hand to mouth subsistence—these characters are animate, Hogarthian people.

In a way Greenwood's characters remind us of Dickens. Mrs. Nattle who "obliges" penniless, old ladies by pawning their pension books at a commission resembles Betsy Prigg. Greenwood's method of characterization, though differing from Dickens's, is no less effective. By extensive use of colloquial dialogue and by presenting, with but little objective observation, a character's thoughts from his (the character's) own point of view while intimating a subtle gesture or change of expression the author attains the desired realism. He is distinctly unlike Dickens in that he employs no comic relief, no clown character. In the satirical aspect of the book there is a kind of grim humor nor is the skillfully-handled dialogue without wit.

Greenwood treats his proletarian characters sympathetically, but without emotion. It is the contrast between the thoughts and the words of the bourgeois characters, the superficiality of the social climbers and mad money seekers, that supplies the strongest satirical element. Money! Money! This is the maddening cry throughout the book. Money will keep off starvation for the workers and money will bring influence and position to the bourgeois.

When Mr. Hargraves the obsequious, sycophantic haberdasher unexpectantly inherits a fortune and becomes Lord Mayor the satire is complete. When Joe Shuttleworth, unemployed coal miner, dies in the workhouse the tragedy is poignantly ironical. Read this book if you want to taste the full unpleasant flavor of a decaying capitalism.—Nick Read.

DANTE VIVO—Giovanni Papini. (Translated from Italian by Eleanor H. Broadus & Anna Benedetti). The MacMillan Co. New York. 7 full-page plates. 340 pp. $3.50.

The personality of the Dante who moves across the pages of Papini's *Dante Vivo* is not a little reminiscent of the Milton who emerges from Dr. George Taylor's splendid English 125. Both Milton and Dante were stern, proud, personally vain, unorthodox, courageous in their attacks on abuses of the established order, especially in the church; both were active in political life, both, surrounded by mediocres, felt the awful loneliness of genius, both worked at a poetic conception of such grandeur that each conception collapsed, or at least sagged, with its own weight.

The similarities between Dante and Milton go further. Both were scholarly, both inclined to moralizing, both were practically humorless, neither had much regard for children, and the works of both have ben obscured almost as much as they have been clarified by the attentions of scholars. Papini and Taylor manage sensibly to sweep away enough of the morasses of scholarship and learned quibbling for Dante and Milton to emerge as men, real live human beings. And that is no mean accomplishment. But when we look at the great poets who have been resurrected from the dead through the energy, the knowledge and the understanding of the two interpreters, we find that these two poets, as men, fellow members of society, are both more admirable than loveable. We respect Milton and Dante, we grant them gladly their places at the peak of great literature, we admit that whatever is difficult or obscure in them for us is not the poet's deficiency but our own, but they remain outside our lives and beyond our sympathies.

In spite of the similarities between Dante and Mil-

ton, *Dante Vivo* contains only one reference to Milton, and none at all to Spenser, another great English poet with whom Dante had his love for adornment of his verse, his bold figures, and his love of words for their own sake, in common. Paradoxically, *Dante Vivo* is at once a rich and narrow book, rich with the richness of the thought and feeling of Dante, and narrow because Papini makes no attempt to correlate Dante to his poetic equals. For all but the specialist in Dante, this narrowness will be a handicap to anything like a widespread appreciation of *Dante Vivo*. One feels that Papini knows too little of our literature to be writing for an English speaking audience, or that he has unwisely ignored the opportunity to treat his master as a well of wisdom from which later literatures have not hesitated to draw. Perhaps the scope and depth of his subject justifies Papini's concentration on it.

In writing about Dante, Papini is openly and admittedly a hero-worshipper. He says a few silly things about his hero, he sets up straw men to knock them down, and his defense of the obscurity of the *Divina Comedia* are examples of the extremes of overstatement to which his enthusiasm may lead a man of intelligence, but as a whole it is a testament of controlled adoration. It should be added that *Dante Vivo* does not suffer from that peculiar foreigness of a mediocre translation, that it is sensibly divided into fifty short chapters, and that it is one of the most beautifully bound, printed and illustrated books of the year.—Nelson Lansdale.

CALL IT SLEEP. Henry Roth. Robert O. Ballou. New York. 599 pp. $2.50.

Henry Roth has written an interesting and highly emotional novel of the New York ghetto child. The unusual insight into the child's thoughts indicates that the story is autobiographical. The one fault continually noticeable is the escape from all dramatic balance. But, in the form of novel-writing brought forward by James Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Gertrude Stein, Waldo Frank, and Edouard Dujardin, whom Roth follows, hardly stamps lack of dramatic balance a fault.

The book itself, in all its lengthy detail, tells the story of an extremely sensitive and imaginative boy—David Schearl by name—fighting desperately to find a place for himself outside of the wretched and filthy ghetto. The plot is simple in its exterior outline. The familiar theme of wife and son emigrating to America to join the father forms the basis of the narrative. Unable to find their way in the vast New York of 1905, they find comfort by living in the renowned East Side: the backdrop of David's childhood. His father is a queer one. Every so often he experiences hallucinations; he possesses the impression that every person he sees is sneering at him. At home he is continually causing strife, often attempting to strike his son for imaginary reasons. David has a beautiful mother. She married Schearl in order to escape the wrath she would have incurred from her family after an affair with a Gentile. She does not love her husband, only living for her son. She finds a haven for her unhappy marriage in protecting David from Schearl and from the outside world he so fears.

Soon David, disgusted with his father's moods and moved by a sudden desire to see the outer world, enters the East Side streets. Here Roth excells in his vivid and extremely real descriptions of the filthy habits and speech of the ghetto offspring. We are spared nothing as to what David experiences. A pitiless accent is placed on the nasty and revolting doings of these poor-borns. And David reacts to this new setting by placing himself in it. Often he finds himself in the company of sexually-perverted boys, and finds no outlet other than to indulge in their habits. Many times he is forced, because of his physical and mental weaknesses, to play typical ghetto pranks: ringing bells, breaking milk bottles, placing sticks on railroad ties, and stealing merchandise from neighborhood stores. But soon the putridness he has acquired in his association with the East Side becomes to him a feeling of sin; and this sense of sin obsesses him. The book closes with David, at the age of nine, seeking purification.

As scanty as the plot may seem, it contains a stimulating web of thoughts, the most important perhaps being the one in the head of every young Jew: where is my place in this land of Americans?—Morton Feldman.

ELINOR WYLIE: THE PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN LADY. Nancy Hoyt. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Indianapolis. 280 pp. $2.50.

The Portrait of an Unknown Lady is easier to read and infinitely more interesting than many of the novels currently popular. The author, Nancy Hoyt, has been a writer of champagne, sophistication and Park Avenue, a novelist of nothing. She was also (unknown to practically everybody) the sister, seventeen years younger, of Elinor Wylie, one of the outstanding modern American poets.

The fact that her sister is pretty definitely established as A Figure has not interfered with Miss Hoyt's intention of bringing sister Elinor to life. She writes intimately and informally, with what seems to be a reasonable prejudice, a balanced bias; and Elinor Wylie emerges a very human person indeed, a lady of wit, intelligence and sympathy who had, in addition to all these, a splendid poetic talent.

Writing about talent is difficult, usually uninteresting, and admittedly beyond Miss Hoyt's capabilities or desire. She makes no effort whatever to add any cubits to her sister's stature as a poet. Instead of literary criticism, Miss Hoyt has filled her pages with people—Stephen Vincent Benet reading proofs of *John Brown's Body*, Arnold Bennett in a London restaurant, "Dottie" Parker reviewing books, Edna Millay dropping by for tea, Rosamond Lehmann paying a call on Elinor in England, "Red" (Sinclair) Lewis and William Rose Benet (one of Miss Wylie's husbands) in the Village before the war. In vivid profusion, these people, as life-like as Peter Arno drawings, crowd in and out of Elinor Wylie's life.

Most books of reminiscence about contemporary great are unfortunately written after all but the hardiest of their number are dead. The actresses who made stage history are living like contented cows in retirement in the country by the time some sentimental old fool recalls their triumphs. No sentimental old fool, Miss Hoyt is as modern as *The New Yorker*, and no small part of the charm of her biography of Elinor Wylie lies in the fact that it deals in large part with people that you are either reading or reading about all the time.—Nelson Lansdale.

ENGLISH ROYALTY
NAME THE STUARTS WHO REIGNED OVER ENGLAND.
CHAS. II
JAMES I, CHARLES I, CHARLES II, JAMES II, MARY, OF WILLIAM AND MARY, AND ANNE.
DESCRIBE BRIEFLY QUEEN VICTORIA'S PLACE IN HISTORY...
GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.
LIZ. I
VERY GOOD — CHARACTERIZE PRINCE ALBERT.
P.A. IS MILD AND MELLOW — IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!
P.A.
THE SMOKING ROYALTY
EVERY MAN CAN JOIN THE SMOKING ROYALTY! TRY A LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT — A TRULY PRINCELY SMOKE. HERE'S TO P.A.! M-M-M-M-M BOY!
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2 OUNCES IN EVERY TIN
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the national joy smoke

BACKWOODS AMERICA. Charles Morrow Wilson. Illustrations by Bayard Wootten. University of North Carolina Press. Chapel Hill. 209 pp. $2.50.

All the drabness and picturesqueness, the indolence and hard labor, the monotony and infinite variety, of backwoods America are simply and effectively pictured in this book. The word "pictured" is used here with more than ordinary accuracy, for it is the exceptionally realistic photographs which, almost as much as Mr. Wilson's descriptions, give a true representation of life in the backhills. One portrays an unornamented farmhouse room, another a beautiful pastoral scene; a pitchforker sweating in the field contrasts with a family enjoying the rarest of all modern luxuries, idle time without chronic unemployment.

Wilson says that his homeland, the backhill Ozarks of Arkansas and Missouri, is a land of Elizabethan ways, the farm people being long-settled descendants of first immigrants from Elizabethan England. It is a country of landowning, small-acreage farmers who treat life well and who are treated well by life, a country unspoiled by highways and filling stations and billboards.

There life is good because "a man don't keep eternally in a sweat about things." Oldish ways linger; their civilization was begun by hands long in the grave. Yet with those who would say that the backwoodsman is ignorant, Wilson takes issue, arguing that the ruralist has leisure to ponder problems while the shoulders of the average city-dwelling money-grubber "are bowed beneath his burden of ambition and progress."

Wilson holds that backhills morality is essentially static, although prohibition wielded a demoralizing influence by increasing the prevalence of vengeance and suspicion and thus augmenting the homicide rate. The most common source of motivation for murder are land ownership, crop division, tenantry, square dance etiquette, horse trades, and unfortunate reference to canine influence in parenthood. Backwoods violence is essentially one primitive fury.

The writer has gathered an extensive collection of folk beliefs, gives a number of mountain ballads; he shows the close relationship between the backwoods language and that of the Elizabethans. He opines that rural humor, although plentiful, is not likely to be sparklingly original, nor is it bitter, being often due to slowness of speech or maneuverings of expression. Chapters are devoted to the country doctor and the country storekeeper, to sheriffs and moonshiners, to fox hunts and square dances. The picture of backcountry life is made complete by Mrs. Wootten's numerous photographs, most of which were taken in Tennessee.—CHARLES A. POE.

Best Sellers at Thomas Quickel Company

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THE GRASS GROWS GREEN—Hortense Lion.
JOHN O' THE GREEN—Jeffrey Farnol.
RED BOOK—Ely Culbertson.
CULBERTSON'S NEW SUMMARY—Ely Culbertson.

WARM FRIENDSHIP

(Continued from page seven)

always kindly. The Sigma Psi's, a carefree lot, without delusions of grandeur, pledged the one freshman in whom he was interested during rushing season his sophomore year.

Lacking the courage to break with his father, or the excuse to break with the chapter, he stayed on in the house, hating, and, to a lesser extent, being hated, living for vacations, marking time between holidays. It was only a little over two weeks until the Christmas vacation now . . .

The fire, warm, ironical symbol of friendship, settled in the hearth with a crackling hiss, sending a shower of sparks onto the rug. With lazy indifference, Larry watched the largest burn a hole in the rust velour, half-hoping it would spread and bring the house down in a flaming, screaming mass of tangled timbers and mangled bodies. In jagged, irregular spurts, now advancing, now rebuffed, the hole in the carpet widened, spread. Little blue tongues of flame from the paper matting licked at the dry fibres above, and the waxed boards below. Sleepy and dazed, Larry snapped off the radio, and without once looking back advanced deliberately up the stairs.

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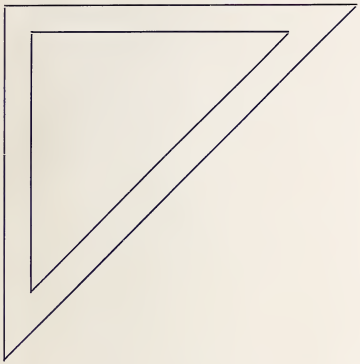
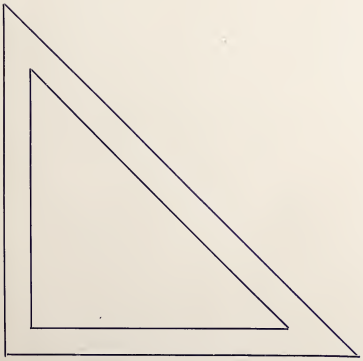


JUNE, 1935

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



ESTABLISHED 1844
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
VOL. LXIV NO. 8
PRICE 15 CENTS

The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

Editor-in-Chief ..... CHAS. A. POE
Business Manager ..... BUTLER FRENCH

Technical Advisor ..... IRVING SUSS

JUNE, 1935

¶Published eight times a year, November to June inclusive by the Publications Union Board of the University of North Carolina. ¶Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 710, or to Room 108, Graham Memorial. ¶Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶Subscription price $1.50 per year. ¶Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

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Lowest On God's Green Earth

Life in a Cotton Mill Town

By ALEXANDER GEORGE

THE AVERAGE TEXTILE COMMUNITY in North Carolina reveals, as has long been suspected, that the ordinary worker in cotton goods is in a serious predicament—being a bare step ahead of the tenant farmer, the federal relief recipient, and a jump ahead of the installment collector and the grocer. This statement is based on twenty-odd years of living in several textile communities.

The conditions are practically the same in any textile community. There stand the same row after row of houses from the same mold, and the corresponding rows of second houses behind. The same wages prevail—the minimum allowed under the code, although short time, docks for seconds, and various manipulations and exemptions are usually to be found to diminish the worker's pay ticket to the point where it would scarcely feed a sizeable crowd of hungry moths.

The entire situation boils down to the one fact that cotton mill employees are not earning sufficient wages to maintain themselves and their families at a decent standard of living. Eggs, grits, fatback, sausage, and weak coffee usually assert their right three meals each day, with an occasional cake, pie, or other luxury breaking the monotony. Everyone connected with the textile industry concedes that a family of eight cannot live on $10 per week. Yet it is being done by thousands of families in the state—just as the Negro tenant farmer manages to eke from the soil a living for himself and his family by the use of a mule and a plow.

In the thousand and one questions as to the blame for the cotton hands' miserable existence, how he will ever better himself, and what society will do for him, there are even more answers. But one thing is certain. Regular work and a raise in pay will produce a bigger miracle for textile workers than Moses was able to produce on the Red Sea.

II.

Cotton mill hands and their families are the most downtrodden group of people on earth. For some unknown reason about nine-tenths of the people who have occasion to mention them will do so in a derogatory manner. The outside world seems to think they are unfit for society, many of the storekeepers in textile communities secretly provide separate stocks of goods for the school teachers, overseer's families, and others who live in the communities and are not connected with the mill—or else call the others in to buy before the " mill gals come by on payday."

At the present time the average textile plant in the state operates around four days per week, with two shifts in operation. Weavers make from $12-$15 for that period. The spinners make about the same, with the loom-fixers and other mechanics earning several dollars more. The run of unskilled labor draws the weekly pay ticket of $7-$10. The Negro in the cotton house makes about the same. The salary of the overseer averages around $35, with his assistant—the second hand—making $20-$23.

There is no denying the fact that the ordinary workers toil like slaves to gain their meager wages. They're afraid to let up, for they may be fired from their jobs and evicted from the company houses. They just plug along, wearing shabby clothing, in some cases eating the food our convict houses would be ashamed to offer, and replenishing the earth with offspring after offspring who come free of medical charge—thanks to the somewhat prevalent mutual aid systems of insurance that provide for the blessed events. It seems that to gain the maximum benefit from this aid, the workers labor overtime to secure heirs for the almost-paid-for family furniture.

The skilled workmen, the weavers, spinners, and doffers, as well as the mechanics, who are capable of commanding better wages in other industries in their fields, are generally so well tied down by family, poverty, and debt, that they cannot leave their posts for even a day. Ignorance is above the average. Children who would like to continue their education are forced by the bludgeon of economic destitution to enter the mill in order to help support their brothers and sisters newly arrived into the world.

III.

Another angle to the cotton mill town is the Thursday night one. Thursday is payday. The

barber, the grocer, the bootlegger, the town loafer, and the cafe owner, in addition to several mill hands, are hovered over the unfinished-blanket covered dining table, cleared of its dishes. The time is nine o'clock, and the poker game is getting started. The semi-professional men have parked their cars on the other side of the street in order not to attract attention to the mill hand's house in which they are playing. The kitchen door is locked. The wife and children have retired or are preparing to do so. The game gets underway. One after another the men lose the dollar or so which has been withheld from the grocer.

As soon as one gets away from the table, another takes his place—with an occasional one winning a sizeable hand. Sometimes, however, one of the business men will lose his pot; but usually he will be staked by his friends. Around midnight the game is about over. Then in comes the poor cloth-doffer who has seven children. He drew eight dollars for the past week, paid six to the grocer, and brought the other two to lose in the game. Another man drops out—broke. By this time the hour is late, and the woman of the house begins to beat on the wall of the adjoining room—urging her husband to come to bed for "he's got to work tomorrow." Play is ceased until next payday.

Then too, there are other sides to the picture of our cotton mill town. There are the "respectable people." The religious maniacs — the so-called holy rollers. The tattlers. The gossipers. The daughters of overseers—the fair maidens left in a miserable state because they are a bit too good for the mill boys and who, because they live in a mill community, are unable to marry to advantage. These girls more than those who work in the mill are apt to live an immoral or semi-immoral maidenhood and end with a shotgun wedding.

Just as all kinds of people compose a world, all types of people live in a cotton mill community. There are to be found the iron-clad conventionalists who demand that Puritan standards be upheld, and when a slight break occurs unmercifully slander the girl's character. There are the Wednesday night prayer meetings, the P. T. A., the Y. M.-Y. W. C. A. clubs and organizations for the uplift of the heathen. There are the girls who attempt to be well-dressed in a $97.50 rabbit coat which was sold for mink, purchased for five dollars down and one dollar per week if the collector beats his brethren to the house on Thursday afternoon. There are the town cops who add to their waist circumference each year, lean on the corner of the bank building until part of the cornerstone is worn smooth, and occasionally catch some gasoline thief, eject a discharged worker from the company house, or stop a neighborhood quarrel when it becomes unbearable or reaches the point of indecency.

IV.

Cotton mill people put up a greater pretense at religion than do the average folks throughout the land. A greater percentage attend church than would be imagined. For one thing it is free entertainment, for another it affords an opportunity to display the new dress or suit, and still another it serves as a news medium. In any sizeable textile community there are to be found most of the popular denominations—except Catholic (mention of the Pope to a mill hand is anti-Christ). The ministers invariably rant and rave about the influence of intoxicating beverages, usually manage to show the inferiority of opposing denominations, insist on the ten percent split of the workers' wages, use unfair tactics in fighting the wets, sometimes tend toward sensationalism, tell old and boresome death-bed stories, preach hellfire and damnation more than green pastures ahead, and tell the congregations what they will find in the other world of gold streets, crowns, harps, plenty to eat, and no work.

Always there are to be found the holy rollers, so-called because of their strange movings with the spirits. Their ceremonies are generally the showplaces of the towns on Sunday nights. Contortions, rolling on the floor, wild jabbering, ceaseless monotony and repetition of some hymn which says that God prefers the lowest classes and unskilled workers to their more dignified companions, all combine into one Babel from which nothing intelligible can be picked. Speaking a language that sounds like a combination of what the Greek restaurateur yells when hot chili spills on his hand and the Chinese laundryman jabbers when the bill isn't paid, men and women seemingly look to heaven, grasp any unfortunate spectator who comes too near, profusely kiss him, and manhandle him until he breaks away.

Some of the elite of textile communities have bridge parties, although any game in which cards are used is condemned by nine-tenths of the wo-

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Scientific Stubbornness

Concerning the World's Best Sales Resister

By Pete Ivey

Dr. De Bras, the famous psychiatrist, wagged his finger reassuringly. "Brace up now, Mr. Elmond. Your trouble is not incurable. Just an inferiority complex; no trace of dementia praecox."

"Yes sir, doctor," said Wilbur Elmond meekly, "but what will I do about—"

"We must devise some way," interrupted the doctor, "of combating your tendency to be run over. You say you cannot resist salesmen?"

"Yes, doctor, I simply cannot say 'No' to men or women who come to me selling anything whatsoever. I used to try to tell them I did not want their product, but they were so insistent I would always be forced to capitulate."

"Do you still try to put up any arguments against them?" asked the doctor.

"No, as soon as a man approaches me with a brief case or order book, I take out my pocket book and ask him what he is selling. That saves my time and his, because I know that he will eventually sell me a magazine, a carpet cleaner or whatever he has."

"Don't you do anything to resist them?"

"For a time I did hide in the closet, but they ring the doorbell so persistently, I always go to answer it."

"Hmmmm, this is rather serious," mused Dr. De Bras.

"Doctor, is there any advice you can give me? My money is almost gone, and my salary is becoming depleted because of C.O.D. packages; but I'll get the money to pay your bill if you can cure me of this complex."

"You have it pretty badly," observed the doctor thoughtfully. "But I think it can be cured. Go home and see no one for about three days while I think this thing over. Don't go to your door; put putty in your ears so you can't hear the bell ring; better still, disconnect the bell."

"But then they would knock on the door."

"Then tear the door down or sic your dog on them."

"I have no dog."

"Well, I have one, a ferocious bull. He'll bite anyone. I can personally recommend him as—"

"Never mind the sales talk, doctor, I'll take the dog."

II.

Have you ever seen an ogreish, Frankensteinish, Primo Carneraish monster working his way through college, selling floor mops, or razor blade sharpeners, or subscriptions to the Ladies' Home Journal? You haven't? Well, when Wilbur Elmond went to sleep that night that's what he saw in his dreams. He dreamed he bought so much that he had a stack of magazines and shelves of the Harvard Classics so high that if the human fly wanted to climb up such a stack of publications, he would climb so long he would make Jack of Beanstalk fame feel like saying "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

He dreamt that a Fuller Brush man tied his hands behind him and tickled his face with a whisk broom chanting all the while:

"Fuller Brush, Fuller Brush, tush, tush, tush. Who'll buy a Fuller Fuller, brush, brush, brush."

Wilbur was awaked the next morning by his dog barking in the yard. He jumped out of the bed and rushed to the window. There the dog he had bought from the psychiatrist was holding at bay a man with a brief case. The man saw Wilbur at the window. "Call off your dog," he shouted.

Wilbur acted as though he didn't hear, and the man yelled louder. "Call off your dog, or I'll sue you." This so frightened Wilbur that he called the dog into the house and went out to see if he could pacify the man with the case who was just outside the front yard fence.

"What can I do for you?" asked Wilbur.

"I represent the Mutual Candle Company of America," said the salesman. "But I am not selling a thing. I would just like to demonstrate our candles. If it's not the best candle you ever saw, you needn't pay me one cent."

"But I have electric lights," said Wilbur boldly, wondering at his own bravery.

"Certainly you do, but what if they go out?" said the salesman. "Suppose you have a short circuit?"

"I also have a lamp," said Wilbur unflinchingly.

"Suppose the lamp goes out and leaves you in the dark, a victim of robbers and assassins."

"There's something in that," admitted Wilbur. "How much are the candles?"

"One dollar a dozen. And if they don't satisfy, burn them at the other end. Our candles are guaranteed to burn an equal length of time at either end you may wish to light. Could anything be fairer?" Wilbur was forced to admit that nothing could be.

And so matters progressed until Wilbur again went to see Dr. De Bras, the famous psychiatrist. As our hero was admitted to the mental expert's office the doctor was beaming with what Wilbur construed to be smiles. Dr. De Bras' broad forehead was wrinkled goodhumoredly, and his bushy, black hair tousled among the wrinkles. His eyes were half-closed, his cheeks were broader and his mouth was wider as he engaged in the previously mentioned smiles.

"Mr. Elmond, I think I have a solution," he said.

"I hope so, doctor," said Wilbur. "I haven't slept good in the last few nights and my waking hours were miserable."

"I have a plan," said the doctor, "in which you can be completely cured. You must, however, do exactly as I say."

"I'll do precisely as you suggest, doctor."

"All right, here's my plan." The doctor rubbed his hands together and grinned. "You have an inferiority complex. Salesmen can sell you anything. Anybody can put anything over on you. You buy what you don't need. Now my plan is this—" The doctor chuckled gleefully. "You take what I have in this package and—"

III.

Moses, the bulldog Wilbur had bought from Dr. De Bras, had free run of the house. He barked at everybody, bit Wilbur several times, and would not come when he was told to come nor go when he was asked to depart. He would do no tricks except dirty ones like grabbing food off the table when Wilbur was trying to eat. He was indeed a most inconsiderate, rambunctious, ubiquitous, and impudent canine.

Moses knew Wilbur was afraid of him. Once when Wilbur reproached him for sleeping in the china closet, Moses had only to open an eye and raise his upper lip, exposing a tooth, for Wilbur to be silenced.

Moses had observed lately, however, that Wilbur was not noticing him. Wilbur was absorbed in reading some magazines, some books, and some typed manuscripts. Moses noticed his master's engrossment for more than a week, and he became weary of the neglect. One Tuesday morning Moses was busily scratching fleas, and his foot thumped the floor. Wilbur, who was reading intently, suddenly looked around and said sharply, "Stop that thumping!"

Moses was surprised for a moment, but then growled and continued his scratching. Wilbur jumped from his chair, and picking up a poker thumped Moses from the room. As the dog left yelping, Wilbur stopped, stunned. Then a slow smile enveloped his face, and the word of Archimedes sounded from his lips.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed.

What had happened to Wilbur Elmond? What was he reading that had changed his nature? What had turned him from a lamb to a dog thumper? Be patient, and let the story progress in its own way.

Wednesday morning a knock sounded at Wilbur's door. Intent on his reading, Wilbur did not hear at first. The knock was louder. The doorbell gave a long, continued sound. A slow smile spread over Wilbur's face. It was not a pleasant smile. It was the smile of a successful duck hunter; it was the smile of a cat with a rat; it was the smile of a W. C. T. U. President at a third-alarm fire for a saloon. He hurried to the door and flung it open. There stood a young man, rosy cheeked, with the light of mazda in his eyes. "How do you do, sir?" said the young man. "I trust you—"

"I'm not feeling so well, and what's it to you?" said Wilbur.

"I have something here in which I think you will be interested," said the young man. "It's a new kind of shoe polish."

"I don't want any shoe polish," said Wilbur, "I won't have any shoe polish, I don't use shoe polish, I don't know anybody that does want any shoe polish, and you had better leave before I kick your teeth out."

"But I'm working my way through college," said the young man.

"Then let's see you matriculate off my porch before I start a commencement of graduation exercises in which you are promoted to the sidewalk."

The young man left, and Wilbur went back to his books. The telephone rang. "Hello," said

Wilbur roughly. "No, I don't want any spare-ribs today. I don't care if they are fresh. No, I don't want any strawberries! Goodbye!"

The telephone rang again. Wilbur again picked up the receiver impatiently. "Hello," he snarled. "Oh, hello, doctor. Yes, I'm getting along great. I haven't bought a thing in three days. Your idea of sales resistance is a tremendous success. I'm reading those con-salesmanship magazines, and by using your manuscripts of resisting all arguments, I'm developing a powerful immunity to all kinds of salesmen. Yes, I'm going to continue my reading. I shouldn't read too much? Why not? You don't know what you are talking about, doctor. I'm going to be the world's strongest sales resister, by the time I'm finished. Goodbye."

In the next few days Wilbur turned away thirty salesmen. He threw six of them off the porch and threw objects at others as they came within tossing distance of his house. He bought nothing. Once, when he was hungry, he went to a cafe, but when he was seated and the waiter came to him saying, "We have a nice round steak today, Mr. Elmond," Wilbur punched the waiter on the chin and walked out of the cafe.

Dr. De Bras called on him one day. "How are you today, Mr. Elmond?" he asked.

"I never felt better," said Wilbur. "I'm never going to buy anything else again. My pantry and ice-box are filled, and I'll never buy any more food."

"But what will you do when your larder gives out?" asked the doctor.

"Don't argue with me!" shouted Wilbur, a queer light coming into his eyes. "What do you want here, anyhow?"

"I have come to collect my bill," said Dr. De Bras.

"You'll collect nothing from me," said Wilbur. "I'll pay nothing. Now you may go." The doctor left.

Two weeks passed. Wilbur's food gave out. He went by the grocer's and picked up some carrots. "How much are carrots?" he asked the grocer.

"Five cents a pound," said the grocer. Wilbur refused to buy. He tried other stores, but found that all the stores tried to sell him something. Wilbur gradually grew weaker.

He went to bed, and the neighbors found him delirious. They tried to feed him hot broth, but he would not swallow it, muttering over and over, "I'm the world's greatest sales resister. I buy nothing."

And so this pitiable object, this formerly meek man, became a victim of an obsession he deliberately encouraged for himself. He starved to death.

Sunflowers

By H. W. D.

DEAR SENIORS
JUST A MINUTE
DON'T TAKE LIFE
SO SERIOUSLY
OR YOU
WILL GROW WRINKLED AND
UPLIFTY
ON THE OTHER HAND
DON'T TAKE IT TOO LIGHTLY
OR YOU
WILL GET KICKED
DON'T TAKE LIFE AT ALL
IT IS
AGAINST THE LAW
YOU KNOW
UNLESS YOU ARE
A MARRIED WOMAN
AND DON'T LIKE
YOUR HUSBAND
A BIT

DON'T TAKE ADVICE
NOT EVEN
THIS ADVICE
ADVICE KILLS THE PAIN
BUT NOURISHETH
THE COMPLAINT

IF YOU SEEK EASE
DON'T BE HONEST
HONEST PEOPLE
ARE ALWAYS HAVING
TO JUMP
FROM THE FRYING PAN
INTO THE FIRE
BECAUSE
THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH
WHICH IS UGLY
AND UNPLEASANT
AND UPSETTING
AND WORST OF ALL
UNPOPULAR
FOR A CENTURY OR SO

DON'T MENTION
YOUR COLLEGE EDUCATION
OVERMUCH
THE BOSS WILL KNOW
WHETHER IT TOOK
OR NOT

DON'T GET
ANY FOOL NOTION
ABOUT YOUR EDUCATION'S
BEING COMPLETED

WHEN IT IS
SIX OF YOUR BEST FRIENDS
WILL PUT YOU
IN A HEARSE

AND EVEN THAT
WILL ONLY BE A SIGN
THAT YOU HAVE PASSED
TO THE NEXT GRADE
WHICH MAY BE
A LOT STEEPER
THAN THIS

Art for Dirt's Sake

A Student Who Wrote Sex Stories Talks

By GEORGES KAMUL

AT A CERTAIN AGE a college student is likely to begin to feel that he is wasting time in college, not getting anywhere—just marking time thru the best years of his life. In time this feeling will pass; but while it is on us, many of us try to do something about it.

We can't hold down a regular job because of school work; so to make pin or cigaret money we have to choose between drudgery and getting hold of some "smart money," taking the consequences: you can be a bootlegger, and flirt with the law; you can peddle prohibited goods, and get bounced out of school; still better, if you are clever, you can be a literary man, and lose your own self-respect.

I like to write, but it so happens that respectable magazines don't publish the first endeavors of a young hopeful; and to write for magazines not so reputable, you have to write rot. This merely requires a slight gift of gab, a little experience, and a low mind. I found I could get by on the first requirement, had had too much experience for my own good, and my mind did not hesitate to take a swim in the gutter. So I decided to try my hand.

II.

My first conclusion concerning the stories in *Paree*, etc., was that they treated very carelessly a subject in which there was much possible beauty and about which much good literature had been, and could be, written. So I wrote artistic sex stories, employing the gift of a sensitive imagination and the advantages of a good education. I got my stories back, with notes attached such as "We don't write for the intelligentsia; try *Literary Digest*." I began to realize that this was a field which wasn't looking for artists.

Not being an idealist of any great moral strength, I found a step down easy to take. I made the stories simple, straight-forward, and vulgar. And then I got what I thought was another bright idea. It seemed to me that the stories with a disappointing ending were written by people who could not word the climax cleverly enough to be unobjectionable; hence they avoided the issue. I knew I could do better than that; so, while still being careful to keep my work printable (if not mailable), I provided good, old-fashioned, fourteen-carat fulfillments. And still I got my stories back.

III.

I felt that I had something to offer above the general ooze of rot. I felt that an artist might as well make the money that was going to scribblers. I was wrong. To begin with, what I had to offer wasn't wanted. I began to realize that the scribblers knew what they were doing.

Hating to give up, I swallowed my ambitions, studied the stories which were printed, and learned the pattern in which all the tales had to be written. Then I wrote my stories to conform to this pattern, using almost no variety in expression. For example, the heroines are always described according to the same formula: flat boyish tummies, etc. About the only occasion for originality is in inventing new locations or situations for the *amours*. Even then one mustn't go so far afield that the ratty individual in his stolen pleasure can't easily imagine himself there.

The hero must be somebody that the reader might have been if he had only gotten the breaks. The sucker wants to float from his chair and become someone he has seen in the movies, preferably a rich playboy; an American travelling in France is the most popular hero. The choice of a woman is not so restricted, though a majority of the magazines insist that she be a French girl. She is never, of course, an out-and-out prostitute.

There is no attempt at characterization. The men simply have passions and the women have bodies. There is no moral standard for the characters. The morality of an act is determined by the doer: if he is the villain, the act is wicked; if the hero, fine. It is quite all right for the hero to save Nannette from sin and then misbehave to any extent with her himself.

Some peculiar rules of propriety govern these stories. Any indecent words or descriptions are taboo. But there is no pretense at morality preachment such as we find elsewhere. Before censorship cleaned up the movies, they used to justify dirt by tacking on a moral ending professing to prove that sin doesn't pay; rotten books do the same; confession stories play on it almost entirely (I have done a couple of confessions);

but the two-bit, French-titled sexy stories usually employ no such mask.

Often marriage difficulties are played up, because a sympathetic audience is found in the thousands of readers who suffer from unhappy married life. In the same way, people who enjoy being hurt want the heroine to be abused.

I had learned the ropes; I began to sell. I made anywhere from seven to thirty dollars on a story. I didn't sell them all, of course, but I did nicely.

IV.

To open many stories, the lady surveys herself. If she is taking a sun bath on the roof or powdering in front of a full-length mirror, the author has a good chance to describe her beauties with the stereotyped phrases which the reader should know by heart but apparently never tires of rereading.

"Nannette surveyed herself. She was lying quite without covering on her bed. It was a warm summer evening and a gentle breeze through the open window fanned the curtain out and its fringe tickled the exquisiteness of her fresh young body. Why should the possessor of such a store of pink and white charms be ashamed to lie *a la nude*, and why, oh why, she thought, should the pillow beside her own be so annoyingly smooth and vacant. She looked down at herself appraisingly. From the pink toes of her tiny feet to the lovely blond curls surrounding her piquant face, she presented an array of beauty that would do credit to the brush of an artist. Nannette pursed her lips and thought that her husband was a fool. She took her body puff and gave a few added dabs to the satiny perfection of . . . " etc., etc.

Most of the stories depend on some element of surprise. They begin enticingly, and once the reader is hooked in, ramble on, with bits of color tossed in to insure his turning to the advertising pages. The advertisements are usually of the lowest order, and are either sucker list houses, patent medicines, or catch-pennies. Very few of them do the little they promise. Some ads are run purely to get names and addresses which can be sold by the gross to advertisers who cannot come out in the open with their offers.

V

The sexy story is written for a peculiar set of humans. When you or I read a story of this kind we feel gypped in a way; but there are people so strange that this is just what they want. They are people who look for experience, who want affairs to go to such a point that they can unmistakably see the result approaching; and then they want something to intervene and prevent the natural outcome. People that read filthy magazines do so because they are afraid of real experience. They put themselves in the place of the characters. Those who would be afraid of an affair coming to a head want the hero to be foiled. Perhaps they don't realize this; but they prove it by buying and rebuying that magazine which contains stories over which they can get all steamed up, and yet all the time know subconsciously that fate is going to spoil things.

When you write that calibre of dirt, you are not writing for the normal, healthy person who does sometimes read that type of literature. We all once in a while nose into questionable stuff or get a kick from an occasional burlesque, partly from the feeling "My gosh! How can they get away with that?" But here you are writing for semi-perverts whose ineffectual life finds its only expression through continually avoiding the daylight in a smelly burlesque house, who sometimes come as close to life as keyhole peeping, and who retire at night to their cheap boarding houses with a magazine for mistress.

VI.

When panning for gold, you search continually for specks of brightness in mud; here I was straining my eyes to find bits of slime in the beauty of life. I was not adding anything to the level of the business, but just fighting others for the privilege of playing pimp to a lecherous mob of boobs who don't even dare to look for real experience. I had planned to be filthy-minded only when I had to write, and shut off that side of me when I took time to appreciate beautiful music and converse with friends, but I couldn't afford to miss any stenches the wind might be carrying.

I talked to a beautiful old man whose life has been very full and rich, who fought through many hardships to success. He said to me, "You may have to be poor, but no matter what you have, if you lose your own standards, you have nothing."

So I chucked it all and washed my hands very thoroughly. Now when I pass an open sewer, I don't feel the call to go down into it and explore; I can look at the sunset. Best of all, I can face myself in the mirror and live with myself without wearing a clothespin on my nose.

Two Wrecks

Thoughts on the Last Road

By D. B. Pope

In a little valley in the Pennsylvania mountains the bleached skeletons of two cars lie side by side. A hundred feet above the highway winds down the mountain-side. A mountain stream bubbles down the little valley. And in the spring a dogwood tree sprinkles a libation of white blossoms on the sepulchre of twisted steel.

* * * * * *

The engine began to throb painfully, slowly strangling itself on the steep grade. Barton shook off his revery long enough to shift into second. The gears ground piteously. Damn, what a rotten shift! Hell on a car. No excuse for mistreating machinery like that. Might have stripped the gears. Have a big garage bill. Then he remembered. What did it matter? What were garage bills to him now? When he got through with this car the best garage in the world wouldn't be able to make it run. And if they could, they'd have a swell time collecting the bill from him. Even a bill collector couldn't crash the doors of hell. The thought gave him a peculiar pleasure. Hell—no bill collectors. Hell—no landlords. Hell—no bloody, crushed remains of loved ones. Hell—no agonizing memories. Hell — no — Hells bells! This was the wrong place. Sounded more like Heaven. Not for him. His road out led to Hell. You'll never get to Heaven that way. And when I get to Heaven gonna put on my shoes—Never get to Heaven that way. Who was talking about getting to Heaven anyway? Or getting to Hell? Or getting anywhere? Who cared? Only damn fools bothered about getting anywhere anymore. Only damn fools believed you got anywhere. Nothing—that was all it was. Death is a sleep and a forgetting. Who said that? Shakespeare? Who cared? Anyway, old Shakespeare knew what it was all about. We are of such stuff—. Where was she? Heaven? Hell? Nowhere? That was where. Nowhere at all. That was what was on her face. Nothingness. Blood and pain and nothingness. White cheeks and red lips and brown eyes with nothing in them. What did they care? Once they cared. Once. What about it? They didn't care now. Didn't care a damn. She had gone nowhere and she was gone forever. Back into the nothingness whence she came. Whence they all came. Back into nothingness. 'Twere a consummation—HIGHEST POINT IN THE ALLEGHANIES. That sign said so. Must be right. Signs know. They just sit there in the rain and know. Know they know, too. Smug about it. Too damn smug. Like to take a poke at it. Knew too damn much. Like to. No time now. Some other time. What other time? Let it alone. Who cares? HIGHEST POINT IN THE—Car speeding up—ON THIS PEAK IN—CHICKEN DINNER 50c—MOST BEAUTIFUL VIEW IN THE— WITH TWO VEGETABLES—THE HIGHEST POINT—AND DESSERT—ELEVATION 5,100. There is nowhere to go from the top of a mountain but down. Engine racing. Over the top. And the little marine went over the top. There is nowhere to go. Parlez-vous. And the little marine. Parlez-vous. Nowhere to go. Nowhere. DANGER. And the little marine. DANGER. GO SLOW. Slow, slower, slowest. And the little marine. DESCEND IN SECOND GEAR. Descend. Go up . . . Go down. Go down in second. Go down, you sinner. Go down, go down. Gear nob's hot. Engine's hot. Weather's hot. Hell's hot. Go down in second, it said. That's neutral, you fool. Sure it's neutral. It said second. What said second? The sign said second. To hell with it. Neutral, that's the stuff. Neutral for us.

Picking up speed. Force of gravity. Oh we'll be coming around the mountain. Great stuff, gravity. Great fellow, Newton. Coming 'round the mountain. Wonder if he ate the apple. We'll have chicken and dumplins. Great thing, gravity. Just sit still, let it do the work. Won't be long now. Nice view from up here. Country's getting green. Very pretty in the spring. Always liked spring. Spring her favorite season. Used to be. His too. They met in the spring. Nice time to meet. Love that blooms in the spring, tra-la. Love in the spring. Great stuff, love in the spring. Love in the summer is nice, too. Love in the fall—Watch that curve! Going

'round the mountain. Not time yet. Not yet. Don't mess it up now. Gotta do it right. Just one more curve. Just one more river. Just one more time. And when I get to Heaven—

Wheee! Look at her go! Pull, damn you, pull! Good old gravity. Pull! Harvard's leading by a length. Pull, damn you, pull! Now we're going. Almost to the finish line. Pull!

Ah, there it is! See it? Way down there. Down there by that little white spot. Must be a dogwood. Oh, the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la. Little stream, too. Fellow might get a drink of water there. Get typhoid there. Hell of a way to die, typhoid. Too slow. Couldn't drink anymore. Too much civilization. Now, in the west. Go west, young man . . . A dogwood tree. A brook. A car. A car beneath a bough. Used to be a car. Used to be a Chevvy. Remember when she bought it. Proud as hell. Used to be a car. Not much now. Nothing but junk now. Used to be a woman. Not much now. Nothing but—now. Used to be a woman. A car beneath a bough. A woman beneath a bough. A corpse beneath a bough. Used to be a woman.

Christ, here she comes! A long way down there. Under a dogwood tree. Heaven? Hell? Nothingness? God, we're traveling! Pull, damn you, pull! God, she must have suffered! Heaven. Hell. Nothing. Gotta stop! Gotta stop! There go the gears! Stripped 'em. Can't stop now! Oh we're going down the mountain. Garage bill. Try and get it! Can't stop now! Ha-ha! The joke's on you. Try and get it! How lovely she was! God! How she bled! Love in the spring. Flowers that bloom. Whoops! Over we go! Tra-la. Can't stop now! Heaven! Hell! Nothingness under a dogwood tree.

Tempest in the Spencer Teapot

Radios Awake the Co-eds

By ELLEN DEPPE

THE SPENCER CO-EDS have begun to think. They have begun to look into the governing regulations of their dormitory seriously and critically. It is unfortunate that the cause should have been a series of misunderstandings coupled with unjust criticisms and dissatisfaction. Although several of the residents of Spencer Hall have often wondered at the seeming stupidity of many of the rules now employed, no one ever made any serious attempt to change them or find any adequate explanation for their existence until the spring quarter of the present year. For the first time the murmur of protest has risen to a clamoring agitation.

The immediate cause of the disturbance came with the confiscation of radios in Spencer. There is a rule prohibiting them in the dormitory, in spite of the fact that the rule does not apply to the boys' dormitories. Few stopped to remember that the boys do not have a central recreation hall with a large radio in it. Radios began to appear in the girls' dormitory, smuggled in by various daring souls, and evidently with success, for little or no comment was made. Usually they were kept tuned so low that they were not annoying to others. Very little was thought about the regulation, though if a student complained of a radio being too loud, it was sometimes confiscated. The same was true of ukeleles.

Then in the middle of April, the Housemother, Mrs. Lee, acting under the authoritative word of Mrs. Stacy, Advisor to Women, put the prohibitive rule into full enforcement. The occupants of the dormitory immediately posted on the bulletin board a petition asking for the privilege of radios in the rooms. Within two days all but six of the seventy-six girls residing in the building had signed the paper; but before the remaining six could sign, if they so desired, the petition disappeared. When it was learned that Mrs. Lee had taken the petition down, there was general indignation throughout the dormitory. One irate young lady promptly wrote a letter to the *Daily Tar Heel* protesting against the arbitrary suppression of the petition by Mrs. Lee and demanding the right to sign and present a formal request that the rule be changed. But when the excitement had cooled down it was learned that the author of the letter had made a stupid blunder in failing to make certain of her facts. The petition was not seized

with the intention of stopping it. Mrs. Lee had taken it down in order to present it to Mrs. Stacy and it had already been placed in her possession. However, the truth was apprehended too late to prevent a second letter to the *Tar Heel*, pointing out the fact that one of the confiscated ukeleles had been lost. That same instrument has since been returned to its owner. Both letters only served to make the situation more unpleasant. Mrs. Stacy called the owners of radios into conference, with no definite outcome. There had been complaints about the noise, and the walls of the building are not soundproof.

So far, nothing more has been done about the petition. The entire matter has been dropped, temporarily at least, but the perturbation still exists.

II.

The final decision in the radio question is unimportant when compared to the underlying significance of the entire contention, for it has shown several things to be true. Up to this time, the students in Spencer have shown absolutely no co-operation or interest in the dormitory affairs. They were ignorant of the rules and of the cause for them. The proctor-system, under which two girls are appointed on each floor to report unnecessary disturbance, has failed miserably. A new system is needed to replace it, and it is up to the girls to find it and to offer their co-operation when it is found. The girls are beginning to realize that without the assumption of responsibility on their parts no definite progress can be made in Spencer-government.

The radio problem bringing with it a realization of the state of ignorance existing in the dormitory has aroused a new interest and a new sense of responsibility. For the first time the Spencerites have become aware of Women's Student Government as more than a Council elected to punish the offenders against the women's laws. The Council, on its part, has also recognized the change of attitude. The new Council, under the leadership of Jane Ross, is seriously seeking to bring the girls in closer contact with the work of that body. This new interest originating through the radio question in Spencer Hall is spreading among the co-eds, and should bring results.

III.

Realizing the need for closer contact with the women students the council recently held a women's association meeting at Spencer, during which the new president outlined the Council's projects for next year, including plans for more meetings with interesting programs, and means of meeting new girls and interesting them in the various activities. At the close of the meeting an open forum was held, and here the new attitude evidenced itself. For although the girls were at first hesitant, they soon began to respond to the discussion with new ideas for improvement.

This meeting was the first step forward in the correction of misunderstanding and in the cultivation of an intelligent interest in women's student affairs. It is unfortunate that this change did not make itself apparent until so near the close of the year. Nevertheless, it is quite certain that the new girls coming here next fall will find it easier to adjust themselves to the rules and regulations than ever before. The women students and the Woman's Council at last are aware of the need of investigation and explanation. With the growth of this newly active feeling it is logical to expect an intelligent outcome.

Frightening Thoughts

I shakes and shivers
Beneath the kivers
  When I think of *Hamlet's* ghost;
But anticipations
Of examinations
  Scare me much the most.

—Pete Ivey.

In His Steps

America's Forgotten Second Best-Seller

By Jim Daniels

Sometime before 1896 a young Congregational minister in Topeka, Kansas, despairing because of the poor attendance at his Sunday evening services, decided to discard formal sermons for something similar to the Biblical parables. Accordingly, he wrote continued stories and read them chapter by chapter from his pulpit. His plan worked and his works improved. Finally, he wrote a little book wherein a small group of religious thinkers made great strides in social betterment by practicing Christianity on weekdays: something of a religious approach to social problems.

The brief story managed to get into print and then amazed everyone by selling 8,000,000 copies in this country and around 23,000,000 over the world. Next to the Bible, it became America's best-seller; today it is practically unknown and the University library does not even catalog a copy. Yet in many ways the book is an undated document. Although the particular problems which it attacked in 1897 have ceased to interest the American mind, the general realization of the co-existence of extreme wealth and extreme poverty has grown sharper.

Therefore, because of its modern application and its interesting history, Reverent Charles Monroe Sheldon's *In His Steps* deserves attention in 1935, almost forty years after its first publication.

II.

Author Sheldon never received much money from the tremendous sales of his little book, nor did he expect to. Three publishers turned it down before a fourth company, in a moment of rare optimism and as a gamble, offered 1000 copies of *In His Steps* at ten cents each to the American public. In fact, everyone was surprised and pleased when the American public seemed disposed to squander its wealth and bought this and two larger editions of 5000 copies at the same modest price.

However, whatever imaginary prospects of money Sheldon had cherished were abruptly ended by harsh reality: the copyright was discovered to be defective. As the first publisher, either penny-pinching or ignorant, had failed to mail to the bureau at Washington the two copies required by the copyrighting laws, *In His Steps* had been thrown into the "public domain." Within a year, sixteen American houses were publishing the book; within two years, European publishers had discovered the defective copyright, and altogether, a total of twenty-five British and Continental houses printed editions of Sheldon's little book. From all these sales the author received something like $200 in royalties. True, one Britisher who had sold 3,000,000 copies did come across of his own free will with a check for twenty pounds, and an American, notably generous, sent Sheldon $1000 twenty years later. But the great majority usually forgot that *In His Steps* had an author.

Since it was written, *In His Steps* has been translated into over twenty-one languages. The Russian translation was banned by the Soviet. Dictator Kemal of Turkey, however, permitted an Arabic version after rigid censorship and many deletions. In connection with the antics of foreign translators, Sheldon—he's still living—tells several anecdotes. A few years ago a Bible missionary in Buenos Aires wrote for the author's permission to prepare a Spanish translation. Having drily granted the privilege, considerably surprised that anyone should consult the author, Sheldon forgot the matter. Several months later the Spanish edition, nicely printed and bound, arrived with an accompanying letter explaining the missionary had taken liberties with certain features of the story, especially the names which were difficult for Spanish people to pronounce. As Sheldon had written, the opening lines ran thus:

> "It was Friday morning and the Reverend Henry Maxwell was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon."

But the Spanish version, returned to English, was this:

> "It was Friday morning and the Reverendo Enrico Ford was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon."

Furthermore, the changing of names continued, with numerous *Enrico Ford's, Reverendo Ford's,*

and *Reverendo Enrico's* throughout the story. Sheldon's mild protest brought back the unanswerable reply that, whatever an inhabitant of the States might say, Henry Ford was certainly better known in South America than one Henry Maxwell. Commented author Sheldon: "I am glad Henry has broken into the ministry, and if no one else will give him a degree I will."

A Japanese publisher in Tokyo also wrote for the right to translate and publish. Having humbly requested a most kind permission on each of the first three or four pages, he climaxed his appeal in closing by announcing that he had already done that for which he was asking permission. A fine example of Oriental politeness, it appeared to Author Sheldon. In Invercargill, New Zealand, Mrs. Sheldon, entering an inn, found behind the bar a buxom barmaid and behind the barmaid, propped between a bottle of gin and another of whiskey, a copy of the very anti-alcoholic *In His Steps*. The pretty miss explained that she was enjoying the book "between drinks."

However, *In His Steps* has never been filmed, not even since Hollywood went in for morality. Recently, though, an enthusiastic director came to see Sheldon in Topeka with a "wow" of a movie version. As a climax, New York was engulfed by a tidal wave. Inasmuch as neither the metropolitan city nor a tidal wave were mentioned in the original, Sheldon courteously refused the offer, slightly suspicious, probably, that the same director in filming "The Children of Israel" would carry the fugitive tribesmen to the Red Sea in autos, ferry them across in ocean liners, and bomb Jericho from airplanes.

III.

In His Steps uses a religious approach to economic questions. Its author has been called a Socialist preacher and the wide gap between rich and poor is its principle concern. On the Friday morning already mentioned, a shabbily-dressed young man, with his hat held deferentially in his hand, knocked at Reverend Maxwell's door for work. Regretfully, but with a touch of impatience Maxwell turned him away and forgot him until the following Sunday. Then, at the close of the sermon just before the benediction, the same fellow arose from a back pew and came to the front of Maxwell's prosperous congregation. Very pale, he explained that he was a printer ten-months out of work because of the newly-invented linotype machines. For three days he had walked the streets of Raymond, looking for honest work without encouragement. He was not drunk, he said, nor crazy, but "somehow I get puzzled when I see Christians living in luxury and singing 'Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee' and remember how my wife died in a tenement house in New York City, gasping for air and asking God to take the little girl too . . . It seems to me that there's an awful lot of trouble in the world that somehow wouldn't exist if all the people who sing such songs went and lived them out. I suppose I don't really understand. But what would Jesus do?" Here he paused and fainted before the startled audience. His unconsciousness lasted until his death four days later.

On the following Sunday, the self-satisfied congregation at the First Church noted a change in their intellectual pastor. With a troubled air, he reviewed the events of the past week and ended by asking for volunteers who would pledge themselves to guide their daily conduct by asking "What would Jesus do?" Among the thirty who answered were a young heiress who had worried as to how she should regard her money, a singer with a brilliant operatic career ahead, the superintendent of large railway shops, a business man who held much property in the slum districts of the city, and the editor of a powerful daily paper.

How these individuals apply the principle enunciated in the dying man's question forms the plot for the story. Eventually, the heiress goes against her family to donate her work and her services to charity, the young singer refuses to use her voice for profit, and the railway man gives up his job when he discovers that his company is secretly and illegally granting rebates. The business man turns out his best renters, the saloons; the editor sacrifices his circulation by refusing to print a Sunday edition or carry news of prize-fights; and the minister, aided by all these, establishes great settlement houses in Raymond and nearby Chicago to combat the evils of drink and of the slum districts.

As is obvious, *In His Steps* opposes the commercialization of art, amusements, the Demon Rum, technological unemployment, and unequal distribution of wealth. These were the problems of 1897; in varying degrees they are important today. We have accepted the commercialization of art and Sunday amusements, prohibition has

completed its cycle, but technological unemployment and unequal distribution of wealth are live questions.

IV.

In His Steps is dedicated to the proposition that organized religion can be made to take an interest in social betterment. The falsity of such an assumption, however, becomes increasingly apparent. Only last month, the Southern Baptist Convention at Memphis refused to investigate southern share-cropping and the alleged "abrogation of the elemental human rights" among rural and industrial workers. Their reason: such procedure would be out of order as well as impossible financially. Result: the worthy churchmen went on record as feeling a "deep concern for social justice for all individuals and groups." Small comfort for the tenant farmer!

Yet the fact remains that millions did read *In His Steps* and were fascinated—if momentarily—by the thought of organized religion actively engaging in social reform. Though the churches of America have not been effective in aiding the underprivileged, the immense popularity of one little book wherein social injustice was righted by the application of Christianity, plus the actions of the minority group at Memphis, goes a long way to show that Preacher Charles M. Sheldon's dream is not utterly ridiculous.

The Peace Lover--A Skit

By CHARLES LLOYD

(Gently but firmly, the curtain opens, mildly surprising three farmers seated on crackerbarrels and prune boxes on the porch of a general store. They are Hiram Tedder, Millard Pritchett, and Will—just Will.)

HIRAM: *(Whittles.)*

MILLARD: *(Whittles.)*

WILL: *(Whittles.)*

HIRAM: *(Drops stick; goes through whittling motions without it.)*

WILL: *(Looking off from his work, studies insect life on floor.)*

MILLARD: *(Sighs.)*

HIRAM: *(Quits whittling.)*

WILL: *(Grows interested in one particular bug; follows it with eyes.)*

MILLARD: *(Sighs again, taps knife to get shavings out of case, and folds it. Stretches.)*

WILL: *(Looks up from bug at Millard, wondering.)*

HI: *(Picks up dropped stick, settles back.)*

WILL: *(Looks at bug.)*

MILL: *(Rests.)*

(A loud crash is heard offstage L. Mill. looks that way first, then Will follows suit, lente con brio, and finally, lentissima con dolorosita, Hiram peers. All then return to the business in hand: whittling.)

MILL: *(Opens mouth.)*

HI: *(Scratches left calf with right foot.)*

WILL: *(Takes chew of tobacco, his eye never leaving bug, which is now down R.)*

MILL: *(Closes mouth.)*

HI: *(Whittles.)*

MILL: That Charley Dargan was drivin' his pappy's Chevvy too fast. *(Reclines against store wall; whittles.)*

HI: *(Clears throat.)*

WILL: *(Gives up following bug as it exits, LC. Goes back to looking at his whittling stick.)*

HI: *(Spits.)*

WILL: *(Whittles.)*

HI: Yeah, but Tom's Jim didn't have no business blockin' up the highway with 'at old waggin o' his'n.

MILL: *(Takes up whittling again.)*

HI: *(Takes up whittling again.)*

WILL: *(Continues whittling.)*

MILL: *(Notices Will's bug crossing, downstage R.)*

WILL: *(Sees it too.)*

MILL: *(Goes back to whittling.)*

WILL *(Purses lips.)*

HI: *(Stops whittling, sights along knife edge.)*

WILL: *(Lets fly a dollop of tobacco juice at bug, now directly in front of him. Hits. Whittles.)*

HI: *(Goes back to whittling.)*

WILL: Well, guess I'll git along to milkin'. Don't wanta git mixed up in no argymint.

HI: *(Whittles.)*

MILL: *(Whittles.)*

The Curtain Falls, as three loud snores break from beyond the footlights. The whole audience is asleep.

Other Nights of Stars

By VERNON WARD

My dearest,
I want to tell you a story.

It happened on a dark night.
There was no moon.
Silently they stood together,
He and she.
Without looking at her,
He touched her hand.
He wanted to tell her
That she was beautiful.
The words caught
Deep in his throat.

Under the trees,
Beside the broad lake,
They were out of the world,
He and she,
Together,
Alone.
He felt her fingers
Tremulous
On his arm.

The wood was behind them,
Dark and lonely.
And in the sky,
The stars were shining,
And in the water.
His hand touched her body.
It was soft.
And he turned to her,
Saw her hair blowing lightly
In the wind.

(This night,
This night of stars,
Is ours.
We are man and woman together,
Alone,
To have and to enjoy.
Whatever happens after,
Always,
We will have this night.)

Spanish moss
Swaying from black cypress,
The warning of an owl,
Stars shooting
In sky and water.
And he spoke richly,
Softly,
Telling her of stars and night,
Enclosed her in his arms.
And standing there
Beside the lake
Under the stars . . .
They kissed each other.

But, my dearest,
Weep,
For it is a sad story.

This man and this woman felt apart.
Desiring to meet,
They could not come together.
Was it the stars in the sky?
The stars in the lake?
The night?
No, my dearest,
These lent themselves wholly to love . . .

(Perhaps we do not know,
You and I.
Perhaps it is nothing
That separates us.
Innocent, perhaps, of our closeness,
Our hearts beat breast to breast.)

But the moment passed.
No longer shone the stars
In the sky,
In the water.
And he went his way,
She went hers,
Longing each for the other.
Of all but longing
Their lives were empty.

Yet, my dearest,
Smile.
The story is not all sad.

The lake is there,
And the stars are there.
Perhaps they will return,
He and she,
To find the beauty that passed
Unseen,
The joy that slipped
Unfelt . . .

The Editor's Opinion

More Fiction and Humor

It is more or less customary to say nice things about one's predecessor. We wish to congratulate the previous editor, not because it is customary, but because he made a rather revolutionary change in the magazine and succeeded in publishing an excellent organ.

In former days the *Carolina Magazine* was decidedly a literary paper—written only by the intelligentsia (or pseudo-intelligentsia), read only by the *literati*. Style was emphasized, ideas minimized. Under Don Shoemaker this was changed somewhat; but not until this year have articles rather than fiction and poetry been the backbone of the magazine.

Although there will still be a large number of articles in the magazine next year, we are in agreement with the many students who have requested more fiction. We hereby urge the production of short stories. A small amount of poetry will be used.

Despite the presence on the campus of a humorous publication, we believe there is room for light touches in the *Carolina Magazine*. Each issue will be enlivened by a sprinkling of humor.

Thinking the «Right» Thoughts

We admire Mr. Clark's courage in coming to Chapel Hill in person to air his views. But we do not admire his inability or unwillingness to see more than one side of a problem. It was apparent in his answers to questions that he had a tendency to cite some particular incident as proof of his point, no matter whether the example cited was an exception to the rule or not. He gave the impression that he was thoroughly unacquainted with the true meaning of socialism and communism: they seemed to be merely words which elicited from him an unfavorable reaction.

Mr. Clark quoted "Believe It or Not" Ripley as saying that in Russia one could not get a true picture of conditions because the government suppressed certain facts and would not allow the expression of certain opinions. Mr. Clark implied that this was not a desirable state of affairs. Yet isn't this exactly what you are trying to do here in North Carolina, Mr. Clark? Aren't you trying, in every way you know how, to stifle free discussion of certain doctrines, to see to it that we can think only the "right" thoughts?

Debating Ourselves

Besides Mr. Clark's show, two other events last month packed Gerrard Hall. Strange to say, these occasions were debates: the humorous debate on the value of a college education, and the debate, as a result of a challenge, on socialism. The large attendance at these two contests is interesting in its implication that students are much more interested in hearing a verbal battle in which all the participants are Carolina students and faculty members than one in which we oppose another university. There is a certain zest and freedom of give-and-take in a debate of this type which is lacking in the more dignified and less heated intercollegiate debates. When the contestants know each other, they don't feel quite as much necessity for being excessively polite; and the audience is naturally better entertained and more enthusiastic. For some reason, a wisecrack at the expense of someone we know is much funnier than a quip at a stranger; in the same way we appreciate more a brilliant thrust if we know the thruster. We suggest more emphasis on intra- and less on inter-collegiate debating.

Example for Professors

Well deserved is Dr. C. C. Crittenden's appointment as Secretary of the North Carolina State Historical Association. His promotion takes away from us a professor who had the ability and energy to make his lectures more than mere oral presentations of textbook material. Anecdotes, trick questions, startling statements, slightly sarcastic cracks and a flair for showmanship were Dr. Crittenden's means of keeping his classes alert. "What the devil will he say next?" the students wondered. And the result was that a lot of history was harmlessly, and even pleasantly, injected into his students. Those who let their attention lapse were sure to be chagrined when the class shortly broke into loud and unfeigned laughter over some crazy comment. There are quite a few professors who need to be told that a teacher is supposed to do more than read notes which he has garnered from textbooks. When this is all that is done, teaching is futile; the student could spend the class hour to much better advantage reading textbooks himself.

The Black Room

A Short Short Story

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

IT WAS CHILLY in the long hospital ward, and I pulled the blankets up to my chin and rolled over in bed so that I faced the little barber next to me. He had been brought in earlier that day with a burst appendix, and the doctors were waiting for the infection to localize before operating. He was very much afraid of what he had to go through, and even more afraid of the possible outcome. It was not the knife or the anesthetic, or even death itself that he dreaded most, but that he would die and be placed in the Black Room. He had told me that he had once been a hospital barber—in fact, he had told me his whole life-history in the few hours since his arrival—and he described the Black Room where the corpses are laid until the undertaker calls for them the next day. It was a night's stay in this room that he feared above all, and to the disgust of the other patients he talked of nothing else.

"It's not that I mind dying," he repeated for perhaps the fifth time. "We've all got to die, and I haven't got a wife or any kids, so that part's all right. But I hate to think of spending a night in there with those bodies. The walls are painted black, and it's dark—darker than anything I've ever seen."

The big Swede on the other side of me grunted. "What difference does that make?" he asked. "The grave's dark too. The Doc says you'll be all right after the operation tomorra, don't he? Fergit about the Black Room. You're givin' me the creeps."

The barber made no reply for a time, and I rolled back so that I faced the Swede. Then behind me I heard him whispering to himself, "But it's dark, it's so damn dark . . ."

They operated the next morning, and it seemed to me that for a day or two he was more cheerful. The Black Room had apparently left his mind, now that his ordeal was over, or at least he had ceased to talk about it. Then peritonitis set in, and about ten-thirty, on the night of his fourth day in the hospital, he died.

I was restless and could not sleep, and offered to go with Jim, the negro orderly, to help him take the body down to the Black Room in the basement. The Doctor had said I could walk a little, and the orderly, even though experienced, had a negro's distaste for the dark and the dead, especially when alone.

Together we rolled the body on its wheeled table to the big elevator, and with it sank slowly to the depths of the building. As the elevator rumbled downward I could not keep from thinking about the little man, who had chosen me for his confidant, and how I was helping to put him in the place he had hated and feared. Of course, I couldn't do anything about it, but the thought was unpleasant, and I tried to put it from me.

The elevator stopped its slow descent, and we pushed the table out into a long hall. It was eerie enough for anyone in those winding corridors, and I couldn't blame Jim for not liking to do it alone. We stopped in front of a large door, and Jim reached into his pocket and fumbled for the key. As he pulled it from his pocket it dropped to the floor, and bounced once. As Jim spun around to look for it, almost involuntarily I shifted my right foot slightly. After a few minutes' search he gave up.

"It musta fell down a crack," he said. "We'll just let him set out here tonight. He can't hurt nobody, and nobody'll hurt him. He didn't want to stay in there, anyways."

"No, he didn't," I replied slowly.

Jim turned and started back to the elevator. I waited a moment, then reached down and pulled the key from under my right foot. Putting it in my pocket, I turned around and let my hand rest for a moment on the edge of the sheeted table, then followed Jim back to the elevator.

Old Greek Custom

A Defense of «Hell Week»

By One Who Recently Went Through It

"WHY DO FRATERNITIES allow such an atrocity as their 'Hell Week' to be carried on year after year?"

This question was popped at me rather suddenly, and for a moment I was taken aback. I knew that sooner or later this same thing was asked by every non-fraternity man on the campus, and I began to wonder what the answer was. Were fraternities really justified in carrying on this part of their initiation? After considering the matter for a while, I came to the conclusion that an article explaining the fraternity man's attitude toward "Hell Week" might prove to be of some interest to those who are continually deprecating fraternities for this hazing.

"Hell Week" is one of the most widely decried of college practices. Every year howls of protest arise all over the country against this custom, and in some cases the agitation has become so acute that legislative action has been enacted to outlaw hazing of this type.

Every spring in Chapel Hill, while the local chapters are carrying on their "time-honored horseplay," the *Tar Heel* picks up the cry and runs its perennial series of rather unconvincing, but strongly disapproving, editorials. These usually stimulate the Di and the Phi into condemning the practice, and incite to action those campus figures who are always ready to take up arms for reform. The rank and file of campus opinion is opposed to fraternity hazing; in fact, its advocates are almost entirely fraternity men.

The foes of "Hell Week" are many and vociferous, and yet, in spite of all the pressure they bring to bear and all the threatening they do, the practice is in no sense evanescent; and its promoters feel so secure that they rarely trouble to defend themselves. However, in view of the great attacks made on "Hell Week," I think that it should be defended for the good it accomplishes.

II.

Fraternity men have known for a long time that, if their fraternity is to enjoy a strong position in campus politics and organizations, its members must be united. In bringing about this unity nothing works quite so effectively as "Hell Week."

Even as late as the spring after pledging, many boys in a fraternity's freshman class will know their pledge brothers only superficially; however, after a week or ten days of being constantly thrown together, the members of the class become intimately acquainted and learn to work together in their united opposition to the upperclassmen. This work of getting a pledge class together is "Hell Week's" primary service to the fraternity.

For boys who are apt to whine under hardship this hazing is particularly helpful. "Hell Week" always turns them up, and with the aid of their brothers and the examples set by the better-natured members of the class, they usually get over this habit of complaining. And for freshmen who are swell-headed, a few swings of the paddle are mighty effective in knocking the conceit out of them.

The idea that fraternities have this week for the sheer delight of paddling freshmen is a misconception welcomed by anti-fraternity forces. As a matter of fact, freshmen are the members of the chapter who enjoy "Hell Week" most. After the first night the upper-classmen become so tired of having to annoy that they practically desert the house during hazing hours. The work of keeping an atmosphere of terror falls on the shoulders of a specially appointed committee.

If you will sit down with a pencil and paper and try to compile a list of semi-humorous activities which will keep twelve boys busy twelve hours a day for a week, you can get some idea of the burden this job entails. In planning the week every precaution has to be taken that no injury, however small, shall come to any freshman. An accident, no matter whose the fault may be, can easily ruin a chapter. Newspapers for hundreds of miles around hop on the incident, and criticism of the most derogatory nature pours in from all sides. Fraternities in their efforts to avoid accident are meticulously careful.

III.

There is a fine art to getting up a "Hell Week" which is funny, harmless and, at the same time, disagreeable. It has to be managed cunningly if

the freshmen are to maintain an attitude of anticipation.

The major discomfort of "Hell Week" is mental. The anticipation, increasing through the winter quarter, comes to a climax at the first meeting of the pledge group after the spring holiday, when a member of the "Hell Week" committee quietly enters the room and even more quietly makes his announcement.

"Neophytes, 'Hell Week' has begun."

The job of the committee is to keep alive the experience of that moment, which is to say the least vivid. The physical rigors must be so arranged as to make the freshman think that the worst is yet to come. Any bodily pain seems mild when compared to the mental unrest accompanying this part of the initiation.

The "Hell Week" that I went through was a model on this point. We never knew what was coming next, except that there was to be a wholesale paddling in the near future with practically no warning. Such a thought hanging over you night and day for a week is not likely to produce mental quiet.

I was fortunate enough to undergo an initiation in which everybody had a good time, though there were, of course, moments of trial and tribulation when "Hell Week" seemed quite appropriately named. For four days we followed the clues of a cross-country treasure hunt from one Orange county landmark to another. The iron mines, Sparrow's pool, the University lake, the airport, the meeting of the waters (this in a midnight downpour), and Gimghoul castle furnished destinations for trickily written poem-clues. All this walking was done in groups, and at the end of it every member of the class knew every other member down to his smallest idiosyncrasy.

In the friendly rivalry which existed we were constantly looking for an opportunity to "put one over" on the upperclassmen. After seining for three-inch fish for some time without success, two pledges offered a group of small negro boys a quarter for their services. The pickaninnies were to bring the fish to the freshmen's room; but their memory for figures was faulty and the fish were tragically brought to the room of one of the initiators.

That night we hunted with flashlights for the two halves of a direction sheet hidden in Kenan stadium, without which, we were told, "Hell Week" could not proceed. Kenan stadium is a rather extensive place in which to hunt two scraps of paper. However, we were resolute, and after some three hours of hunting found one half of the sheet strapped high up on the flagpole behind the president's box. On it were the words "Go to —" Another two hours passed before we found the other part stuck under one of the 14,000 seats in the south stands. On this sheet was the one word—"Bed." We were somewhat chagrined, but did not hesitate to follow directions.

The next night came the best trick of the week. The entire class was locked individually to a single chain, which was then secured around a three-inch tree. We were given two butter-knives with which to chop down the tree. All our efforts toward this end proved futile. After an hour we were just through the first layer of bark. This was rather discouraging, and so we turned our efforts to uprooting the tree. We were foiled again, but then someone hit on the idea of bending the trunk enough to slip the chain over the top. Soon we were free to pursue our way back to Chapel Hill, though we were still hampered by the chain.

The following evening was set for the annual freshman play. In the afternoon we got up a series of insulting skits, taking off on our upperclassman brothers. If the playlet lacked humor, they made up for it by their vigor of language and cast. After the performance it was hinted that the upperclassmen had enjoyed the play so much that they desired to return the compliment and would entertain the entire pledge class the next night in Kenan.

The hint was enough. The next night we came padded an inch thick with beefsteak, absorbent cotton, and *Daily Tar Heels*. The upperclassmen laid on with a lick and a promise, but the steaks saved the day for us. After the paddling we returned to the house for a feast of raw liver and other delectable tid-bits which are served on such occasions.

Then everybody woke up to the fact that "Hell Week" was over. All the freshmen freely admitted that on the whole they had had a good time and, in a way, hated for it to be all a thing of the past.

During the whole time, I did not see one single display of bad spirit on the part of either upperclassman or freshman.

IV.

Having gone through "Hell Week" personally, I favor it because I had a good time which will give

me something to laugh about with my brothers for the rest of my life. It seems to me that this part of the initiation is the needed spice of fraternity life. If it were a matter of paining new men merely for the pleasure of the act, "Hell Week" would long ago have disappeared from the American campus, but this is not the case. Paradoxical though it may sound, freshmen enjoy and benefit from "Hell Week" enough to repay upperclassmen for sitting up until all hours of the night to see them safely in from midnight hikes and other wild goose chases.

Freshmen can also look forward to the three years in which they will have the opportunity to satisfy the more bestial side of their natures by swinging paddles at pledges' posteriors. Sizzling in us all is the primitive urge to hit somebody, even those whom we like a lot; and hazing is a good way to let off this steam. The beast in us is satisfied in knowing that the object of our blows is well paddled; our softer side, in the knowledge that he is well padded.

As long as the spirit dominating "Hell Week" remains good, I believe and hope that this custom of hazing freshmen in a careful, humorous way will remain an indispensable part of the fraternity year.

We Must Burn Our Books!

A Satirical Shot at the Right-Wingers

By MILTON K. KALB

CONGRESS, AT PRESENT, is considering a bill which, if passed, will ferret out of our American educational institutions all dangerous radicals among the students and faculty. This bill is splendid as far as it goes, but obviously it does not go far enough. What is the point of removing those individuals whose minds harbor thoughts inimical to the preservation of our traditional standards if the very *sources* from which those thoughts take their roots are left inviolate? None, we answer; and accordingly we propose that the bill under consideration be amended so as to include certain revolutionary types of books and certain corrupt departments of study. In other words, it is not so much dangerous *men* (though they are sufficiently to be feared if we wish to preserve our age-old institutions) but dangerous *ideas* which must be ruthlessly stamped out.

II.

This being true, the following is a partial list of the books which merit our interdict, every extant copy of which should be taken from our libraries and burned:

The Canterbury Tales, because they do not preserve social distinctions. Democracy is all very well as a political theory—every decent citizen should have the privilege of the vote, for example—but there is no justification for allowing a miller and a common inn-keeper to hobnob on an equal plane with a Knight and wealthy business men. Furthermore, Chaucer attacks the clergy. That is going too far. Surely, if nothing else, religion ought to be above criticism—unless, of course, it meddles with things like "social welfare"—and if it can be assailed, who knows but that the sacred institution of the home may next be held up to ridicule. What then of American ideals?

Gulliver's Travels, because it is sugar-coated venom. Slyly written, it passes as an innocent fairy tale that parents may read to their children, yet all the while it is implanting in their immature minds the idea that governments are wicked and that duly ordained officials are unfit to hold their positions.

Tom Jones, because it is a book which encourages rebellion. Fielding is tolerant, even approving, of Tom's revolt against his learned teachers, whose lessons would have made an upright citizen of him—a true pillar of strength in his community—had he not been so wilful. Furthermore, the book casts many aspersions on womanly chastity. For such subversive teachings, *Tom Jones* should be burned and its author condemned to eternal oblivion.

Vanity Fair, because it denies the existence of those noble human sentiments of pity and generosity (obviously an untruth—do not the existence of organized charities such as the philanthropies of Rockefeller, DuPont and Rhodes disprove it?).

All of Mark Twain's writings because they encourage the idle life, the truancy of school-children, disobedience to elders and many other sins.

Particularly *The Mysterious Stranger* should be destroyed because it too is disrespectful of the church and because it *unqualifiedly* condemns war. Now it should not be supposed that *all* war is good; but certain wars, especially wars in defense of American ideals such as Democracy in Europe, "The Open Door in China," and sound governments in Central America, are surely beyond reproach. Accordingly, to the fire with these heresies!

From the foregoing it will be seen that the object of these books is nothing more nor less than the preaching of the doctrines of socialism, communism, atheism, and free love, that unholy quadrivium. There are many more books that fall into these vile categories—and eventually we will get them all even if we have to remove every book from our libraries—but for the time being, the destruction of these indicated will be enough to start us once again on the path toward decency and sober, industrious living.

III.

Now, it has been apparent to all intelligent and patriotic observers that most of the treasonable and seditious opinions which have ungratefully arisen from our publicly supported schools had their birth in the so-called culture-subjects, and in the minds of the men who profess to teach them. It is furthermore obvious that the colleges and universities that seem most contaminated by Moscow, *et al*, are publicly supported. This is adequately proved by the instance of William Wirt, whose noble Americanism, as expressed by his attempts to check Washington's Soviet schemes, was no more bitterly assailed than in the press and by the faculties of these colleges and universities.

It is therefore evident that the "culture-faculties," already corrupted by the stuff they teach, have little more to do with their time than dream of social experimentation and the invention of new pernicious doctrines with which to infect the trusting minds of their students. Accordingly, the following changes in curricula are necessary:

A. Elimination of the departments of psychology and sociology. In the case of the former, the department may be included in the School of Commerce and one or two courses offered in the development of a dominant personality, the psychology of salesmanship, etc. As regards sociology it is well known that it does nothing more than strive to sour the milk of human contentment in our happy working men.

B. The elimination of the Classic studies. In our modern civilization it is useless and harmful to provide ancient pagan culture for our youth to examine, and—horrible thought—perhaps emulate.

C. The restriction of the modern language departments to a course in the use of Americanized foreign words such as *hors d'oeuvre, adios, ja wohl*, etc. Even then little stress should be placed on these courses inasmuch as our own language, without any alien additions, will be sufficient for even the most educated man. Besides, it is a very simple matter for astute foreigners cleverly to introduce radical propaganda while giving instruction in their tongue.

D. The abbreviation of the English department to a department of Creative Writing and Spelling, which will have as its main purpose instruction in the art of personal and business letter-writing (the last in conjunction with the School of Commerce).

E. Changing the impractical department of philosophy to a wide-awake School of Religion under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. The principal emphasis will be on the training of missionaries.

F. Elimination of all history except American history.

G. The School of Commerce is fairly good as it stands, except that there are far too many courses in theory offered, and not enough in practical work such as courses in "How to Succeed." Theorizing in economics is useless and wasteful and can only lead to the formulation and teaching of radical doctrines by the men engaged in these idle speculations.

IV.

This completes our first set of recommendations. It is to be hoped and prayed for that Congress, beset as they are with the radical influences, will not neglect these very important regulations. If these laws are not passed and rigidly enforced it will mean the end of American freedom, and we may as well turn the country over to the Russians, Japs and other foreigners who are waiting their chance to gobble us up.

However, if Congress proves itself incapable of meeting this emergency it is to be hoped at least that here in North Carolina, intelligent and sincere men such as Mr. Clark and Mr. Tatum, with the interest of American ideals at heart, will take action in our own legislature.

Hangman's Noose

An Executioner Goes Mad

By CHARLES A. POE

"GUESS MR. HINKLE will be throwing a big party tonight, like he always does after a hanging," said Mrs. Barker. "Hanging a man don't seem to phase him a-tall."

"Naw, it don't," agreed Mrs. Hinkle. "He comes home and eats a big steak supper and laughs and jokes about it."

"Has he always done like that?"

"Naw, he ain't. The first time he did a hanging he was so scared I had to run him outa the house with a stick."

"How'd he happen to get this job?"

Mrs. Hinkle took a piece of candy from the paper bag between them.

"Well, we'd been married about two years, and he'd been fired from his job in the cotton mill three months before, and we didn't have but about ten dollars left. A cousin of mine told me the hangman was gonna resign, and right away I made up my mind I was gonna make Sam take that job if I had to bat his brains out to do it. Sam was a lot different then. I guess you think he's kinda tough and hard now, but when I married him he was just a quiet little fellow that read a lot of books and all."

Mrs. Barker sniffed incredulously.

"Yeah, he was. He was always blushing about something and all that. You never woulda thought of him as a hangman—but I knew we had to get that money or starve to death, and I sure like to eat. So I went down with him and made him get the job, like I've made him do everything else I've wanted him to do."

Mrs. Hinkle was large and appeared to be enough to handle the average man. The striking thing about her face was its hardness: her lips were thin and turned down at the corners, her chin jutted out, her eyes were cold and unsympathetic. At first glance her face seemed to show strength and determination, but a closer scrutiny revealed these traits to be brutality and stubbornness.

Mrs. Barker blew her nose loudly. "'Bout time for Sam to be coming back now, ain't it?"

"It sure is. I don't know what's keeping him. He's gotta drive all the way from Melville, but he always drives the car wide open after he's done a hanging."

"Makes him think about the driving insteada the hanging, I guess. Say—has he ever hung a woman?"

"Naw. He swore he never would hang a woman. I don't see why not, though. Women can hang just as good as men."

"How many people has he hung in all?"

"'Way over a hundred."

"I guess he's kinda used to it by now. Probably don't think any more about hanging a man than killing a fly."

"It's my training that got him that way," bragged Mrs. Hinkle. "If it hadn't been for me, he'd still be scared to death every time he had to do a job. But he's so unconcerned now that he just goes around whistling "Hanging Danny Deever" every time just before he's gonna hang somebody."

"Well, I still say it ain't exactly natural for a man not to show no more feeling than Sam does after he's done killed a person. He ought to be sorry for 'em or something."

"He ain't even interested in 'em. Lots of time he don't even know who he's gonna hang. They just tell him to come over on a certain day for a hanging. Don't even tell him who he's gonna hang. Lots of times he don't even see the man's face. Don't meet him until he's brought to the scaffold, and then the man's head's all covered up."

"Thinka killing somebody you ain't never seen," Mrs. Barker mused, "and liking to do it because you get paid for it."

"That's what Sam used to say at first, till I showed him that somebody had to do it, and it might as well be him getting that hundred bucks as anybody else. I had my doubts at first that he could stand up under it, and once or twice I thought he was gonna go nuts. But he stuck it out. Now he's one of the best hangers in the country, and if it hadn't been for me he'd just be a nobody. I take most of the credit for it, 'cause I've kept a iron hand over him."

"You've got him trained like a circus animal," said Mrs. Barker admiringly.

"Guess I wear all the pants in this house. He knows better'n to try to cross me—I'm bigger and stronger'n he is." Mrs. Barker bent a beefy arm proudly. "He cussed me out one night, and I hauled off and socked him. Knocked a tooth out. He ain't talked back to me since."

"Wish I could be bigger'n my husband for about one good day," sighed Mrs. Barker. "I'd get even with that good-for-nothing loafer. And that lazy brother of his—I'd run him out and make him get a job."

"Huh," Mrs. Hinkle snorted. "My husband's brother Pete tried to loaf around here all the time after Sam and me were married, but I put a stop to that. Good thing I did run him away, or we'd have had the cops busting in on us all the time. He got arrested for stealing and safe-cracking a couple of times, but we ain't heard of him in over five years now. I told Sam he probably changed his name and gets arrested under a different name now."

"My husband would beat the hell outa me if I said anything against his brother."

"Well, Sam got mad as hell at me but it didn't do no good. I never could figger it out, 'cause Pete used to razz him all the time about being so little and call him a sissy. But Sam liked him anyway." Mrs. Hinkle got up and went over to the window. "Say—Sam shoulda been here a long time ago."

"Wonder what's keeping him?"

"He ain't ever been this late before—yeah he was, one time. Lemme show you something." Mrs. Hinkle opened the bottom drawer of the table and took out a rope.

"What's that?"

"Souvenir." Mrs. Hinkle held it up. "Sam hung his first twenty men with it. This old rope has killed some pretty famous people. 'Member 'Black' Rivers that the papers had so much about?"

"You mean that nigger that 'tacked a white girl and then killed her?"

"Uh-huh. Well, this-here was the last tie he ever wore. And Baldy Wright, and Jim Thornton, and Old Man Rickett. Sam said he knew Old Man Rickett won't guilty, and he had to get pretty drunk 'fore he went to the hanging so he could make hisself go. When he come back he had this-here rope with him. Said he sneaked back and swiped it after everybody had gone. He used to get up sometimes at night and come in here and get the rope out and *talk* to it. Sometimes I think he ain't got right good sense." There was a screeching of breaks outside. "That's Sam now. He's got a hundred dollars with him now, but after he gets drunk tonight and throws a party I'll be lucky if there's enough left tomorrow to buy him a Bromo-Seltzer."

At this the two women laughed loudly, but ceased abruptly when they saw Hinkle standing in the door. His face was twisted with emotion, partly anguish and partly hate. He took two slow steps into the room, then stood glaring at his wife, who could not speak.

"What—what's the matter with you?" she finally stammered.

He continued to stare, and she repeated her question. Mrs. Barker realized something was wrong; and after squirming uneasily for a few moments, she rose and walked rather unsteadily to the door, watching Hinkle all the time. She glanced quickly at Mrs. Hinkle, then back at her husband, hastily went out and closed the door.

Mrs. Hinkle opened her mouth to speak, when her husband blurted out, "You made me do it!"

"Do what?" she demanded, uneasily.

Instead of answering her, Hinkle repeated his statement.

"Made you do what?" she asked again.

"You made me take this job—made me kill my fellow man—get paid for killing him—you made me—"

She suddenly realized that he had her on the defensive. "Yeah, I made you get the job, and it's a damn good thing I did. Else we'd 'a' starved long ago."

"I'd rather 'a' starved than do what I've done."

Mrs. Hinkle tried to bulldoze him in her accustomed manner. "What's wrong with your job, I'd like to know? Is the work too hard for you—pushing a little stick that does all the work?"

"Shut up!" yelled Hinkle, furiously. She cowered slightly, more in surprise than in submission. "I've sinned before God, and I ask Him to forgive me for it, and I ask Him to damn you to hell for it!"

"For God's sake, Sam, what's eating you?"

"What's eating me?" He laughed hysterically. "That's a good one. What's eating *him*, you mean. If they aren't eating him yet, they soon will be. I wish to hell it *was* me they were gonna eat 'steada him."

"Have you been drinking?" asked Mrs. Hinkle, half hopefully.

"Guess I do sound pretty funny to you. Well, I don't mean to be funny. It's the first time in twenty years I've had guts enough to open my mouth and say something besides 'Yes'."

"And if you've got any sense a-tall left you'll shut it up right quick," she said, rising.

"Sit down, you—you fat slut!" bellowed Hinkle. He laughed proudly over his audacity. "That did me good. I've been waiting a helluva long time to call you a few things."

"Fool!"

Hinkle's attitude suddenly changed. "Yes, God, what a fool I've been!" He looked at her strangely for some time, then walked over to a chair, sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"Sam!" No response. "Sam!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, a little wildly.

He lifted his head but did not look at her. "It was him," he said, in a calm, quiet voice. "I know it was him."

"Who?"

Hinkle paid no attention to her question. "I'd 'a' known that walk anywhere. Sorta shuffling and lazy, like he didn't give a damn. He didn't, either. There won't nobody walked like him."

Gradually Mrs. Hinkle became more terrified. She went over to her husband and shook him. "Sam! Who are you talking about?" He smiled with a silly expression.

"What's happened to you?" she demanded, shaking him again, roughly.

"Oh, nothing's happened to me." He gave a short, bitter laugh. "Nothing's happened to me. I just—I just—" He broke down and put his face in his hands. His voice was no longer calm, but agitated. "My God, I wish I was sure whether it was him or not!"

"Who?"

"All they told me was I was gonna hang somebody named Johnson. I didn't see him till they brought him up to the staffold, and his head was covered up so I couldn't see his face."

"For God's sake, tell me who you're talking about!"

Hinkle took two deep breaths. His face was contorted as he replied.

"My brother!"

Mrs. Hinkle started back. "Pete!"

Hinkle nodded briefly. "I hung my brother," he said simply.

"But you said the man's name was Johnson!"

"Pete used lotsa names. Johnson musta been one of 'em. Mighta given his real name in the papers, but I didn't keep up with the trial."

"We can go to the police and find out for sure who he was."

"No, don't!" cried Hinkle, quickly and loudly. "I don't wanta find out. I know it was him. I know by the way he walked. But it might not have been him. There might be some more people walk like that. So don't try to find out if it was him. If I found out for sure it was—don't you understand?"

"Why didn't you raise the covering off his head and look at him?"

"Can't you see? All I could do was go ahead and hope that maybe it won't him. But right then I was sure it was him and I knew if I raised the hood I'd see Pete's face. And then I'd *know* I'd killed my brother. But the way it is now, I don't *know* I killed him. Maybe I didn't. That's all that's keeping me from killing myself."

"Aw, you're crazy—it won't Pete, I tell you—it was somebody named Johnson."

"I didn't think anything was funny when I first saw them bringing him up on the scaffold. Then I noticed the way he was walking, and sweat broke out all over me. They brought him up to me, and he stood there steady, and I was shaking all over—most of the time it's the other way round. I couldn't say anything—I couldn't move. Finally the warden said, 'Let's get going, Hinkle.' So I took the noose and put it around his neck and waited a second. Then I whispered, 'Pete!' But he didn't say nothing. Then I whispered to him again, 'Pete!' And he didn't say nothing again—but I could see he was smiling right thru that black cloth. I knew he was smiling to himself and thinking 'This is a swell joke on Sam!' It seemed like it took me a hour to get the noose fixed right. Then I—then I—killed—my brother."

"If that walk of his is all you got to go by—"

"I guess I know the way my own brother walks," he interrupted.

Mrs. Hinkle attempted to be flippant. "As much as he walked around the house here without ever trying to get a job, you ought—"

"You ran him out of here, you bitch!" shouted Hinkle furiously, rising. "You made him leave when he didn't have no place to go to! If it hadn't been for you he wouldn't 'a' had to start stealing and lying and killing. You killed him!"

"I didn't!" She backed away in terror. "He was lazy and good-for-nothing. He never did anything but—"

"Shut up!" he screamed at the top of his voice. "You call my brother good-for-nothing when he's dead—when you killed him. Yeah, and you made me take this job, too. Made me get a job where all I do is kill people—get paid for killing people —killing people like I was God. Me that used to wouldn't kill a ant—killing my own brother and getting a hundred dollars for it!"

"You thought you could change me, didn't you? Thought I'd get used to killing people. But I just won't built that way. You can't change a man's nature. If you try it you're gonna get hell to pay. You tried it on me, and you thought it was working—but I never did tell you how close I came to going crazy. I had to quit talking to the fellows or seeing 'em before I hung 'em. I'd see 'em when I tried to go to sleep at night. I used to see 'em everywhere I looked. God, it was awful! Thought I was going crazy. Every time I'd look at the window it didn't look like a window. Looked like a picture of Baldy, or Jim, or Old Man Rickett. It was horrible! And I've got you to thank for it. Pete's got you to thank for his end. Come here! I want to thank you. I want to kill you!"

He took one step towards her, but she was too frightened to move. He stepped again slowly, and she turned and scurried out of the room. He stood for a while looking blankly at the door.

"I'm sorry she left," he said dully. "I wanted to kill her."

He walked slowly over and sat on the sofa. For some time he sat, head in hands, mumbling to himself.

"Used to haunt me—used to hang around me all the time—everywhere I looked. See 'em everywhere. See 'em when I went to sleep. Window wouldn't look like a window—looked like a picture."

Slowly, half fearfully, he turned around until he was gazing straight at the window. He recoiled, cringing.

"Go away!" he shrieked, getting up and putting his hands over his eyes. "I didn't want to kill you. I had to! My wife made me. Go haunt her!" He looked up at the window. "Baldy! Jim! Go away!"

He stood gazing intently for a moment, as if the vision were changing. Then he stretched his hands in front of him and turned his head away.

"Pete! I knew it was you. Quit smiling, God damn you! Quit it!"

He rushed to the table, pulled open the drawer, took out a pistol and fired at the window. The bullet shattered the pane. Hinkle's right arm fell limply, and he dropped into the chair.

"Guess that fixed him," he panted. He breathed heavily for some moments, then looked up. "Yeah, I killed him. I've killed a hundred men. More'n a hundred. Won't hurt to kill one more. At least it'll stop me from seeing 'em."

He raised the pistol and pointed it at his chest. After holding it there for some time, he let his arm drop.

"She's the one I oughta kill—she's the one to blame for all this."

He moved the chair over back of the front door and sat down, pistol in hand, to wait for her return. But soon he smiled, got up, and threw the pistol on the couch. He started whistling "Danny Deever" in a hearty manner, walked over to the table and took the rope from the bottom drawer. He moved to the window and looked out, then walked back to the center of the room, whistling and fixing a noose in the rope. Suddenly his hands and whistling stopped.

"I swore I'd never hang a woman," he said sadly.

For a moment he stood thinking, then pursed his lips and softly began again to whistle "Danny Deever," the tempo of which gradually increased as he turned and walked thru the door into the adjoining room. For some time the whistling continued, interrupted once or twice by a low, demoniacal laugh. Then the shadow of a hanging rope with a noose in the end appeared on the wall near the shattered window.

There was a noise at the front door, and the whistling ceased. The shadow of the rope moved upward and disappeared. The front door opened and Mrs. Hinkle entered, followed by a policeman. They looked about the room.

"He don't seem to be in here," said the policeman. "What's this?"

He picked up the pistol on the sofa. Mrs. Hinkle went into the adjoining room. Shortly there was a blood-curdling scream.

The policeman started towards the room, just as Mrs. Hinkle rushed thru the door and threw herself sobbing on the sofa.

On the wall was the shadow of a body bouncing gently at the end of a rope.

Case in Question

A Psychological Study

By JOHN FREDRIC BUTLER

"O lost, and by the wind grieved ghost come back again."

We walk and talk and eat and carry on the routine of life together daily. But how much do we know of each other? What are your aims and what are the ambitions of our mutual friends and what are my hopes for the future? We know very little of the real people who are us. We live in shells of consciousness so concluded that often we lose our very selves. Environment drives us into those shells and keeps us there until we learn to live in darkness. I know a person who has just emerged from his shell. The light blinds him. He has forgotten how to live in its glare. Do you care to hear about him? I'll tell you what I know.

* * * * * *

HE CAME TO ME early in the school year. "May I move in with you?" he asked me without the usual preliminaries.

I was surprised in a way and yet, paradoxically, I had been expecting just this thing for quite a while. I had been trying to evade the issue all along mentally and now that the time for evasion was past I could not make myself pull out of the habit. I looked up, feigning incomprehension.

"Why? What's up?" I asked, reaching for a cigarette.

He shrugged his shoulders and threw himself on the bed.

"I don't know," he muttered. "Everything's wrong—I'm disgusted." He tossed his arms out over his head and stared steadfastly at the ceiling.

I lit my cigarette deliberately, trying to think my way through this problem. I knew what the kid was up against. I had had many of the experiences he was now living. I was sorry for him, and yet I was a little angry at him. I did not want to have to go through all those things again. Why could he not work his own problems out by himself? I had done that. Or had I? That thought occurred to me and distracted me.

"Yes," I told him. "When will you be coming in?"

He jumped up from the bed. His face was animated with an apparent delight

"First thing tomorrow," he declared. "And, gee! that's swell of you."

Soon afterwards he left me. I was glad to see him go. I had a great deal of work to get behind me. And, too, his very presence was rather distasteful. It reminded me of the sensations I had had on a trip through Dix Hill and Shepherd Pratt —the feelings of awe and helplessness and uncleanliness that insanity inevitably suggest to me. Yet, when he had gone, I could not dismiss him entirely. He and his unwelcome request remained to distract me. And so I gave up studying and began to think about him.

II.

I could remember when he was just a little kid. He had been very erratic even in childhood. He never had close boyhood intimacies. It had seemed that he was a bystander, an uncomprehending bystander, doomed ever to remain just on the outside of life's richness, doomed never to get on the inside—to live.

I had been very sorry for him then and had remained so through high school. I was much older than he, yet my sympathy for him in his loneliness drew me to him. I suppose the fact that I was very much like him in that respect had much to do with the attraction. We did all sorts of things together. We trapped, we read, we went in for radio, photography, astronomy. We both wanted to know the answers to the world's tantalizing "why's." And we were unusually happy together. Yet, after a year or two something happened. It might have been the disparity in our ages. I hardly think so. I believe it was something more alarming than that.

I was graduated from high school the year he entered. My family had my life planned for me. I was to go to one of the service schools. The idea was unpleasant to me, so I revolted and ran away from home. Three years later I returned. In those three years much had happened to me; I had become more adjusted to my environment, for one thing. A lot can happen in three years. A lot did. But that is another story. I came back more mature and more steady. I came back to pursue my education, which, on my own, I had begun at a northern university.

In the late summer after my first year at Carolina and when I was preparing to return for my third year of college work, he came to me.

"I'm going to Carolina this fall," he said.

"That's fine," I told him. "You'll like it."

"How is it?" he asked.

"Great," I said. "Quiet—you'll be able to get a lot of work done."

"Can you drink?" he asked. "I mean, is it as open as the fellows say?"

I was surprised. I was unable to take in this change from the expected.

"Oh, yes," I said, and left him as soon as possible. Not that I was puritanical. Far be it from that. I was simply disappointed. I had expected an entirely different outlook from this.

In the days that followed I thought about him a great deal. Although I deliberately evaded his company he was a pretty regular visitor in my thoughts. I could not get him out of my mind. I asked some questions. I began to take inventory. My mother told me many things that interested me. He had gone "on the loose," she told me, in his junior year in high school. She did not hint at the reasons but I could tell that she had some theories on the subject.

III.

I came to the University with him. It was a boring trip. He talked all the way. His conversation was a mixture of high ambitions and tales of the most sordid experiences. It was then that I first felt that sensation of extreme distaste. I listened and thought, and hoped that, once in a new environment, he might work out his problem satisfactorily. But I have at last filled in the picture, and I am now convinced that he is completely lost. I do not see how he can ever get all his complexes straightened out. He is, I am afraid, a hopeless misfit.

His father separated from his mother early in his life. There was no divorce, and so very few, if any, of the townspeople knew it then, or even now. His father moved away to another city, sent money regularly, but never returned, not even for an hour. He told me all this and pledged my secrecy. "My mother made me promise never to tell," he explained. His mother! I would hardly call her that. Certainly, she was so different from my own. She was a very nervous person, very emotional. A long time ago she had been "roped in" by a "quack religionist." She had accepted all of his senseless and impossible doctrines whole-heartedly. She had become a fanatic. These two facts had started him on the road to psychological ruin. Pledged to secrecy in boyhood by a religious fanatic concerning an affair that blasted his home environment—this was enough to doom him to a life of stagnating introspection. It had. It explained his alone-ness. And that alone-ness explained things, too. He developed a genuine fear for the opposite sex—a fear that became an obsession. Yet, his natural inquisitive nature had prompted him to break down this fear. What resulted was an overemphasis on sex, and that in an abnormal way.

IV.

Oh yes! I have thought the matter through. And I believe I am near the truth in my analysis. Here he is in the University. He has a background that has contributed only complexes. His family life has been uncongenial. His school life has been a farce, for, like me, he had only the training which our local high school gave (training totally inadequate and incompetent). Yes, here he is in the University. And what can he do? He comes to me and says:

"I'm fed up with this place. Why do I have to mess with this French?"

"You will find the need for it later," I tell him, hoping to convince him. But I do not. I do not even convince myself.

"I want to be a scientist," he says, "and they make me waste my time with French."

I leave him alone when he gets this way. There is nothing I can say that I think appropriate.

He loves philosophy. He reads it by the hour. And he loves chemistry. He is registered for Chemistry 1 in the curriculum. He is making brilliant progress in this study. He should. He knows it. He is far ahead of that. He reads such books as *Electricity, Matter, and Energy* and *Thermal Chemistry*. He tells me of his plans to do research in the field of crystallography. Yes, he has ambitions. But he will never fulfill them. He wants to be working now on the top stories of his skyscraper. And perhaps he should be doing just that. But, unfortunately, he or society or his family, or his school has failed to erect the structure upon which these top stories must rest.

* * * * * *

And he will crawl back into his shell and exist there in the dark. The world has been too much with him. Warped and bitter, he will retreat from it. His brave little effort to meet it has been a failure. But who can say whether that meeting would have been worthwhile—

"A long while since, and by some other sea."

Reviewing the Books

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, RISE. Travis Ingham. Farrar and Rinehart. New York. 313 pp. $2.00.

Young Gentlemen, Rise is classed as a novel of the "lost generation," the just-before-the-crash collegians whom Commencement pushed forth into the apparent "end" of everything. Half its pages are devoted to the economic difficulties of Gene, the principal figure, in the six years after his graduation. As part-time employment leads to unemployment and the final indignity of living with his wife's parents, Gene's morale suffers corresponding lapses. At last, however, just in time to beat the book to the *finis* line, he rather unconvincingly finds himself by going to work as assistant to a filling station operator. Thus American youth is shown to emerge, the victor over economic and kindred evils.

Despite its routine tale, there is much of real merit in *Young Gentlemen, Rise.* In the first 175 pages are captured the attitudes of adolescence and youth on pertinent subjects. The awkwardness of real father-son relations, the ambitions of undergraduates, and the early manifestations of sex are shown with a touch that makes for something more than realism. If gin-drinking, wenching and card-playing are over-emphasized in order to make the complete reversal of post-depression collegians more striking, the faithful attention to the student mind and its immaturities is sufficient compensation.—JIM DANIELS.

JOHN BUNYAN, MECHANICK PREACHER. *William York Tindall. Columbia University Press. New York. 295 pp. $3.50.*

Perhaps the greatest compliment that one could pay an author would be to state that his purpose as set down in his preface has been accomplished in his text. This remarkable and seldom realized feat has been done by William York Tindall in his *John Bunyan, Mechanick Preacher.* "The purpose of this book," he writes, "is to show that John Bunyan was a typical mechanick preacher and that his writings owe their nature both to the social, economic, and sectarian condition of their author and to the literary conventions of a numerous company of mechanicks." In the accomplishment of this purpose Mr. Tindall has had to and has exploded the popular and somewhat sentimental notion that Bunyan was unique, "a kind of seventeenth-century Phoenix, surprisingly vocal, and splendidly alone." He has presented Bunyan as a member of the large class of eloquent mechanicks, thinking, feeling, and writing according to their methods and their conventions. His uniqueness is to be found only in his "survival to our day as the sole conspicuous representative of a class of men from whom he differed less in kind than in degree."

Mr. Tindall's book is not a biography, nor is it intended to be one. Yet it presents a biographical viewpoint of John Bunyan that is of infinitely more importance to an understanding of the "Bishop" than the more conventional details of his life. The book is invaluable as a supplement to Lunyan biography. In addition, it is an admirable study of seventeenth-century religious enthusiasm. It is an able and scholarly presentation of the religious excitement of the seventeenth century in its more intense forms and also an examination of the qualities of imagination and feeling which make Bunyan so powerful a writer.

In a scholarly book or a book intended for scholars the average reader hardly expects to find a sense of humor or the "breath of life." Too often the average reader's expectations are anticipations of a sad and true reality. Mr. Tindall, however, happily, has a power (little short of genius) to illuminate the barest facts of his documentation. His style is racy and makes for very easy and pleasant reading. A sense of humor is an indispensable thing. In scholarship it is rare. One who aspires to scholarship might well take Mr. Tindall for a model in this respect, or, at least, let him point the way. The description of John Bunyan's demise is masterly. "He had arrived at the Land of Beulah, mounted upon a Baptist Pegasus, which, though led to the still waters, had been allowed to remain undipped. But mounted upon his fleshly horse one day, the celebrated itinerant caught a sweating distemper, descended to preach an eloquent sermon on John 1:13, and presently expired at the house of a pious grocer of Holburn."—JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER.

PYLON. William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, Inc. New York. 315 pp. $2.50.

In this his latest novel Faulkner makes five grotesque human frames and pumps into the veins of three of them cylinder oil, of one gin and paregoric, and of the last water. Then with consummate skill he creates against a swirling, crowd-humming Mardi Gras background the tragedy of an adulterous triangle, a reporter, "like the ghost of a scarecrow," who becomes fascinated with the triangle and wants to make it quadrilateral, and a mechanic, belligerent, bestial, but not completely devoid of honor, who follows the members of the triangle like a self-interested dog.

Because the characters are hardly human, *Pylon* has no very deep or valuable philosophical implications. The absorption with which it is read is entirely a tribute to the author's ability to create fascinating characters and situations. The only completely life-like figures are Jiggs, the hot-eyed, brutal, drunken mechanic, and the reporter, from whose point of view the story is constructed. The flyer, the parachute jumper, and their wife are inscrutable, except perhaps to the airplanes whose machine-servants they are. No jealousy exists between the two turn-about sharers of the woman's bed, and their little boy bears the first name of one and the last name of the other, because the dice they rolled at his birth decreed it that way.

The book abounds in rather good but highly impressionistic descriptions—"New Valois, Franciana," and its vicinity, the air show, hotels in the red-light district, people and things through the eyes of the reporter when he is drunk, the lake being searched for the flyer's body.

The situations—many of them funny in a grim, morbid way, some of them very touching—are woven into no particularly strong plot; the book's worth lies entirely in the

novelty of its people and in what immutable Fate does to them.

Read *Pylon* to be absorbed in an intense, bizarre set of characters acting blindly and fatalistically on impulse; but do not expect to be any wiser or more enlightened when you lay it down than when you first laid eyes on its blue, black, and gold jacket.—BILL HUDSON.

CAPITALISM AND ITS CULTURE. Jerome Davis. Farrar & Rinehart. New York. 556 pp. $3.00.

Of timely interest to Carolina students is the chapter in *Capitalism and Its Culture* captioned "A Refracted Education." In it the author states: "The American Association of University Professors investigates cases where professors have been dismissed in violation of their rights . . . It does not have a single case of a conservative who was dismissed because of subservience to financial interests, even in the case of professors who secretly accepted retainers from the public-utility interests . . ."

And further on he remarks, "Professor Counts defines the average college professor as:

> . . . the individual who adopts an agnostic attitude towards every important social issue, who can balance the pros against the cons with the skill of a juggler, who sees all sides of every question and never commits himself to any, who delays action until all the facts are in, who knows that all the facts will never come in, who consequently holds his judgment in a state of indefinite suspension."

Although Critic Clark might have a spasm while reading Mr. Davis' work, to a less biased reader it appears unusually moderate. The author favors change in the economic order. "The writer of this volume," he says in concluding a sincere and comprehensive study of our present-day society, "believes that we are at the end of an era. The old unplanned productive mechanism must be abandoned. No longer can we permit unlimited production, unlimited profits, unlimited debts, unhampered fixing of hours and wages . . ."

But the fact that he favors change does not mean the book is nothing but propaganda. Far from it. *Capitalism and Its Culture* is a book of fundamental facts and keen deductions. It combines sociology and economics into a stimulating study that is pithy, pertinent and vitally interesting.

The material is handled very well. Frequent sub-headings throughout the book display the author's sense of humor, and at the same time make for easy reading. It covers surprisingly well everything the title implies. It is an excellent book—DON BECKER.

CLASHING TIDES OF COLOUR. Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 408 pp. $3.00.

Some people don't worry much over the question "whither mankind?" And some do.

To the former we are inclined to sympathize. After all, there is a heterogeneous "buzzing confusion" even in the most conscientious interpretations of the world's ills, and small is the wonder about the great horde of semi-intelligent people who eschew books concerned with the description of these ills. It takes a hardy constitution to stand up under the pessimistic array of facts and prophecies.

To the latter few—those hardy souls who do interest themselves in the future of *Homo Sapiens*—we recommend without reservation Lothrop Stoddard's latest discussion of world conflicts, *Clashing Tides of Colour*. It is quite possible that the book will provide the casual reader, as well as the socially conscious individual, with a well-organized concept of the more significant social forces at work in the world of today.

The paradoxical situations which we see in the simultaneous synthesis and disintegration of civilization differs from paradoxical situations of previous generations in the quality of singularity which the world "civilization" contains. For the world is rapidly becoming one—the world is becoming unified by Western Machine Civilization. Stoddard, with his remarkable insight and readable style, shows in what a multitude of ways the world—piecemeal—is becoming mastered, yet masterless; how, despite all man's planning, few signs of world order are visible.

The author's especial emphases are: (1) the spiritual smash-up and lack of faith in progress concomitant with the post-war disillusionment, (2) the decline of western white civilization, (3) the weed-like growth of nationalism, and (4) the Balkanization of Asia.

With almost epigrammatic clarity, Stoddard takes the reader through the entire range of politico-racial problems in each important country and area throughout the world. Russia, the United States, Latin America, France, the Fascist states, China, Japan, India, Islam and Africa are analyzed separately as units in the reforging of the world-to-come.

Of rather peculiar and somewhat restricted interest is the section dealing with the growth of Japan. Much light is thrown upon the roots of present-day Japanese imperialism.

Although the picture of our chaotic international condition as Stoddard paints it is not a pretty one, the final integrating touch is questioning rather than pessimistic evaluation.—VIRGIL JACKSON LEE, JR.

ROAD TO WAR. Walter Millis. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston. 466 pp. $3.00.

Walter Millis is the bright young newspaperman who, four years ago, worried the generals with an analysis of the Spanish-American war, which revealed that struggle as little more than a series of comic-opera battles. *Road to War* should worry the statesman equally, for in untangling the skein of events which led the United States into the World War, the author exhibits mercilessly the stupidity and selfishness of American and Entente diplomats. He goes behind the headlines to find a ghastly set of insidious forces which eventually convinced Woodrow Wilson that it was this nation's duty to make the world etc.

He shows how for three years the Allies labored to maneuver us into an obligatory position, how the American press used only dispatches from the London *Times* or English correspondents, how Wilson's ambassadors, who were novices at international politics, time and again violated neutrality by favoring the Allies, and how Colonel House's dream of becoming the Great Peacemaker

inhibited American indignation at breaches of international law.

Apparently only William Jennings Bryan and his lawyers in the State Department realized that the British navy was exceeding its rights when it obliged all American ships to be searched at English ports for contraband. And only they realized that Germany had the right to retaliate with a submarine campaign. The protests of German groups at Allied domination of American foreign policy were branded "unpatriotic," but there were few to disapprove of the unneutral contracts made with the Allies by American munition makers.

Once England and France had cut us off from Germany commercially, they joined their voices to the Republican screaming for preparedness. Although as late as the middle of 1915 few seriously thought that America would enter the war, so powerful was the militaristic propaganda that a year later even the Administration was getting jittery. And once the bankers and industrials realized what a fortune existed in war trade, they were loud in urging the government to abandon its peace policy.

Mr. Millis' story is a nasty one. Mr. Hudson Maxim's wild *Defenseless America*, written practically at the will of the armaments people, matches Col. Theodore Roosevelt's barking for war as a means of discrediting his old enemy, the Princeton schoolmaster. Leonard Wood's quiet military training camps complement the false Belgian atrocity stories, the denials of which by reputable newspapermen Americans would not read. Throughout, Millis makes evident that the nation was pro-Ally from the outset and that it never wanted to hear the case for the Central Powers. Most outrageous, however, was the complete sell-out of the American press to the Allies to the point that German officials could not even have printed denials of obvious falsifications. This prejudice against "German militarism" which implied an ignorance of Entente militarism cost the nation its position as a neutral.

Road to War is the best peace propaganda since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Taken together, they say all that it is necessary to know before one decides on enlistment.—JOE SUGARMAN.

YOUNG RENNY. Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. Boston. 324 pp. $2.50.

Young Renny, fifth of the Jalna series in point of publication, is first in point of time, dealing with the summer of 1906. As in the other Jalna books (Jalna is the estate of the Whiteoak family in Canada), the two dominant figures are old Adeline, the grandmother, and Renny, who later becomes the master of Jalna.

The present installment deals with the visit to Jalna of Malahide Court, an English cousin of Adeline. He shows up as an exotic personality against the earthy atmosphere of Jalna, and is detested by Renny and his sister Meg. Their efforts to drive him away form a thread upon which the author hangs her character portraits, wherein lies the charm of this and the other Jalna books. By no means great, they are nevertheless intensely interesting, and *Young Renny* is a worthy addition to the list. Miss de la Roche has performed well the difficult task of giving a realistic picture of Renny in his youth without destroying the masterful and dynamic character which Jalna readers associate with him. Even in his first love affair, far from being callow, he exhibits the traits of the mature Renny.

Young Renny will delight Jalna enthusiasts and will serve for strangers as an excellent introduction to the Whiteoak clan.—PERCY WEBB.

PUZZLED AMERICA. Sherwood Anderson. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 287 pp. $2.50.

For several months last year Sherwood Anderson travelled through the farm lands, mining towns and industrial centres of the South and mid-West, in an effort to discover what the rank and file of Americans think about these troubled times in which we live. The sketches in this book are the result of his talks with these people.

"Everywhere I go people are crying out, not first of all for food, clothes, comforts—but for work, work, work." And they are confident that they will find work. There is a curious optimism in the American people—the most pathetic thing of all, in the workman who had been put to one side by his civilization, was his undying so-American optimism, which makes him content to hope blindly that his condition will improve without his doing anything about it. And this stupid faith that fate will intervene and ameliorate conditions causes the farmer to sit and bemoan his fate rather than organize. Thus the southern problem today centres more about the poor whites than about the Negro.

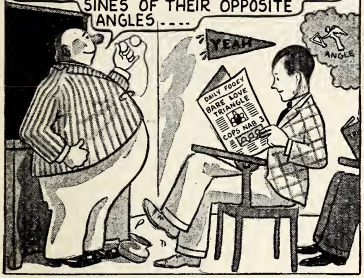
Anderson got a more pessimistic picture in the Middle West. "I have an uncle who took up a farm out there," said a newspaperman. "That is, it was a farm until he ploughed it—then it blew away. And if it isn't a dry season there are the grasshoppers to eat you up." Many of the westerners seemed to resent Anderson's coming out to write up their section; they were already receiving enough unfavorable publicity. They tried to minimize the severity of the drought. "I can't offer you anything to drink," said one fellow apologetically. "We're a dry state yet—I mean about liquor," he added quickly.

Anderson thinks that many of our troubles are due to our American characteristic of considering money the outward sign of inner merit, our habit of saying, "He has accumulated money. He must be all right." In a Tennessee hotel Anderson found the washbowls dirty, a few tiny fragments of cheap soap. For him they told a story: "We are not in this place to live. We are here to make money." There is a sense of cheapness, hurry, no care for the buildings in which men and women are to live and work.

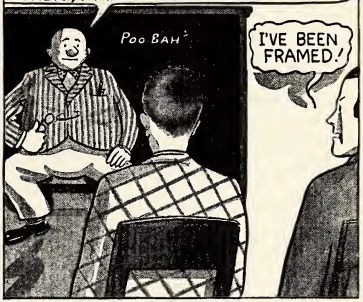
In the concluding sketch Anderson puts in the mouth of a Russian princess what are undoubtedly his own thoughts: "You tell them that—do not become Fascists, you must say to them . . . There must be one strong land in the world to which no dictator comes, to which the creeping fear does not come."—C. A. P.

TRIGONOMETRY

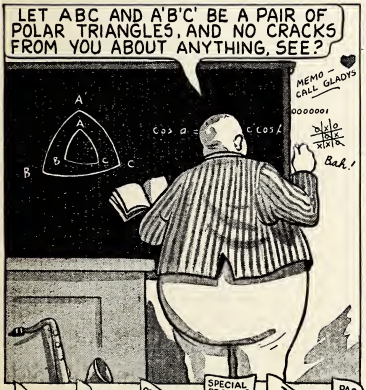
MY DEAR GENTLEMEN — OBLIQUE SPHERICAL TRIANGLES WILL BE THE OBJECT OF OUR CONSIDERATION TODAY — THE SINES OF THE SIDES ARE PROPORTIONAL TO THE SINES OF THEIR OPPOSITE ANGLES ----



INCIDENTALLY, THE COSINE OF ANY SIDE OF A SPHERICAL TRIANGLE IS EQUAL TO THE PRODUCT OF THE COSINES OF THE OTHER TWO SIDES, PLUS SOMETHING OR OTHER, WHICH MAKES IT HARDER -----



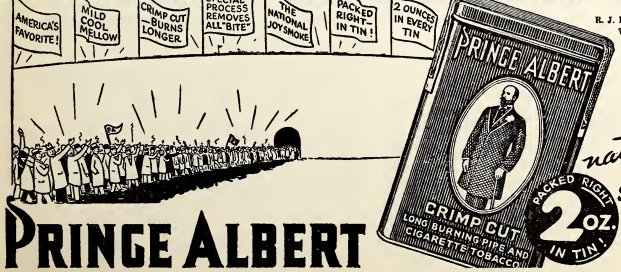
LET ABC AND A'B'C' BE A PAIR OF POLAR TRIANGLES, AND NO CRACKS FROM YOU ABOUT ANYTHING, SEE?



THE SMOKING TRIANGLE

THERE'S ONE TRIANGLE I NEVER GET TIRED OF — A PIPE, A LIGHT, AND **PRINCE ALBERT!** WHAT A SMOKE!

M-M-M-M-M



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the national joy smoke!

PRINCE ALBERT

LOWEST ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH

(Continued from page three)

men, and fully half of the men. Dancing in private homes is practically unknown. It is just scandalous to think about men and women, unless they're married to each other, holding each other in their arms.

Girls in cotton mill towns marry early, have children early, age early, and develop nagging habits early. They try to dress in the latest Paris mode, don't know how to wear clothing, prefer flashy colors to more sensible ones, ape anything they see in the movies, and generally succeed in making themselves ridiculous.

The cotton mill operatives drink the sorriest kinds of bootleg whisky, visit the filthiest houses of prostitution, and vote the way the local political boss dictates.

V.

With all the ignorance, poverty, and immorality, there are still many redeeming features to be found. There are people who are as good as any to be found anywhere. There are some religious ones, some fairly well educated ones, some who do the best they possibly can under the near-destitute circumstances. And surprisingly, there are some happy ones. They do not ask that everything be handed them. They only ask that the mills operate regularly, that their gardens grow, that they make enough to provide a decent living, and that their children have an opportunity to rise from the damnable rut into which they themselves have fallen.

Still there is no overlooking the fact that the cotton mill people have sunk to about the lowest position on God's green earth. Generally they have become so discouraged they lack the fortitude to better their conditions. They have been driven behind the loom, the spinning frame, and the overseer's lash so long that they have lost any show of physical resistance—and perhaps have despaired of ever seeing better days. They figure their reward is in heaven, but would be almost abashed to live there with people who have lorded over them all their lives.

While no panacea for all their troubles, a raise in wages would go a long way toward bettering the condition of the most downtrodden group of people on earth.

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Match in the Rain –
I struck a match amid the rain drops
While there we waited you and I.
A little flame revealed we both liked Chesterfield.
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You smiled and said, "They do taste better"
And I replied, "They're milder, too."
Those words just fit them to the letter.
You know—I know—They're true.
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Where we'll be happy by and by.
Because the night we met, you held that cigarette.
You know—I know—THEY SATISFY.
Chesterfield

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